

March 18, 1964
Registered in Australia for trans-
mission by post as a newspaper.

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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From Paris

This cowboy hat . . . page 2

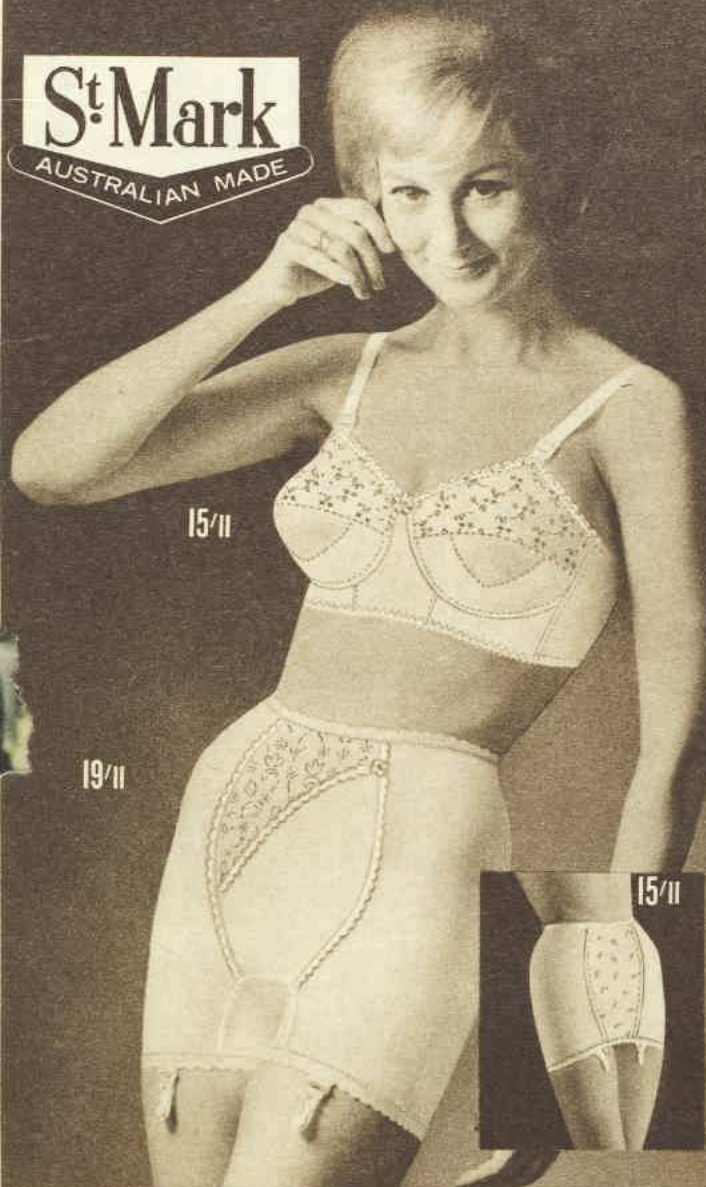
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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● How to be a Beatle without really trying!
From Merino, Victoria, Mrs. Iris Inglis
reports...

"I ASKED my husband's opinion of the 'Beatle Cut' hairstyles on your February 19 cover. 'He said, 'I like it! Our daughter Helen has been wearing that style for years', wrote Mrs. Inglis. And she sent us a photograph (see below) to prove that Helen is just about the smallest little Beatle of them all.

IMPORTANT NOTE: Larger Beatle-people will find a positive Beatle bonanza in Teenagers' Weekly; this week it's a Beatle Special—you can even bake a Beatle cake!

Our Cover

● Famous Paris milliner Paulette, who designed the pink hat, showed it in her 1964 spring collection. "The shape has all the yippee of a cowboy hat, plus lots of elegance," says fashion editor Betty Keep. "The little-girl under-the-chin streamers are satin, and a single flower — signature of Paris this spring — is tilted backward." For the new season she predicts: "Nobody is going to be high-hatted; everyone will look feminine again."



A GLOWING tribute to our cookery features has arrived all the way from Malaysia.

"I came across your magazine for the first time a month ago, and after leafing through a copy I immediately placed a standing order with my bookseller,"

wrote Mrs. Alice Tordy, who lives in Singapore.

Mrs. Tordy is very enthusiastic about cake and icing recipes. "After trying out the recipes in your October 23 issue, I can truthfully say they are the best I have ever come across, being so simple to follow.

"I have already started a scrapbook of the recipes and colored pictures obtained from your remarkable Weekly, of which I now possess several issues.

"In closing, I wish to thank you. You have made for your country one more constant friend in our Singapore among so many appreciative 'I-swear-by-Australia' returned students and visitors to your land."



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 18, 1964



FONTEYN and NUREYEV

DAME MARGOT FONTEYN and Rudolf Nureyev will come to Australia next month to dance with the Australian Ballet Company.

They will star in full-length productions of "Giselle" and "Swan Lake" in Sydney and Melbourne.

The British ballerina and the Russian dancer have appeared together for the Royal Ballet Company in England since Nureyev, formerly principal dancer with the Kirov Ballet Company in Leningrad, sought asylum in Paris in 1961.

They have also appeared together in a film, "An Evening With the Royal Ballet," which will be shown in Australia this year.

(They are pictured above dancing "Le Corsaire" in a scene from the film.)

Nureyev made a private visit to Australia in 1962, but did not dance here. Dame Margot has made two tours of Australia, in 1957 and 1962.

Two other world-famous dancers, American Royes Fernandez and Mexico's leading classical ballerina, Lupe Serrano, will appear with the Australian Ballet Company during its season at the Elizabethan Theatre in Sydney from April 18 until May 2, and at the Palais Theatre in Melbourne from May 5 to 16.

Australian dancers Kathleen Gorham, Marilyn Jones, and Garth Welch will dance one-act ballets and divertissements with Lupe Serrano and Royes Fernandez.

Fernandez, principal dancer with the New York City Ballet, recently made a world tour with Dame Margot and Nureyev.

● Interviews overleaf

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29 1/2

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7686 Slip 24-30 — 19/11

7236 Matching brief

SSW-OS — 10/11

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"Life is a fight," says Nureyev

● Australia will be the first country, apart from England, to see Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev dance together in a full-length ballet.

UNTIL now the only full-length ballets they have performed together have been with the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden, London.

But for their Australian tour, which starts in April, they will dance "Giselle" and "Swan Lake" with the new Australian Ballet Company.

In two years they have become the most famous partnership in the world.

They have danced to ecstatic audiences from Tokyo to Tel Aviv, Monte Carlo to New York. But apart from London their audiences have seen only divertissements and specially selected pas de deux.

Now Sydney and Melbourne are to see their most famous interpretations, which pack London's Royal Opera House to the roof for every performance.

I found Nureyev as he came out of class at the Royal Ballet School in Hammersmith.

Drenched with sweat, and with the usually flowing hair plastered to his scalp, he looked thinner than when I last saw him and younger than his 26 years.

Always on guard at interviews because of his constant fear of being asked to make political comment, his eyes never leave your face when you are talking to him. He is watching for the merest hint of a disguised question underneath.

But at the mention of Australia he relaxed a little and his face lit up with a warm smile of happy reminiscence.

"Ah, yes, Australia was for me the happiest time I had in two whole years," he said, then he gave a quick glance to make sure that I was writing down just what he said — no more, no less.

"Yes, I like the people. I like the country, too. It is"—and he spread expressive arms out wide—"large, large, large. Big spaces between cities. Not all crowded together.

"This makes the people large, too—like their voices," and he made a little courteous bow as if paying tribute.

"We wanted to do full-length ballets because we think it is a fairer way of showing people what we can do. It is better for them, and a challenge for us."

"But to take on such a young ballet with less than a week of rehearsals?" I asked.

"It is just because it is young that I love to do this. They have still the new enthusiasm, the adventure."

"When you are young you

have the spirit of development. For me this is important.

"I am not worried about little rehearsal with them. They know these ballets, I also. I will do my pieces exactly as I do them here."

"Whenever I have danced with a fresh company I have had only one or, at best, two rehearsals before a performance. It is enough."

"Are you an adaptable person," I asked him.

"I think I am," and once more there was a slight shadow of suspicion across the face which clearly implied "stick to dancing if you want me to go on."

"From the adaptations I have seen you do on television recently, I think you have a great feeling for choreography," I said. "If you were asked to choreograph a ballet for the Australian company would you be prepared to do so?"

"Of course. I would love. But for a full-length ballet I must grow—no grow—first," and he laughed like a schoolboy at his English.

"It would be great challenge. I like challenge, but so far nobody ask me."

From BETTY BEST,
in our London office

I had read once that Nureyev hated audiences and I asked him what he thought of Australian ballet audiences.

"No, I did not quite say I hate," he said. "This is not right. Australian audiences which I saw were just like audiences all over the world. Every country is the same."

"The relationship between performer and audience is exactly like life. It is a fight."

Law of life

"You are up there, and while you are good they are happy. You get weak or do something wrong and they hate you and tear you down." For a second the face was all tartar.

"But this is natural," he continued. "They have paid their money, they should not lose their time." He laughed again, but this time with a more mature tone that carried with it all the memories of early struggles with poverty.

"Look, life is a fight. I don't like it, but I recognise it. It is just constructed that way. It started when we had to fight for our bread. It is disguised now, but it is still a fight. I accept this."

"From the time I was six I knew I must dance. While I was still little boy, everybody told me 'You must dance, you will be great,' and

for a while I believed in fairy story that one day someone would just come along and recognise that, and I would be made."

"And they did eventually?" I asked.

"No, no, not at all. I waited for 11 years. Imagine that! Eleven years is long, long time for young boy. And no one came. I had to go and make it happen."

"Now all right, I am dancer. But it is still a fight."

"Do you have a religion or philosophy which makes you believe this," I asked, "or is it just a personal theory?"

"No, no, not that. It is experience. Christianity or Communism, it is all the same. This makes no difference."

"Read Darwin. He has perfect word for what happens between audience and performer. I cannot remember it, but it is like this."

"The audience must be there. They make my technique better. I like to work at speed, like on tour. You can't just train in classroom, because there is not enough strain to bring out the best."

So the audience must be there, then you give more. Then, if you are good, they give something back to you.

"Everywhere you work is good school. Russia, U.S.A., and England — all good schools to help you get on top of this situation. Australia will be the same."

He talked of his favorite composers — Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven — "especially Beethoven for dancing."

The more I urged him to tell of his own choreographic ideas, the more humble he became.

"First I must grow, learn more," he said.

"The West needs modern dancing because its ballet is rather restrained, precise, and a little inhibited."

"In Russia we do not need it because we put so much passion and strength into our classical work."

Right on top of his form, Nureyev will dance Robert Helpmann's "Hamlet" before he flies to Australia.

On the nights that Fonteyn appears with him they will do "Swan Lake" and "Giselle." On alternate nights he will dance his famous "Le Corsaire" pas de deux and "Diane and Acteon" with Mexican Lupe Serrano, who is America's prima ballerina.

Lupe will come to Australia with premier danseur Royes Fernandez, who will partner her in the "Don

Quixote" pas de deux and who will do divertissements with Australian Kathleen Gorham from "Aurora's Wedding."

Dame Margot will break her golden rule and dance three full-length ballets a week in Australia to give audiences more chance of seeing her.

"Normally I never do more than two in a week, they are so exhausting," she told me.

"For this reason I have not undertaken any social engagements for this tour. I never do anything on the day I appear at night, and the following day I must be free to rest."

"Must be good"

"But I felt if I were to return to Australia so soon after my last visit I must do full-length ballets this time as they have only ever seen me in divertissements."

"As for doing it with such a young company, I am sure they must be good. They were not in existence when I was last there, but I have worked with Peggy Van Praagh (Artistic Director of the Australian Ballet Company) for years when she was with our company in England."

"I respect her work and like her very much, so I am sure she has done a marvellous job in Australia."

"It is an enormous task to build a ballet, but she is just the right person to take it on."

"It will be grand working with her again."

I asked Dame Margot to comment on the likelihood of the Australian Ballet visiting London some time.

"Unless they are quite astonishingly advanced and quite exceptional, I think it would be a long time before they could come here with a full repertoire of Australian ballets — which, of course, would be the ideal reason for coming," she said.

"It took us 17 years to get Sadler's Wells Ballet ready to go to New York."

"You see, it takes time for a company to work together, to build its own repertoire with an individual flavor of that company."

"But perhaps before they come as far as England they might do tours nearer home — to India, Japan, and the Philippines."

"Of course, for the moment they have the big goal of Australia and New Zealand to cover. This in itself is immense."

After the Australian tour Dame Margot and Nureyev will give performances in Stuttgart, Rome, and possibly at the Spoleto festival, before returning to England for the Bath festival.

The Queen next?

Alex enjoys her baby

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● "Good old Alex!" shouted the happy punters, and many a cloth cap went up in the air when the news that their Princess Alexandra's baby was a boy flashed into the betting shops of Britain.

THE odds had favored a boy, and many punters who have one leg in on the Royal baby stakes now hope for girls for the Queen, Princess Margaret, and the Duchess of Kent.

The Queen's baby is expected about March 15, Princess Margaret's about April 27, and the Duchess of Kent's in May.

On this dull, wet Saturday, when England should have been at football and the races and enjoying a sporting afternoon, most people were glued to the television or standing shoulder to shoulder in the betting shops. These are legal in England, and the premises sandwiched between grocer, greengrocer, butcher or baker make a bit of a flutter all part of Saturday morning's shopping.

When the shopping is done and the pubs open, it's the ritual to drop in to one to relax and, if there is anything to have a flutter on, pop into the betting shop nearby.

At Thatched House Lodge there was champagne all round as Angus Ogilvy, who had been fussing around all morning while the doctors and nurses arrived and turned his home into a clinical white hospital, began to look more his old self.

With the charm that woos directors and shareholders, he announced, "I give you a toast — our son."

Angus had hoped for a boy for the first child, and remarked to a friend, "We have had our wish."

Took a course

Sister Cummings, who as midwife assisted Mr. Ian Jackson, of Middlesex Hospital, and the Queen's physician, Dr. Bodley Scott, will not stay long at Thatched House Lodge. The nanny who will take charge of the baby will replace her. But there is a difference between the routine that will be observed in Princess Alexandra's nursery and other Royal nurseries.

"I'm going to bring my baby up myself," the Princess declared.

She is well qualified to do so, for the Princess is no newcomer to nappy-changing

and baby-bathing. In fact, she is the only member of the Royal family who has undertaken a course in child care.

This was at the Children's Hospital at Great Ormond Street, London, where, on her six months' course, all baby care was routine. As well, she had to tackle problem babies.

"Were it not for her Royal duties and official programme, which will fill up as soon as she gets over the birth of her son, I think Alex would like to dispense with a nanny altogether," one of her friends said.

"As well as her training as a nurse, Alex is a godmother six times over, and has had the closest contact with the sixth of them. He is her nephew, the Earl of St. Andrews."

Easy time

Alex had a very easy time with her baby.

The doctors had watched her carefully in the weeks before, and put her on a salt-free diet because of a rising blood pressure, which corrected itself.

She had also decided to have her baby by natural principles, and she boosted the prestige of this child-birth method when she exercised to a set of long-playing records called "Fearless Childbirth."

The result of this was a perfectly relaxed young Royal mother who, soon after her baby arrived, was propped up in bed against the pillows the very picture of health and happiness.

Beside her in his bassinet was her baby son. The room began to fill with flowers, the first of which were sent in by her husband. They were all white and yellow, the loveliest spring flowers.

Alex lost no time after the birth of her son in arranging for a hairdresser and a milliner to visit her and for some of the new spring collections to be shown.

"I'm sick of these old clothes," she said, and asked for some of the budget-price dresses, which she prefers to couture clothes, to be sent down to Thatched House Lodge.

She also asked Rene to send one of his assistants

down to do her hair, and her milliner, Madame Vernier, received the first call from the Princess since before Christmas.

Looking to her figure, she then started on a very sensible diet which with exercises will peel off a few pounds.

The diet is by no means strenuous, and certainly not a starvation one. "It is merely a case of eating sensibly," the doctor who advises her on the care of her figure said.

"In fact, for faddists it is pure gluttony, being three square meals a day, but not too much carbohydrate."

The baby boy, a Leap Year baby, will be as distinguished as his Royal mother, who was a Christmas Day baby, for he is the only Royal baby who will have a birthday only every four years.

"We'll have to celebrate each year on February 28," his father said.

Angus' mother-in-law, Princess Marina, was already

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA holding one of her six godchildren, David Morrison, son of an old school friend. AT RIGHT: On a visit to her in-laws at Airlie Castle, home of the Earls of Airlie, she walks in the woods with her husband, Mr. Angus Ogilvie.

at Thatched House Lodge when the baby was born. She had gone there for the weekend and to be nearby when the baby arrived.

There was frantic telephoning then, with Angus himself informing first the Queen, then the Queen Mother convalescing at Royal Lodge.

She passed the news on to Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon, who, exchanging knowing looks, thought of the longer odds now for a baby girl. Margaret said, "Hope our luck is still holding."

FOR NURSERY FLOOR



JUST as excited as though they had put their shirts on the baby being a boy were half a dozen women in England who had worked day and night on a beautiful nursery-floor rug (above) for Princess Alexandra. It has a blue-for-boy border.

Lady Reading, head of the Women's Voluntary

Services, commissioned it as a wedding present. But such a rug takes months to make, so a picture of it was sent with her good wishes at the time of the marriage.

The rug, which completely covers the nursery, was made in sections and the blue border added.

The six-times godmother has had practice



For it's a girl they want.

For the first time in weeks businessman Ogilvy's face lost its tense look. He was so excited that, once he had seen his son, he rushed to his study and put in telephone calls in every direction.

"It looked like a city desk," said one of the staff, watching him on the phone to the Royal family and on long-distance to Scotland, where the news was soon flashed around the estate and locals gathered for drinks on the house at the Ogilvy's Arms, which is the local pub.

Cables were sent off to Angus Ogilvy's parents, the Earl and Countess of Airlie, who were just sailing back to England from South Africa, and to Princess Alexandra's brothers, the Duke of Kent and Prince Michael, both with their regiments, the Royal Scots Greys and Eleventh Hussars, stationed in Germany.

Then a phone call was made to Princess Olga, who is staying in London, inviting her down to Thatched House Lodge to keep Princess Marina company.

These two sisters are almost inseparable companions.

Royal "master"

This new Royal baby will be plain "master," and his name is likely to be James, because that is a family name in the house of Airlie. It is also a name that has not yet been chosen for any of the many young members of the Royal family.

Around the fire at Thatched House Lodge plans for the baby's christening have already been decided, and it is almost certain that Princess Marina's second grandson will have family

heirloom lace on his christening robe.

She has treasured some very lovely pieces from her own grandmother, and some of this was used at Alex's wedding, edging the long lace veil.

What will be the future of this baby, thirteenth in line to the British throne?

A friend of the Princess and Angus Ogilvy said, "He will have the best of both worlds. As a member of the Royal family he will have many responsibilities, but being so far removed from the succession he will also have much of the fun."

"And being the son of two such delightfully democratic parents, he cannot but be well integrated."

Hard work?

Where will he go to school? It could be anyone's guess if friends were not certain that the letters Angus Ogilvy was seen writing on the day his son was born were to Eton, putting his name down right away.

"It's so hard to get in," said one of their circle, "even if you have their brains and Royal connections."

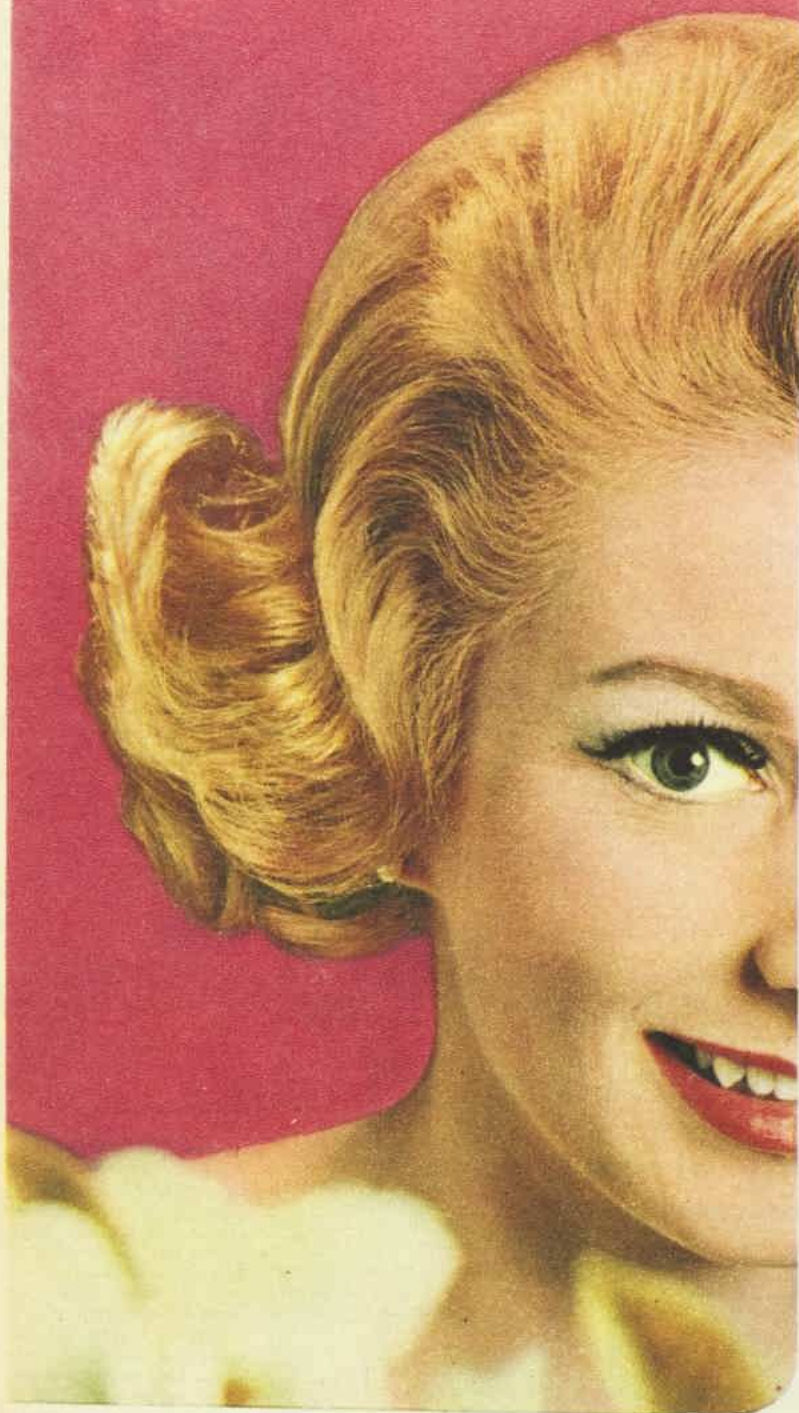
That the baby will have a life of hard work is the prediction of people remembering the nursery rhyme, "Saturday's child works hard for a living." And with one of the most energetic businessmen in the city for a father and a hard-working and much-loved Royal Princess for a mother, this could well be.

Also the baby is born under the sign of Pisces, and traditionally Pisceans are said to be excellent workers. They are also artistic, with a great creative talent, loyal, intuitive, and often play a hunch with devastatingly good results.

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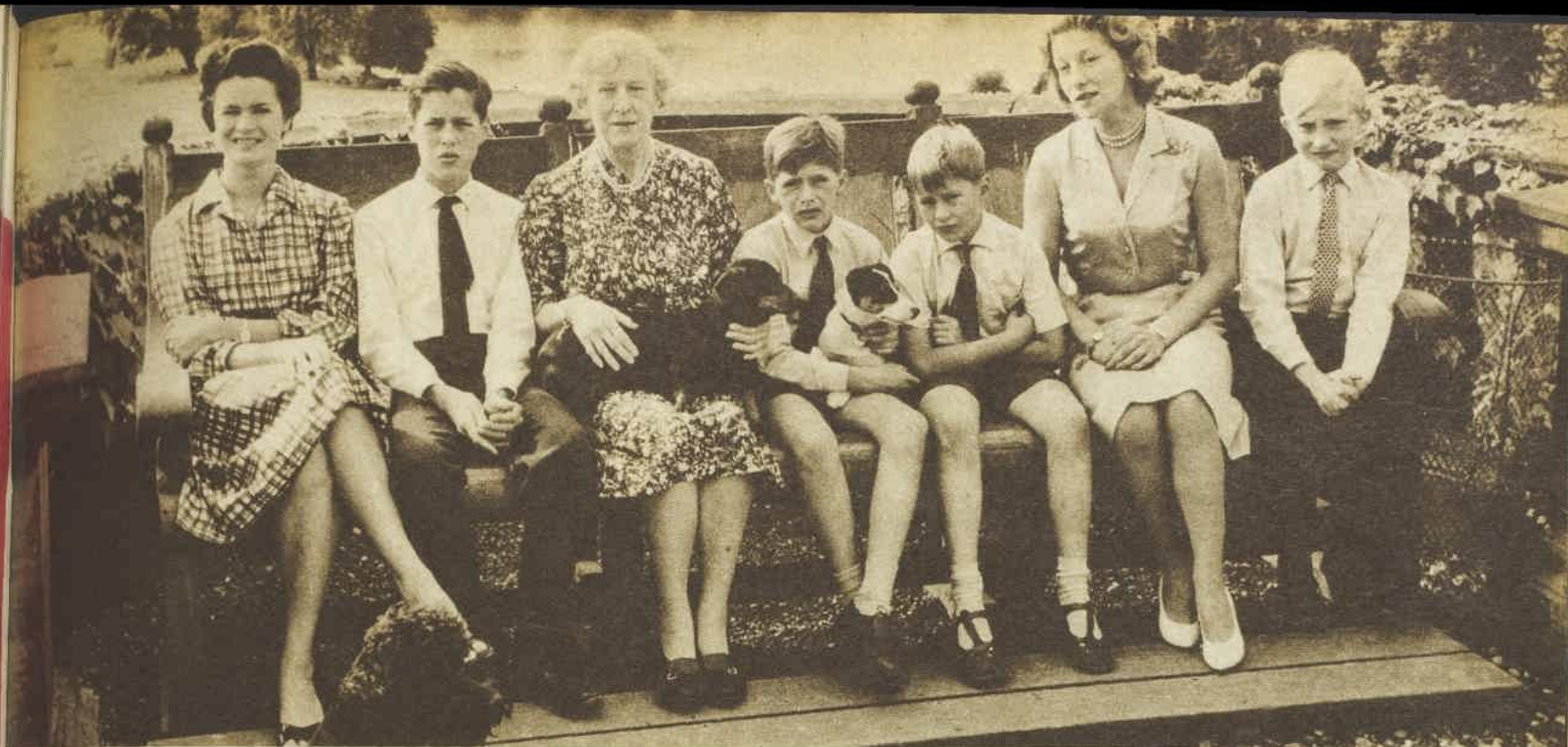
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The New
Holding
Hair Spray
with the
Brush-away
Formula

TS49/64

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 18, 1964



THE PRINCESS ROYAL with her daughters-in-law and grandsons in the grounds of Harewood House, the family estate near Leeds, in Yorkshire. From left: The Countess of Harewood (formerly pianist Marion Stein); Viscount Lascelles, 13; the Princess Royal (with her dachshund, Debbie); the Hon. James Lascelles, 9 (holding Wizzie, a terrier); the Hon. Jeremy Lascelles, 8; the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Lascelles and her son, Henry, 10.

Busy days ahead for the Princess Royal

● The Princess Royal is facing her heaviest schedule of public engagements for many years.

NORMALLY content to remain in the background, away from the Royal spotlight, the Princess Royal has a full engagement diary for the next few months.

With the Queen Mother convalescing after her illness and the Queen, Princess Margaret, and Princess Alexandra temporarily retired, she is one of the few Royal ladies available to fulfil public duties.

Among her engagements is the distribution of the Royal maundy money at Westminster Abbey on March 26.

It will be the first time that the Princess Royal has performed this traditional duty, usually carried out by the Sovereign. The last time the Queen was unable to attend (when she was abroad in 1960) the Queen Mother deputised for her.

The Princess Royal, 66, formerly Princess Mary, is the only daughter of the late King George V. She is the aunt of the Queen and Princess Margaret.

Brought up in an earlier generation, as a girl she was never in the news as Princess Margaret and Princess Alexandra have been.

Quiet and shy, she prefers country life in Yorkshire to London. She has two sons, the Earl of Harewood (who lives at Harewood House, one of Britain's "stately homes" — it is regularly opened to the public — on the family estate near Leeds) and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, and four grandsons.

Her husband, the sixth Earl of Harewood, died in 1947.

She takes a keen interest in the Girl Guide movement and in hospitals, and is Colonel-in-Chief of several regiments.

FOUR GRANDSONS with the Princess Royal. The grandchildren are (from left) Henry Lascelles, son of the Hon. Gerald Lascelles; and the present Earl of Harewood's three sons, the Hon. James, Viscount Lascelles, and the Hon. Jeremy.



***Sydney family took a gamble
that has richly paid off***

LIFE WITH THE MILLIONAIRES

From MIKE GIBSON, in Paris

● To talk to Ernie Fellows you'd never dream he is Australia's most successful racehorse trainer. Or that he lives with his family in France's "Racing Row" at Chantilly, just out of Paris. Or that he trains horses for seven millionaires. He is and does.

THE unassuming Sydney trainer who "can't be bothered learning French" gambled the lot four years ago when he quit Australia to try his luck over here.

With patience and the right brand of luck he has struck it rich.

The Fellows family — Ernie, his wife, Mavis, 17-year-old daughter Susan, and 14-year-old John — live on Chantilly's swanky Avenue de Joinville at Number 29.

A stone's throw opposite are the racing headquarters of Prince Karim, the Aga Khan.

At the back of their home stands that of Marcel Boussac, head of French racing's

famous Societe d'Encouragement, and the biggest textile man in the country.

Next door is the three-storeyed "dream home" of the late Neville Sellwood, killed in a race crash at Maisons Lafitte, near Paris, in 1962. It's empty now.

Up the street stands the home of Guy de Rothschild, the world's first name when banks are spoken of.

And on the other side lies a veritable mansion — Boussac's headquarters with soccer grounds and tennis courts for his apprentices.

Fellows' four-storeyed home boasts seven bedrooms and a double lounge-room. Redecorated by Mrs. Fellows with a racing motif throughout, it's a showplace to really "write home about."

Red and gold curtains, carpeting, and wallpaper highlight the home.

Porcelain work, Mrs. Fellows' passion, is everywhere. The china is all handpainted with miniatures of jockeys riding in Fellows' owners' colors.

Proud of stalls

Ernie's parents still live in Sydney. His father, now 72, used to teach the trumpet at the Conservatorium. Ernie is 50, and has a younger brother, William, who was a jockey.

Ernie Fellows today falls into the class "gentleman trainer."

No winter 5 a.m. track stints for him here in France, where the morning light is too poor to work horses in winter until nearer 8 a.m.

He prepares 36 thoroughbreds for people all over the world. (One of the millionaires is Sir Winston Churchill's American cousin Winston Guest, whose son has been honeymooning in Australia.)

On Fellows' tree-studded property behind the house stand his pride and joy — 12 of the best-appointed horse stalls in the world.

I know plenty of people right now who'd swap their flats to live in them. As Fellows himself claims, "You can eat off the floor."

The stalls are lined with fibreglass and are self-heating. As soon as they were erected, Francois

Mathet, France's leading trainer for the past seven seasons (he has 200 horses and trains for the Aga Khan himself), ordered 20 similar stalls for his own property.

Fellows has to spend almost as much time at the desk of his office in his home as he does on the training tracks.

The office, adorned with pictures of his best horses, including his dual Derby winner in Australia, Prince Morvi, would do any executive proud.

He employs a staff of 14 full-time to run the stables, as well as a maid to help in the home.

The Fellows family have entered right into the swing of life on the Continent.

They own a miniature white poodle called Bebe, which cost £100.

Susan travels daily into Paris to attend hairdressing school. John goes to school in England.

Both children speak perfect French.

This (northern) winter Fellows flew to America to confer with his top owner, the millionaire Hal Jackson, at his stud in Virginia on plans for the next racing season.

Susan went to Switzerland for a skiing holiday.

And John and Mrs. Fellows flew south to Cannes to beat the cold with a month in the sun.

Although almost 12,000 miles from home, there's hardly ever a lack of Australian company for the Fellows family.

Early this month South Australian jockey Billy Pyers was due in Chantilly to ride for Fellows. Pyers' wife and 10-year-old daughter will be with him.

Sydney rider Athol Mulley and his wife, June, stayed at Chantilly and were constant visitors to the Fellows home until returning home early last year.

George and Iris Moore lived nearby with their family until returning to Australia three years ago.

The Sellwood family lived next door.

With a steady flow of Australian visitors and friends at their home,



MAVIS FELLOWS, wife of the Australian trainer, in their home outside Paris. BELOW: Their children, Susan and John, in jockey costume with the horse Newman. They're wearing the colors of two American racing owners, Mr. Charles Munn and Mr. Reginald Webster.





Mulley nicknamed Number 29 "Australia House." Meals with the family are a culinary treat.

No ordinary fare here — Mrs. Fellows has her own recipes and cooks everything French-style.

French bread, croissants, and Ernie's favorite "smelly cheeses" are waiting on the table.

French pastries and traditional wines top off the meal.

When she is not, as she says, hunting through little Paris shops for ornaments and porcelain pieces for her home, Mrs. Fellows finds time to keep up with the latest French styles — hair and clothes.

Susan supplies the latest coiffure, while mother and daughter shop in the Champs-Elysees at "Audrey's" in the Lido Arcade.

Fellows and son dress immaculately, too. Fellows dapper in checks and sheepskins even for track work.

His string crosses the road in front of the house to work out in the Chantilly forest.

Fellows has even had installed his own private set

of traffic lights, with his own personal key to work them, so that his horses can cross the road in complete safety.

Once on the sand tracks in the forest they are worked steadily by his crew over what Fellows claims to be "the most fabulous training set-up in the world."

Interpreter

Fellows' Australian apprentice, 20-year-old Tom Young, who learnt French in the apprentices' school at Chantilly, relays his master's instructions to the track riders.

The Fellows string works side by side with the Aga Khan's down the fabulous tree-lined sand straights.

Then over to Chantilly racecourse for those that need it for a gallop on the grass.

Fellows has his personal veterinary, Jacques Dufeu, also vet to Francois Mathet, with him at training.

Through the Chantilly forest, called Les Aigles (The Eagles), twice a week thunder the wildest of wild stag hunts.

The local society, decked out in traditional costume, chase wild deer for miles through the countryside.

"Not for me," Fellows jokes. "A bit too much like hard work."

Ernie Fellows doesn't know when he'll ever return to Australia.

He claims, "Under the all-tote system here in France, all avenues of the racing game are too well treated to think about it for a long while yet."

Last year he won ten races in France and £45,000 in stakes, including three wins and £27,500 with his champion three-year-old, Corpora.

Corpora, injured and sold in December to a stud in Brazil for £37,500, ran fifth to Relko in the English Derby — only half a length behind third-place-getter Ragusa, which went on to win the Irish Derby.

This year Fellows has three or four youngsters he tips could be nearly as good, or as good with luck, as Corpora.

At the moment he has no idea what they'll really be

like in the coming season, because gallopers can't be clocked in workouts here — there are no marked distances on the tracks.

One of his hopes is a filly called Irish Lass, a full sister to Irish Oaks winner Linguist, who cost her American millionaire Eric Coupy top price of £17,500 at this year's Irish yearling sales at Dublin.

His star filly is Hal Jackson's American-bred Fall in Love, by crack sire Swaps from English Oaks and Guineas winner Never Too Late.

She is "unbuyable" no matter what price is offered.

Jackson also owns the Fellows-trained colt Nasram, by Nasrullah, a half-brother to last year's Irish Derby winner Tamberine.

I don't think Ernie Fellows, who can knock back horses for his stables these days that most Sydney trainers would give their front teeth to train, need worry much about next season.

Australia's most successful horse trainer — why should he?

ERNIE FELLOWS in the stableyard at Chantilly with one of the string of horses he trains. **BELOW:** With Australian apprentice jockey Tom Young and family poodle Bebe (French for baby) in front of the Fellows home.





Carol Lynley, lovely filmstar of Columbia's "Under the Yum Yum Tree", says: "Lux keeps my complexion clear — gives skin such a nice fresh glow."

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have an
audience
too...

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Ita Buttrose's SOCIAL ROUNDAABOUT

WITH Easter just around the corner, Sydney town is at its busiest preparing for the annual influx of interstate and country visitors due in the next few weeks for the Royal Easter Show, the A.J.C.'s Autumn Race Carnival, and, of course, the traditional round of parties.

Two hostesses who will have barely a moment to spare during the season will be Mrs. Brian Crowley, wife of the Australian Jockey Club's president, and Mrs. Strath Playfair, wife of the president of the Royal Agricultural Society. The Crowleys will entertain guests to luncheons at Randwick Racecourse during the four days of the Carnival, and the Playfairs will be hosts at a series of lunches, dinners, and after-polo parties at the Showground from March 20 to 31, as well as a cocktail party on March 18 after the official opening by Mr. Playfair of the R.A.S. Art Competition.

And they will also give an afternoon tea for the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, after he officially opens the Show on March 25. Guests at the tea will include the Premier, Mr. R. J. Heffron, the Lord Mayor, Alderman H. F. Jensen, State ministers, heads of Forces, and members of the Diplomatic Corps.

By the way — in the midst of all the Show festivities the Playfairs are preparing to move from Woollahra, where they have lived for the past 39 years. Mrs. Playfair told me they hope to be in their new home in Albert Street, Edgecliff, in the first week of April.

POPULAR curtain-raiser to the Show and Race Carnival will be the Peter Pan Ball at Princes on March 20. It's always one of Sydney's most glamorously dressed and brightest nights of the year — I'm not surprised to hear that the numbers have already reached 400 and only a few tickets are left.

THE ball committee president, Mrs. Norman Hill, and her husband will be among guests at a pre-ball party which Victorians Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Clarke, of Devon Park, Dunkeld, will give at the Australia Hotel. The Clarkes, who will arrive here on March 19, are now in South Australia for the Adelaide Festival of Arts, as are many Sydney people, among them Sir Charles and Lady Moses, Lady Heinze — Sir Bernard will be flying down on March 15 — Lady Lloyd Jones, and Margaret Gillespie.

MRS. DAVID HARRIES, who is a committee member for the Matrons' Ball to be held at Royal Sydney Golf Club, Rose Bay, on March 24, is also busy finalising plans for a party she and her husband will give at their Vacluse home on March 13. Actually it's a belated 21st birthday party for their son Christopher, and guests will include their elder son, Lieutenant Sandy Harries, who's in Victoria completing a course at H.M.A.S. Cerberus.

REGULAR racegoers from Victoria will include Sir Rupert and Lady Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gilder, Major and Mrs. David Knox, and Mr. and Mrs. Eric Avery, who will arrive just before Easter with their pretty daughter Edwina. The Averages will stay at Bellevue Hill with Mrs. Lionel McFadyen, while Edwina will be the house-guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Abraham, of Bellevue Hill. Mrs. McFadyen, who is in Melbourne at the moment for the Victoria Racing Club's Autumn Carnival, will give a small cocktail party for Mr. and Mrs. Avery at her home on March 24.

OTHER parties of note will be given by Mrs. Sam Hordern on March 19, the Waldo Lances on March 21, the Philip Parburys (Mr. Parbury is a councillor of the Royal Agricultural Society) at their new Edgecliff home on March 23, and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Adams, who will welcome more than 100 guests to a formal party which they will give for their daughter, Caroline, in the garden of their lovely home at Wahroonga on March 23.

COUNTRY visitors Mr. and Mrs. Ken Mackay, of Dungog — Mr. Mackay is the Show Ringmaster — will be arriving in Sydney with their daughter Margaret on March 16. They will be bringing three horses with them, as Mrs. Mackay and Margaret plan to enter several of the ring events. The Mackays' son, Jamie, who's a boarder at The King's School, will also be a Show competitor, and will concentrate on the jumping events. During the holidays Jamie will stay with Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Glasgow at Kensington — the rest of the family will be at Rushcutters Bay.

THE Glasgows' daughter, Margaret, and Tina Whitney, of Gulgong, will give a party at the Edgecliff flat of Tina's father, Mr. W. R. Whitney. It will be during Easter week — "the date is still to be decided" — and the guest of honor will be Jane Thompson, who recently announced her engagement to Tim Fenwick.

JUST prior to Easter the Women's Pioneer Society will hold a fascinating antique exhibition at its Market Street rooms on March 17. The exhibits will include a copy of a book written by Mrs. J. R. Strang's great-grandfather, Robert Dawson, and published in London in 1830. It is titled "Present State of Australia — A Description of the Country" and the only other known copy in Australia is in the Mitchell Library.



FROM LONDON comes this picture of Mr. and Mrs. James Gosper after their marriage at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brompton Square. The bride was Miss Annette Rowe, daughter of Mrs. J. L. Rowe, of Chatswood, and of the late Mr. Rowe. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray Gosper, of Pymble. The couple are honeymooning in Europe and in the East and are expected to arrive in Sydney on March 22.



JUST-ENGAGED Miss Janeece Ball and Mr. Peter Shilton, who plan to marry next February. Miss Ball is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ball, of Turramurra, and her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Shilton, of Willoughby. Miss Ball is wearing a diamond solitaire engagement ring set in white gold.



ABOVE. Mr. and Mrs. Simon Heath (couple in centre) with their daughter, Emma Louise, after her christening at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Also pictured (from left) are the baby's godparents, Mrs. Denis White, the Hon. Catherine Sidney, Mr. Sam Walder, and Mr. John Atwill (who stood in for Mr. Philip Gibson, of Keith, South Australia), and her young cousins, Nigel and Andrew White.



ABOVE. Miss Diane Crocker and Mr. John McAuley, who have announced their engagement and will marry at The Scots College Chapel, Bellevue Hill, on September 24. Miss Crocker is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Crocker, of Drummoyne, and her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McAuley, of Pagewood.

BELOW. Mr. David Harper (left), Miss Celia Winter-Irving, and Mr. Joe Morrison at the cocktail party which Mr. Harper gave at his Woollahra home to farewell Miss Winter-Irving prior to her departure for England. Miss Winter-Irving is travelling with Miss Primrose Moss and expects to be away six months.



PROUD GRANDPARENTS Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bragg (couple on left) and Mrs. John Weedon (right) pictured with their grandchild, Sarah Ruth, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Weedon, after Sarah Ruth's christening at St. John's Church, Darlinghurst. A party followed at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, Rose Bay.



AT RIGHT: Mrs. John Bates, wife of the president of the Pacific Area Travel Association (left), with Lady Lloyd Jones and Mrs. Dan London, of San Francisco (right), at the lunch held at Lady Lloyd Jones' home, Rosemont, Woollahra, for wives of delegates attending the 13th annual Pacific Area Travel Association conference.



INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: QUEENSLAND CEMENT

By MARY BROKER

● As I have said, factories and other buildings are being built in Queensland at a faster rate than ever before. Projects such as the alumina plant at Gladstone and the two oil refineries at the mouth of the Brisbane River generate a demand for more workers, and this inflow of workers in turn generates a demand for more homes.

TAKEN in conjunction with the definitely expansive mood of the Queensland Government, which is greatly increasing its public works expenditure, this bodes well for Queensland's building industry, and

for the suppliers of basic products such as cement.

The Queensland Cement and Lime Company Limited, the major force in the Queensland cement industry, supplies areas covering all of central and southern Queensland, as well as

northern New South Wales.

The company was formed in 1914 to take up an option to buy certain mineral leases and freehold lands and to manufacture and deal in cement, lime, and other products.

The cement plant, of course, took some time to set up, and actual production did not begin until 1918. The company did so well in its first two years of operation that by 1920 it had made enough profits to balance out the initial losses.

Since 1927 a dividend has been paid every year and has never fallen below 5 per cent.

Queensland Cement is fortunate in having relatively cheap resources for its cement manufacture. As you know, cement is composed chiefly of lime, and most cement companies spend a small fortune on leasing limestone quarries and buying and maintaining heavy limestone mining and crushing equipment.

Queensland Cement, however, in 1931 took up a 50-year lease on extensive deposits of coral and shell material (rich in calcium, i.e. lime) at Moreton Bay.

Only last year properties were purchased in the Cleveland, Ormiston area, adjacent to Moreton Bay, and very close to the coral leases. Directors believe this would be a good position for a future cement works.

At present the company has three kilns at their works in Darra, near Brisbane. The most modern kiln, finished in 1961 following a vigorous expansion programme in the '50s, raised installed capacity to 400,000 tons a year.

This expansion programme, begun in 1949, led to a series of extremely generous new and bonus issues in the next ten years:

- 1949: 1-1 new issue at par.
- 1952: 1-1 new issue at par.
- 1955: 1-3 bonus issue.
- 1956: 1-5 new issue at par.
- 1959: 1-3 new issue at par; 1-3 bonus issue.

Since another expansion programme has just been announced—I shall refer to this later—there may be further new issues.

Queensland Cement is closely associated with another similar company, North Australian Cement Limited, which it sponsored in 1948 to erect cement works near Townsville.

The companies have three mutual directors and Queensland Cement owns 120,000 shares in North Australian Cement, which are valued in the balance sheet at cost, i.e. £120,000.

Since the market value of these shares at last balance date was £375,000, I would suggest that Queensland Cement's other assets are also very conservatively stated.

In 1959 the two companies joined to form a subsidiary, Central Queensland Cement Pty. Ltd., in which Queensland Cement has a 75 per cent. interest and N.A.C. 25 per cent.

Directors, foreseeing the rapidly increasing need for cement in the Rockhampton district, decided to set up a marketing company in this area. I believe this is a fairly profitable venture.

The "credit squeeze" of 1961 naturally hit both companies heavily, but, since then, production and sales of both have been rising very quickly to meet the industrial demands of Queensland.

Sales by Queensland Cement, for example, since 1957/58, are as follows:

1957/58	257,929 tons
1958/59	277,332 tons
1959/60	307,407 tons
1960/61	311,991 tons
1961/62	237,732 tons (the "credit squeeze" year)
1962/63	341,072 tons — a record.

Commensurate with this, N.A.C. in 1962/63 sold 92,072 tons compared with 80,212 tons in 1961-62.

Recently directors have made a further study of the cement requirements of Queensland, and, only three weeks ago announced plans to build new £1.3 million cement works at Rockhampton, requiring three years to complete.

The new plant is to be a fully integrated cement producing unit with a capacity of 120,000 tons.

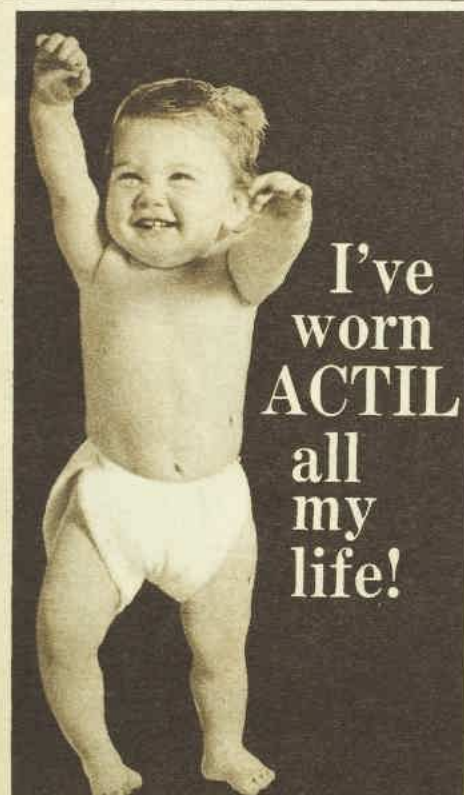
Three-quarters of the cost will be borne by Queensland Cement and one-quarter by N.A.C.

In addition to this, Queensland Cement intends to carry out a further expansion of its works at Darra, costing £1,750,000. This is expected to take two years, should increase capacity at Darra from 400,000 tons to 500,000 tons, and is expected to lower production costs.

Directors of both companies obviously have great faith in the future expansion of Queensland, and I for one have faith in the future of both companies.

Both shares have a par value of 20/-. Fifty Queensland Cement at 73/- would cost you £184 for a dividend return of £5 a year at the current 10 per cent rate.

Fifty North Australian Cement, on the other hand, would cost you £176 at the recent price of 69/6, for a dividend cheque also of £5.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 18, 1964



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Those vintage razors

MISS D. MASSEY (N.S.W.) asked if anyone could beat the record of her grandfather's old cut-throat razor, which he bought 58 years ago for 3/6. I am 75, and still using the German-made razor I bought for 4/6 in 1903. So that beats the record.

£1/1/- to Mr. C. Welsh, Adamstown, N.S.W.

MY father came to Australia in 1872 at the age of 21 in the sailing ship *Duchess of Argyll*. The razor he brought with him had constant use, and, after his death, was given by my mother to my husband, who is still using it. I am still using the Sheffield steel knives that I put in my glory box over 56 years ago.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. McKay, Sydney.

FOR 40 years my father has used an old-fashioned brass safety-razor which he inherited at 12 when my grandfather died. Grandfather had in turn used it for 34 years, having inherited it at 16 on the death of my great-grandfather. It has been in use for at least 80 years. However, the sequence will not continue, as my brother uses an electric razor.

£1/1/- to "Stubble" (name supplied), Albion Park Rail, N.S.W.

IN 1901 my husband swapped a heavy German razor for a lighter one, which has been in constant use ever since. Although he carried it round with him during World War I, it is still good and is kept in its original case.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Wilson, Virginia, Qld.

I AM the proud possessor of a German cut-throat razor which I bought, together with double strop, mug, brush, and cake of soap, at Maclean, N.S.W., in 1901 at the cost of 10/6. It has been in constant use all these years and never misses giving me my "daily facial".

£1/1/- to "Another Young Shaver" (name supplied), Woolloowin, Qld.

MY own cut-throat, also a German make, cost me 2/6 at a Newcastle chain-store 34 years ago. I also have an Australian-made swimsuit which is 37 years old and is still O.K. for a swim.

£1/1/- to Mr. A. J. Clarke, Narrabri West, N.S.W.

AT the age of 17 my grandfather bought an English cut-throat razor. He is now 84 and is still using it after 67 years.

£1/1/- to Miss L. M. Painter, Earlwood, N.S.W.

She wants to nurse

I WONDER why Australian hospitals do not train married women as nurses. In my teens I had two years' nursing training. Now married, and with two children starting school, I would give almost anything to go back and complete my training. I feel sure I could manage the two jobs and think that married women would be more understanding of patients.

£1/1/- to "Ex-Nurse" (name supplied), Greenacres, S.A.

There was no extra egg

AT every motel and cafe where I ordered bacon and eggs during a bus trip to Melbourne, I was always served one egg, the waitress explaining that only men were served two eggs, though for the same price. Yet a female cook gets about two-thirds of the wage of her male counterpart and when she goes out for a meal has to pay the same price as a man and gets less for her money. Under the circumstances I think a discount of 33 1-3 per cent. for females would be fair.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Johnson, Palm Beach, Qld.

Elegant handbag, shabby purse

MANY women buy smart and expensive handbags, yet continue to use shabby money purses. Lately I have made a point of watching to see what sort of purses women take out of their bags, and many have been old, shabby, and grubby. Do women buy new handbags, but never new money purses?

£1/1/- to "Purse Watcher" (name supplied), Highett, Vic.

Gaily colored patches

WHEN patching children's clothes my mother chooses a bright contrasting color and cuts the patch in the shape of a toy. For the knees of jeans she makes an artificial pocket and lines it with a piece of foam rubber.

£1/1/- to Miss L. Robinson, Upper Mount Gravatt, Qld.

Stay-young philosopher

WHILE visiting my cousin I chanced to overhear a conversation between her two daughters, the elder of whom had just received her first pair of high-heeled shoes, and who said, "Never mind, Gay, you'll get a pair when you're grown up." To this Gay replied, "I don't want to grow up. I'm going to stay young as long as I can. You're an awful long time grown up."

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. S. Ganter, Toowoomba, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

ALTHOUGH a lot has been written about The Beatles, I feel impelled to set down some of my own Beatle experiences.

These may be of interest and help to others who have Beatle problems.

My three daughters are interested in The Beatles in varying degrees. The youngest only knows their names are George, John, Paul, and Ringo, or Wingo as she calls him. The eldest is an expert and knows the dates of their birthdays.

I find holes in the morning paper where Beatle items have been cut out. The transistor radio is kept tuned to the Beatle Station. The TV set is monitored for Beatle news.

My eldest daughter had an exam last week. To encourage her studious efforts I promised her a Beatle LP record if she was successful.

She took a long-haired Beatle doll into the exam room and put it on the desk. Inspired by this mascot and by the prospect of the record, she got a splendid pass. Amid the general rejoicing I was faced with the duty of getting the Beatle LP.

At the same time the diamond

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH

needle on the record-player broke down. It was worn out by non-stop playing of Beatle records.

All over the country needles are suffering unprecedented wear and tear from this cause. There is a



fortune waiting for any manufacturer who can produce a Beatle-proof needle.

So as well as the Beatle LP I bought a new needle to play it with.

The transistor radio, too, was showing signs of exhaustion. On Sunday my wife wanted to listen to a programme, but the set was dead. The batteries had been flattened by The Beatles.

I went out and drove round for

20 minutes till I found a shop that was open and sold batteries. Several other people, whose radios were also Beatle casualties, were availing themselves of this emergency service.

When I got home my daughters were preparing entries for a newspaper competition in which you had to identify prominent persons wearing Beatle wigs. They were baffled by one picture, said to portray a Cabinet Minister. Would I please find out who it was, they asked.

Next day I went to the Public Library and asked for the Parliamentary Record, which contains photographs of Members of Parliament. The librarian asked what I wanted to find out, and I said I wanted to identify a Cabinet Minister in a Beatle Wig.

"I thought so," she said. "A lot of others have been here about it." She kindly told me who the Minister was, and I phoned the information through.

I don't know where all this will end, but until it is over I wanna hold someone's hand.



To a fan of You Know Who

Try to imagine the future,
When you're ancient and ridden with gout,
And some frivolous teenager asks you:
"What were The Beatles about?"

"What were The Beatles about?" you'll cry!
"What were The Beatles about?"
Some drums, three guitars, and a sort of a shout,
And hair that was wondrous the way it would sprout
And a clamorous worship that touched the devout!"

"But why were they different, Grandpa?"
You'll be asked with a shrug and a pout,
And you'll take a stab at explaining,
But the kids will regard you with doubt.

For who could recapture The Beatles,
And what all the fuss was about?
No matter how fluent the way that you spout
Of those innocent looks (like a hairy Boy Scout)
And the millions of fans that the police couldn't rout—

A time must come when The Beatles
Are long forgotten and out,
And the kids will query politely:
"Gramp, what ARE you talking about?"

—DOROTHY DRAIN

Against working wives

ONCE when a girl married she settled down to caring for a home and raising a family. Now she's an oddity if she doesn't join the throng of working wives. Marriage is a partnership needing a homemaker and a home provider, but she takes on both jobs, often eats makeshift meals out of tins, and spends weekends catching up on housework that has piled up during the week. Worst of all, men think no better of her for it. Wake up, girls, you're paying too high a price for that extra pay packet.

£1/1/- to G.M.K. (name supplied), Auckland, N.Z.



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Mother
says he's
too fat!



Dear Miss Harper,
My boyfriend and I are very much in love. I think he is very well built, but my mother says he's too fat. How can we overcome her prejudice?

S.P., Norwood.
Answer: Remove the cause. If your friend is overweight encourage him to lose a few pounds. One of the best aids to dieting is Davis Gelatine. Simply tell your friend to stir two teaspoons of Davis Gelatine into half a glass of cold fruit juice or soft drink. If he takes this half an hour before lunch or dinner, he'll find it a wonderful natural aid to will-power.

Many doctors recommend this high-protein drink because it quickly satisfies hunger. A scientific weight control plan is available in a free booklet from the makers of Davis Gelatine. It contains an easy-to-follow calorie counter and luncheon menus.

The questions and answers in the "Weight Control Companion" may give your boyfriend a new angle on dieting.

Sincerely, Helen Harper.
Write today to
Dept. "A," DAVIS GELATINE
(Australia) Pty. Ltd.,
Box 3583, G.P.O.,
Sydney, N.S.W.

461/63

Page 13

Your baby's happiest
introduction to grown-up eating
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New Nestlé's Baby Foods

perfected varieties • balanced nutrition • better textures
• natural flavours • the safety of glass

Generations of babies have thrived on Nestlé's trusted milk-formula 'Lactogen.' So Nestlé's know (better than any maker of baby foods) exactly the balanced nourishment Baby needs—and how it must be protected!

Now Nestlé's pack Baby's important "first solids"

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To serve: Spoon out and warm enough for one feed each time, leaving rest of food in jar. Re-cap opened jar and store in refrigerator. When Baby eats a whole jarful at once he can be fed straight from the jar.



JACK BENNY - 70, BUT STILL YOUNG

● Famous American comedian Jack Benny, now visiting Australia, is a bit unnerving to meet in the flesh — he is exactly the same as he is on TV.

WHEN I saw him walk into a big reception in his honor, it was as if he had suddenly walked off the TV screen into the room.

Looking the same off TV may not sound remarkable, but it is. People rarely look or act the same off TV as they do on the screen.

Dave Allen, for instance, is much better-looking, younger, and much quieter; TV does not a thing for Frank Ifield, nor for Eartha Kitt. But TV takes Jack Benny and presents him as is.

He is slim, well groomed, with beautiful manners and a rich lode of conversation that he has accumulated in his 39 years of show business.

Every viewer knows that Jack Benny on TV is 39. Off TV he beamingly admits his real age — he was 70 on February 14, 1964.

He had a party and Bob Hope dropped by. The only fly in the ointment of his Australian visit is that Bob isn't here too. When it was first planned, Hope's itinerary and his crossed and they had planned to get together and "fool around."

Those 70 years sit so lightly they are barely noticeable. His well-brushed brown hair is his own; at the end of a day that would floor most men in their forties there was still a spring in his step.

Busy day

It was quite a day. It started pre-dawn in Fiji, from where he jetted into Sydney at 9 a.m. to face a barrage of Press and TV cameras, and interviewing journalists, before he took off for his hotel.

Later, settled in, he took a quick look at the town, and a close look at the Theatre Royal, which impressed him: "I'm mad about it," he said, "it's so intimate."

He spent the afternoon auditioning Australian violinists, meeting people concerned with his show, and turned up smiling at 5.30 p.m. to a Press reception that raged on for hours.

He is as happy as a lark to be here, only unhappy that his stay of four weeks isn't longer.

"I've been trying to get back here ever since 1944," he said. "And four weeks isn't long enough. I would like to be here much longer."



JACK BENNY and JOHNNY O'KEEFE

I would like to play Perth and Adelaide and those places that people generally don't.

"The trouble is I just haven't the time, and my producer, Gil Rodin, can't just work it out so that I can."

"He tells me today that it is 3000 miles to Perth."

"I will have to come back for longer some time so that I can do these things, but that will mean a new show, and this one is a beauty."

Benny will appear at Sydney's Theatre Royal for a week, and then at Melbourne's Comedy Theatre, with his show, "Jack Benny in Person."

I am told it will take much the same form as his TV show, with guest stars and sketches and the famous violin.

Local stars

Benny's four writers, said to be among the highest paid in the world, wrote the show before he left America, guided on Australian angles by Gil Rodin.

Rodin is remembered here for his work as a producer in "Revue '63," and other shows. He returned with Benny to produce his stage show, and a TV show, if it is made.

Appearing in "Jack Benny in Person" with Benny are two seasoned Australian TV stars, Lorrae Desmond and Johnny O'Keefe. As well

a juggling team, the Rudenko Brothers, will appear.

"This is a good show," Jack Benny told me. "It is made up of the accumulated experience of years and years, things that have happened, that I have done."

One of the things I'd like to see in flash-back is Benny's war-time visit 20 years ago.

"I was in New Guinea entertaining the troops," he said. "I was so close but I wasn't allowed to come here."

"Had a ball"

"What I did was get in touch with General MacArthur and put it to him, so he gave me five days in Australia, four in Sydney and one with him in Brisbane."

"I'll never forget that. I had a ball. Everything was sparking, it was wartime and you lived up every minute, you didn't know about next week. And how this place has changed."

"It was so far away, so remote in those days."

"It's so different now. You know, coming down here from Fiji, I said to Gil: 'Look, what about it—do you think we should have a Beatle joke, do you think Beatle stuff would have got here?'"

"That'll tell you."

Mr. Benny isn't gone on The Beatles, but I'll be surprised if Australian audiences aren't gone on him. He's very good value—yeah, yeah, yeah!



ABOVE: Beethoven (Karl Boehm) in a scene from "The Magnificent Rebel." LEFT: Another character, Countess Giulietta (Giulia Rubini).

Life of musical genius, by Disney

● "If someone fools me once, shame on them. But if they fool me twice—shame on me."

TELEVISION'S greatest wizard, Walt Disney, said this some time ago when talking about his success on TV and the big mistake he once made.

"Three years ago," he said, "the TV networks told me, 'Walt, Western series are the only thing now. You've got to go along with it or die.' So I tried it. It didn't work."

"For 25 years I'd been doing all right with my cartoons and nature-study films. I entered TV over 15 years ago and did just fine as long as I stuck to what I'm good at. But then I got fooled and was stuck with bad Westerns."

"I should have known better, but somehow it was a big temptation not to try to get in the swim."

"I learned my lesson, dropped Westerns, and had a good idea — 'The Wonderful World of Color.'"

Australian viewers know just how good "The Wonderful World of Color" really is. Remember "Greta, the Misfit Greyhound," "The Wahoo Bobcat," "The Silver Skates"?

All these are from the series. The latest (and said to be among the greatest yet made) is "The Magnificent Rebel," the life story of musician Ludwig van Beethoven.

"The Magnificent Rebel" is a two-parter and will be seen on TCN9 on Sunday, March 15, at 6.30 p.m., and the following Sunday, March 22.

Beethoven's life is one of the most fascinating of the

great musicians, with its vivid historical background. Disney actually filmed the story in Austria where Beethoven lived, found his inspiration, and worked.

The city of Vienna itself plays a starring role in the film, and viewers will see, too, little altered, the village community dwelling of Heiligenstadt, to where Beethoven retired.

But the triumph of the film is the casting of Karl Boehm as Beethoven.

Boehm (experts tell me he is a dead-ringer for Beethoven) is the only son of Dr. Karl Boehm, former leader of the Vienna State Opera, and is an accomplished musician.

There is no mimed, or, I suppose you call it "fingered," music in "The Magnificent Rebel." Boehm plays all Beethoven's music himself on camera.

Boehm plays or conducts many of Beethoven's most famous compositions. They include the "Fifth Symphony," the "Moonlight Sonata," the "Pathétique Sonata," "Sonata No. 1 in F Minor," and the "Pastoral Symphony."



WALT DISNEY

Highlights from Beethoven's opera "Fidelio" and the "Ninth Symphony" are also performed.

★ ★ ★

BREAKING with a four-year-old TV tradition, ABC-TV have deserted history for their local winter serial and are presenting in its place "Purple Jacaranda," a mystery-suspense serial set in modern Sydney.

"Purple Jacaranda" was written by Scotswoman Nancy Graham, who wrote it during an eight-year stay in Australia.

"Purple Jacaranda" will be produced by one of ABC-TV's top producers, Colin Dean, who has been responsible for all four of the previous history serials.

The Australian historical serials, which began in 1960 with "Stormy Petrel," have been a big thing in most viewers' lives.

All of them, with the exception of the last one, "The Hungry Ones" in 1963, have been very good entertainment, and, more than this, they have awakened a great interest in Australian history.

This year the historical series has been dropped because there has not been time to research and do a good job on one.

"Such serials take years of research and steeping in the period," producer Colin Dean told me. "Writers can't produce one at a moment's notice."

"I quite like this year's change to a modern serial, but I would be sad if we stopped doing historical serials. They are very rewarding."

I am sure viewers would be sad, too.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 18, 1964



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Television

'HORSE OPERA' ROLES HAVE GONE WEST

TELEVISION'S Western heroes Gene Barry and Chuck Connors have both thrown away the guns of the old West for the thrust and parry of modern law. Gene Barry effortlessly shed his old role of dandy Bat Masterson and acquired his new one of Capt. Amos Burke of "Burke's Law." Chuck Connors hasn't been so successful. As attorney John Egan of "Arrest and Trial" he has lost the raw look he had as "The Rifleman," Lucas McCain, and lost his sideburns, his tight pants, and his son, Mark. But, despite his smooth tailoring and city ways, to me he is still just "Paw" in disguise.

— NAN MUSGROVE



LEFT: Chuck Connors as John Egan in "Arrest and Trial." A 90-minute two-parter, the first 45 minutes deal with the offence and the arrest of the criminal, the second half with his defence. "Arrest and Trial" is on Thursdays at 8.30 p.m. ATN7.

ABOVE: Gene Barry as Burke of "Burke's Law" could never be called a "mug copper." He is a millionaire cop, his car is a Rolls-Royce, and he obviously believes beautiful girls are the best suspects. He can be seen on TCN9, Saturdays, 8.30 p.m.



Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Momma once said: "Whatever happened to the small handbags women used to carry? Have you noticed the size of them lately?" Have you ever waited on a bus or on the street while a woman with one of these monstrosities tried to find her change purse? I think they carry everything in them but money . . . I've gone around the world with less luggage. And they talk about the things a small boy carries in his pocket!

MOMMA'S MORAL . . . You'll notice that since women began carrying those big handbags more and more houses are being built without attics.



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WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING . . . STICK TO IT!



STH/64

DID YOU KNOW?

"Z CARS," which is pretty much a man's world has made another bit of history by putting into production the first story ever written for the show by a woman. The script of "A Stroll Along the Sands" is by Joan Clark, who has been working with the "Z Cars" unit for two years as the director's assistant.

Joan, who is 37 and a North Country woman herself had never written for TV before, but had the idea for the story when she was first working for the unit on a desolate strip of seashore near Liverpool.

In the small off-time from her job she got to work and two years later was back on the same seashore—working on her own story.

In the "Z Car" series now showing in England, Constable Sweet faced a death sentence. He was recently "killed" in the course of duty.

The hero's death was caused by the resignation of actor Terence Edmond, who felt he was getting too typed as a police man and wanted to break away.

But Terence will still be tied up with crime, because he is going into a stage thriller, "Person Unknown," with Anna Neagle and Australian Charles Tingwell. It opens in London at the end of this month.

★ ★ ★

IN Japan, where color television is already well established, a firm of manufacturers has now produced a new set that costs only about £90. It is easily the cheapest in the world and its makers claim the pictures are one and a half times brighter than the ordinary black-and-white ones and ten times brighter than existing color receivers.

Television

AUSTRALIAN actor Ray Barrett plays the new hero of the next "Ghost Squad" series just launched in England. The latest recruit to the crime-busting team working in the international underworld is described as a quiet, suave, easy-going character distrusted at first by his tough colleagues. "It's a change for me," says Ray. "My last few parts have all been nasty, chip-on-the-shoulder characters." But this quiet type is tough enough underneath, and Ray has had to take a special battle course in self-defence and fighting to train himself for the realistic "punch-ups" that are featured

★ ★ ★

AMERICAN broadcasting executives, who keep a close eye on how their products are doing in foreign markets, are distressed at the disappearance of American shows, once highly popular, from British TV screens. Now all the programmes in the British top 20 are made in Britain.

★ ★ ★

PATSY ANN NOBLE, who has been featured on most of the top pop TV shows since she started in England, is branching off into other fields, too. Recently she sang for the first time in "The Arthur Haynes Show," sharing the guest artists' spot with Joe Brown and The Bruvvers. The only drawback to success is that Patsy, who got engaged last year to law student Alan Sharp, can't find time yet to make any marriage plans.

★ ★ ★

CATHY (Honor Blackman) and Steed (Patrick MacNee), of "The Avengers," have done some unlikely things in their time, but up till now nobody ever thought of them as pop singers. But, after a lot of persuasion, they have now recorded two numbers, "Keep It Friendly" and "Kinky Boots," both by Kretzmer and Lee, who wrote the Peter Sellers-Sophia Loren hits. The recording boss who persuaded them says, "Honor sounds like a cross between Julie London and Marlene Dietrich and MacNee has a humorous British twinkle in his timbre." Honor, of course, has since announced that she is leaving "The Avengers" series.



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Dress Sense

● This dress and matching jacket is my design choice for a reader who asked for a late-day ensemble suitable for silk brocade. Here is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"My husband, who has just returned from the East, has brought me 5½ yds. of lovely blue and silver brocade. I want a pattern for it and thought you might have one of the Paris designs you sometimes feature. Would the trimmings be best in silver or blue?"

When a fabric is as formal and important as brocade it is best made in a tailored style, minus any type of trim. The design I have chosen (illustrated at right) is a Vogue Paris original by Jacques Griffe. The sleeveless dress is finished with an oval neckline, and the fitted collarless jacket has an open front to show the dress. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. See sizes, prices, and how to order beside illustration.

"I would like to have a fur collar on a forest-green velour coat. Would the fur have to be real or could I use imitation?"

You can use fur bought by the yard. The most realistic fake fur I know is leopard, and it will look very effective on dark green velour.

"Could you please tell me the best material to line a chiffon frock?"

A lightweight fabric such as organdie, muslin, nylon, or a very fine silk taffeta.



By BETTY KEEP

"I am attending a buffet dinner and, as I am pregnant, I would like your suggestion for a style to wear. I have a piece of fine black lace and some plain black crepe rayon. Could I combine these two in one outfit?"

Yes, use the lace for a sleeveless overblouse (with a front and back shoulder yoke and gathers below this point) and the crepe for a plain skirt. The skirt can be street- or full-length, depending on the formality of the occasion. In either case it can be finished with a centre-back kick pleat.

"I am planning to spend some of next winter in England and wondered if I would have any use for a low-cut sleeveless frock? It is only semi-fitted and made in black wool."

If you feel the cold and find the dress too bare, wear it over a long-sleeved turtle-necked sweater in a contrasting color.

"I have a silk shirt-dress with a self-material belt and covered buckle. The belt has got very shabby from constant cleaning. The belt is about 2in. wide, the dress is brown. Could the belt be replaced?"

I suggest a gold leather belt about 1½ in. to 2 in. wide. Another idea is a grosgrain ribbon belt in a shade darker or lighter than the dress, finished centre front with a neat bow.

1232.—Dress and matching jacket in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, and 40 for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 in. bust. Vogue Paris original by Jacques Griffe. Pattern No. 1232, price 13/- includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O. Croydon, N.S.W.

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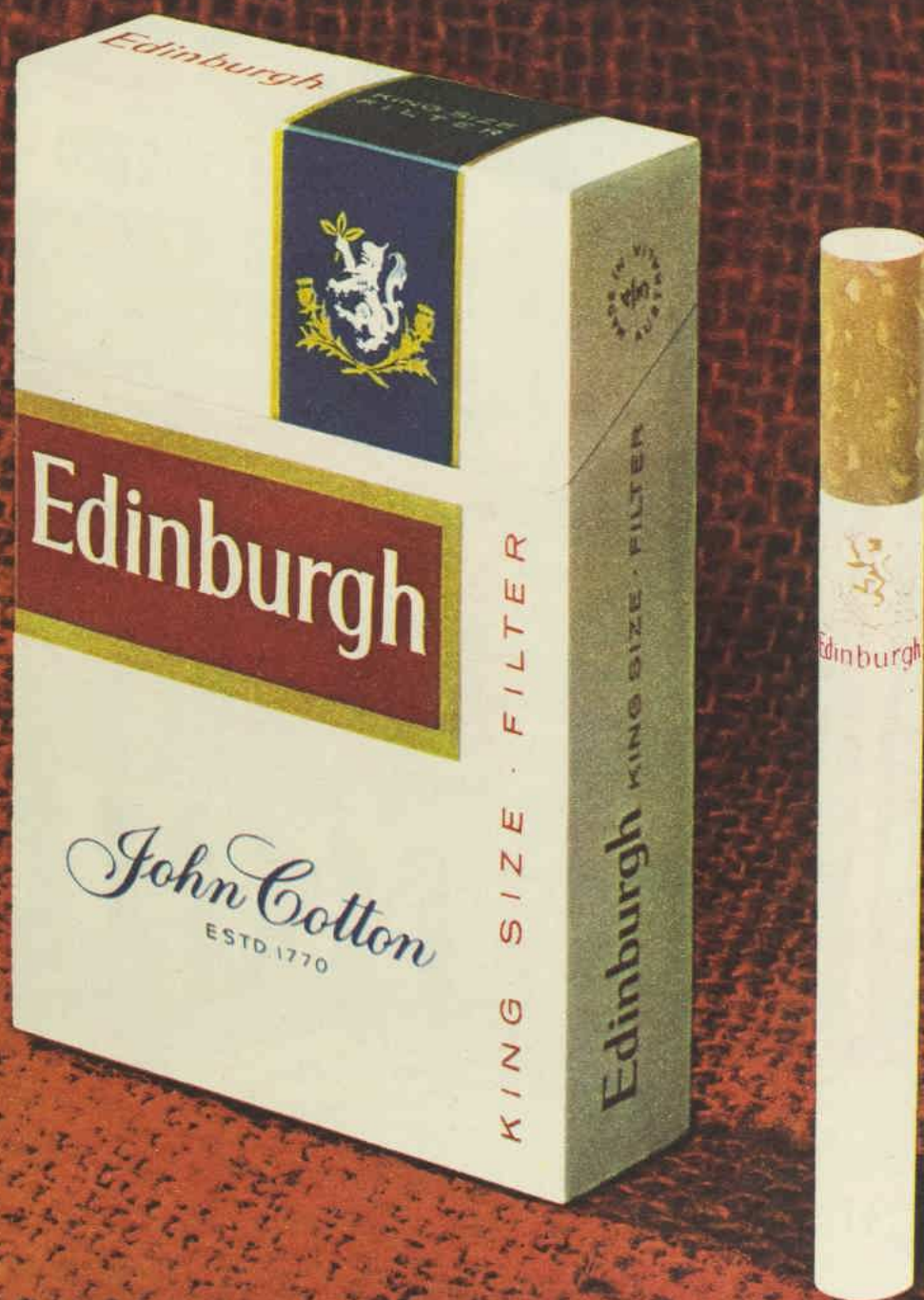
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STYLED BY THE WITH-IT GIRL

By BETTY KEEP



● Three eye-catching designs in oilskin show the typical imaginative Quant touch in rainwear. A high-fashion note is added by the chic rain hats and boots.

● Casual ankle-length shirt-dress is from the Ginger Group. The side-seams are slit to the waist to reveal ginger tights. Mary Quant called it "On the Rocks."



● Stunning crepe blouse has a cowl neckline and long sleeves. The blouse is worn under a jumper-type dress with a football-laced bodice.

● Chic separates from the Ginger Group Range. A deer-stalker gives a kookie look to long-length jacket and slim skirt. Note the pork-pie hat.

THESE made-in-England clothes were designed by Mary Quant, and they show some of this clever young Welsh designer's pet ideas.

Around the globe, Quant fashions are worn by girls who like to look kookie.

They have slim but mobile lines, and in the true Quant tradition are slick, snappy, and imaginative.

Mary called her recent collection the Ginger Group Range.

The collection had immediate and terrific success. The main theme was mix and matched separates, and the separates had as many possibilities and colors as a jigsaw puzzle has pieces. Note the change-about possibilities in the two casual outfits below left.

Quant fashions are all budget-priced. In London they sell for as little as four guineas sterling apiece.



Autumn fashion talk



THE EASY-CUT DRESS in smooth surface wool is again getting top billing in autumn fashion. Two popular silhouettes (above) are, at right, the shirtwaist shift in grey-blue, which is buttoned over a chestnut-brown shirt blouse and, at left, a straight dress in Paris pink, which is finished with a raised belted waistline and double rows of buttons and tiny collar. The straight sleeves are wrist-length, left uncuffed.

● The talk is of daring fashions for at-home evenings. Extra! Extra! is the floor-length culotte in slim and exaggerated forms. Both trends were shown in the Paris autumn collections and both are frankly alluring. Pink, and more pink, is again in fashion. Pink, in all shades, does more for a woman's skin than any other color.

Tweed is the biggest news in fabrics; it comes in fascinating colors and color combinations and in wonderful new weaves. Tweed is news with a fur trim. Take heed of the continuation of the easy-cut dress. In this category the shirtwaist shift and a dress indented under the bosom are both in vogue.

Leather is chic for sportswear, and suede pants are the very height of fashion.

For pure flattery and glamor there is nothing in fashion to beat the new after-five suits. These suits are mainly in glitter and are very feminine and pretty. Paris couture note: Maison Dior's collection of fashions for "le sport" has stirred up a storm of excitement for skiers and non-skiers.

—BETTY KEEP.



LEATHER PANTS may not be suited to every woman's way of life, but in Europe they are an important fashion for young sportive types. In icy weather leather makes good fashion sense. Trousers above are made in brown suede and are worn with red ankle boots and socks and a red wool shirt. Note twin back pockets.



CHIC trio from Maison Dior's couture sports collection (above). The yellow velour cloth thigh-length tunic has side pockets and is worn over a black sweater and slim black stretch pants. Chic black ankle boots complete the ensemble. The outfit was designed for apres-ski wear at resorts, or for casual wear at home.



NEWEST 1964 tweeds come in brilliant yellow, purple, pink, faded wisteria, and white. Weaves are deeply textured and yet have less weight and bulk than last season's vintage. The tweed suit (left) is worn with a fur cravat and matching hat.



GLITTERY suit is a top late-day fashion in Paris and the perfect answer to any festive evening bar or gala ball. Example (left) has an easy-fit jacket opening over a soft high-necked chiffon blouse. The skirt has a slim easy cut.

EXPANDING on summer's terrace dress, at-home clothes really get the full treatment in autumn-winter fashions. The exotic ankle-length black velvet culotte skirt and tailored leopard-skin top (right) is typical of this new theme.



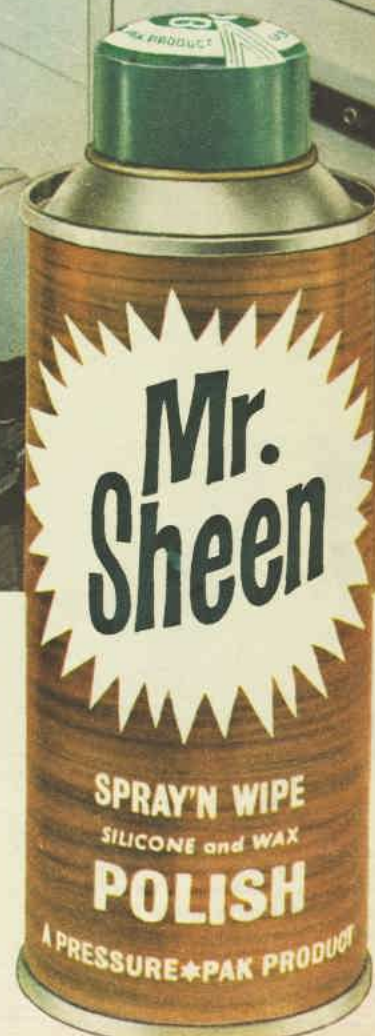


Mr Sheen cleans and polishes most surfaces

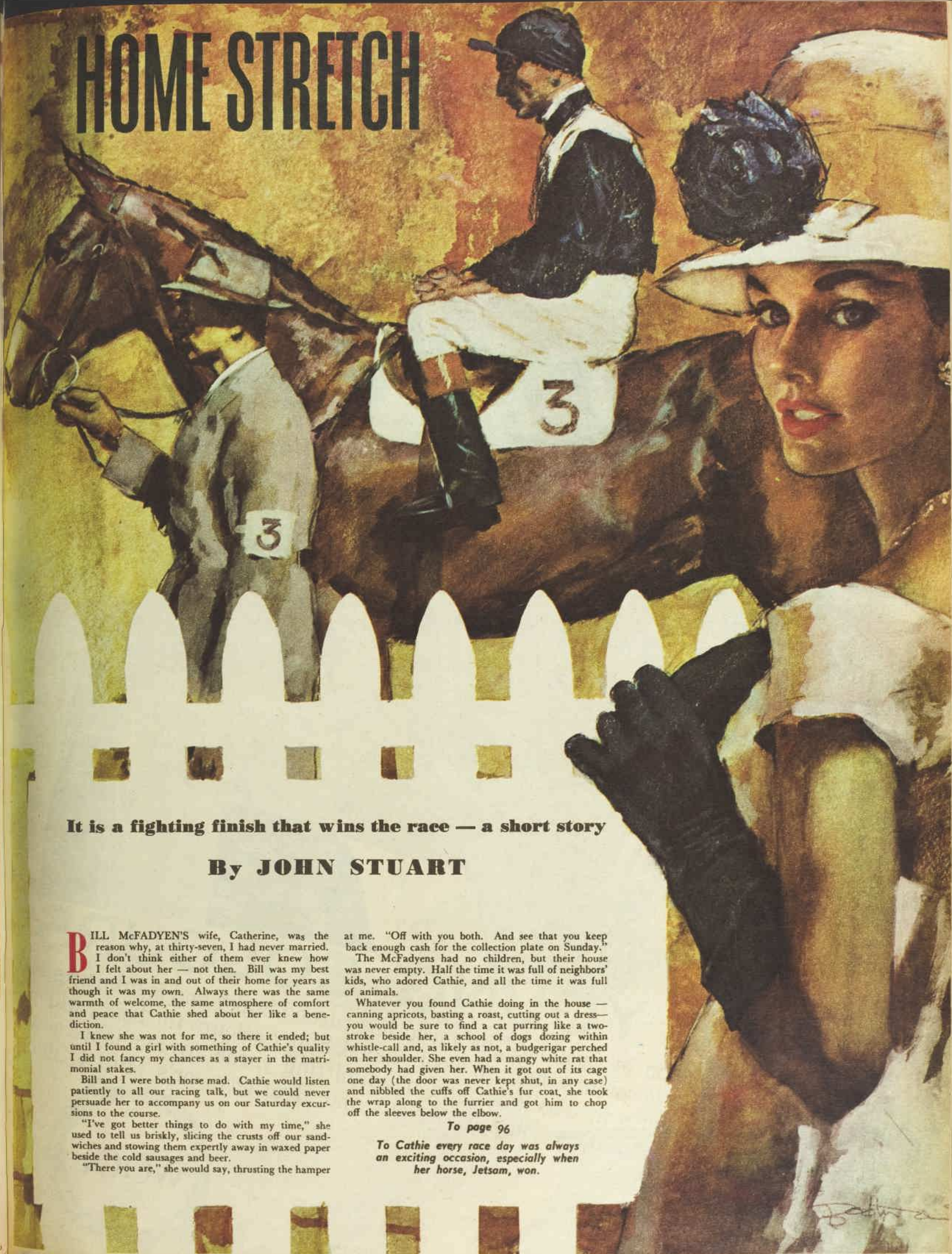
Mr. Sheen spray 'n' wipe polish gives a brilliant protective sheen to just about everything you clean! Mr. SHEEN: Cleans and brightens refrigerators
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HOME STRETCH



It is a fighting finish that wins the race — a short story

By JOHN STUART

BILL McFADYEN'S wife, Catherine, was the reason why, at thirty-seven, I had never married. I don't think either of them ever knew how I felt about her — not then. Bill was my best friend and I was in and out of their home for years as though it was my own. Always there was the same warmth of welcome, the same atmosphere of comfort and peace that Cathie shed about her like a benediction.

I knew she was not for me, so there it ended; but until I found a girl with something of Cathie's quality I did not fancy my chances as a stayer in the matrimonial stakes.

Bill and I were both horse mad. Cathie would listen patiently to all our racing talk, but we could never persuade her to accompany us on our Saturday excursions to the course.

"I've got better things to do with my time," she used to tell us briskly, slicing the crusts off our sandwiches and stowing them expertly away in waxed paper beside the cold sausages and beer.

"There you are," she would say, thrusting the hamper

at me. "Off with you both. And see that you keep back enough cash for the collection plate on Sunday."

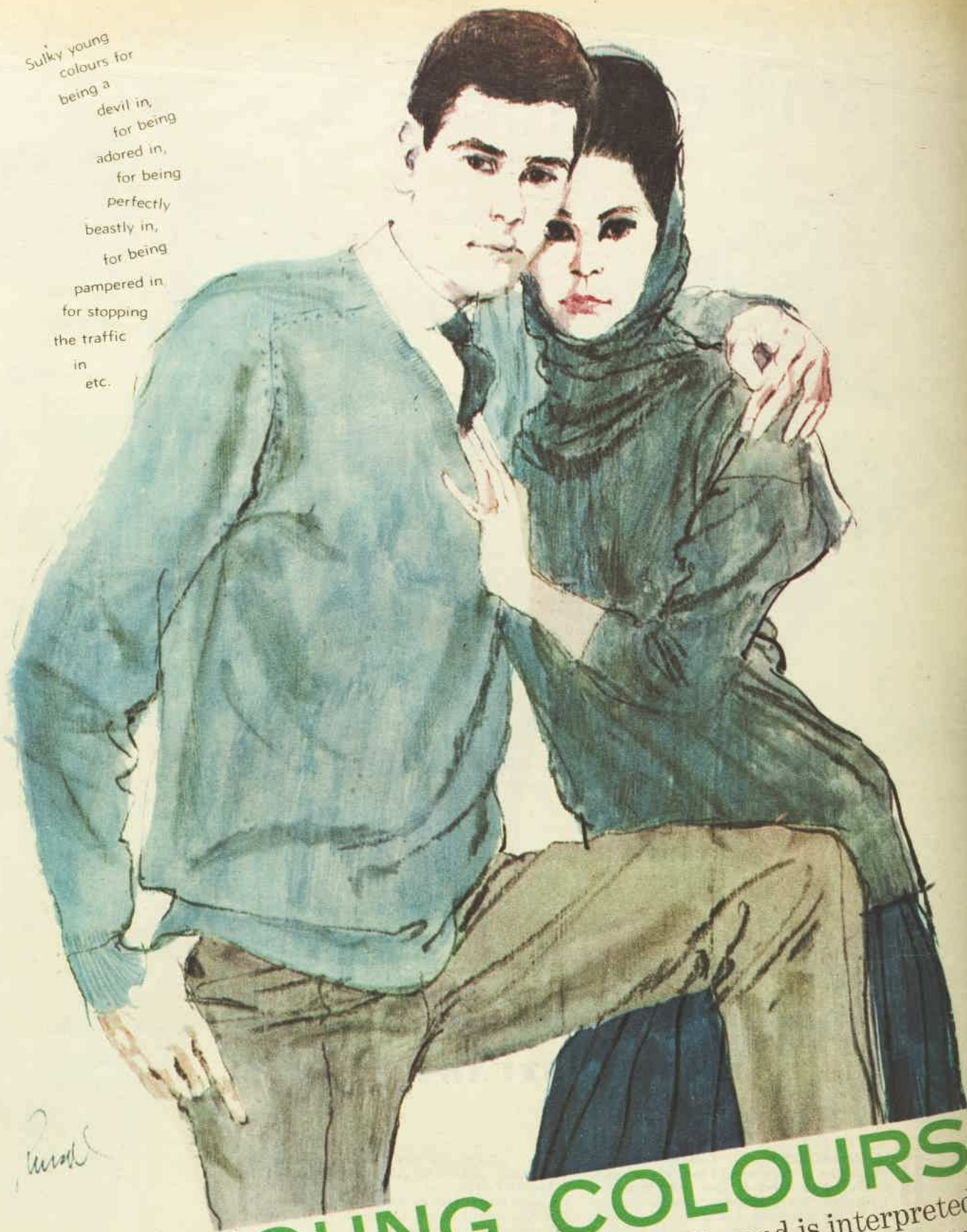
The McFadyens had no children, but their house was never empty. Half the time it was full of neighbors' kids, who adored Cathie, and all the time it was full of animals.

Whatever you found Cathie doing in the house — canning apricots, basting a roast, cutting out a dress — you would be sure to find a cat purring like a two-stroke beside her, a school of dogs dozing within whistle-call and, as likely as not, a budgerigar perched on her shoulder. She even had a mangy white rat that somebody had given her. When it got out of its cage one day (the door was never kept shut, in any case) and nibbled the cuffs off Cathie's fur coat, she took the wrap along to the furrier and got him to chop off the sleeves below the elbow.

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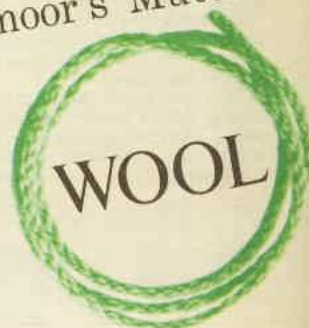
To Cathie every race day was always an exciting occasion, especially when her horse, Jetsam, won.

Sulky young
colours for
being a
devil in,
for being
adored in,
for being
perfectly
beastly in,
for being
pampered in,
for stopping
the traffic
in
etc.



SULKY YOUNG COLOURS

There's been a rebellion in fashion! The mood has turned Sulky and is interpreted in young, muted, gentle colours that are wool's alone, Sulky colours for being warm all over in. Sulky colours in woolknits and handknitting yarns are available now everywhere. Shown here: Blase Blue by Ansett and Heathermoor's Muted Blue.



***It was a bitter test for any woman and needed the strength and courage
of a loyal and understanding heart . . . a sophisticated short story***

WHEN Laura learned about him and Barbara, as Douglas now realised she had to learn sooner or later, there was the agonising crisis that anyone who knew them might have predicted. But they had survived it — narrowly, perhaps, but by a margin sufficient to enable their marriage to continue. There had been an understanding, however tortuously achieved. Douglas no longer had the terrible fear that she would leave him.

He knew he could not have survived the absence of Laura, the dissolution of an intimacy that far transcended the naive notion of marriage he had had as a bridegroom. About Laura he had no right to say, but he knew how closely they had been attuned.

Since the early days of their marriage they could be talking of something, and after a period of silence one of them would speak again, and to their wonder and delight the other would pick

up the conversation at the exact point to which it had advanced in their minds. That was why deception had come hard to him, and why he had found it impossible to sustain.

He imagined that his affair with Barbara had been very much like scores of other such cases. He was thirty-nine, Laura was thirty-six, and Barbara twenty-seven. Of course, it was not really as simple as that, but many people would see it that way, and maybe that was really the root of it.

An insurance agent nearing forty, already a little set in his ways, meets a younger woman — an available younger woman with her own apartment. Not only her own apartment, but one conveniently located between his office and his home. Douglas knew, and realised that other husbands must know, that convenience was a factor of ludicrous importance in such arrangements.

Anyway, for whatever combination of circumstances, it had happened. Barbara had invited him in for a drink. An abrupt, irreversible embrace — unplanned, largely unforeseen by Douglas — and the relationship had continued for exactly two months.

Then, in a small, peculiarly shameful way, he had been found out. Indeed, even now, when theoretically he had been purged of remorse, of the endless necessity to lie, he flushed at the thought of just how his infidelity had been discovered.

It had been a hot day and he had taken a shower at Barbara's preparatory to leaving. Carelessly, he had wet his head. It was far from soaked, but, since he was only a few minutes from home, it stayed wet enough to betray him.

To page 98

***"Douglas, do you realise you have been
living a lie?" Laura asked her husband.***

NEVER AGAIN

By MILTON BRACKER





OVER THE HILL

Nothing would daunt him . . .
an appealing short story

By HUMPHREY KNIGHT



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THE girl with the blue-jeaned figure slim as a clothes peg cycled past the cottage every afternoon after school.

John hung on the gate waiting for her as he always did. His mother had told him that the girl was much too old to want to play with him. She was twelve, and four years are a lot of years when you are only eight.

John accepted this with quiet resignation. He had learned to accept many things because of his foot. He was small for his age, though his dark eyes were older. The pain he sometimes suffered from his foot, with the burden of the boot he had to wear, was why.

But he was fortunate in that he had a good, curious mind, and a lively imagination that jumped with excitement to the harsh music of the gales that blew in from the sea, or smiled at the absurd dignity of the chickens strutting in the run at the back of the cottage.

The little girl came round the corner as fast as a swallow, passed him with a wave of her hand. He watched her swoop up to the brow of the hill, and then, as if she had fallen off the edge of the world, disappear down the other side.

John envied her, yearned after the gleaming bicycle. He was sure he could easily learn to ride one. But his mother always said that balancing would be difficult for him. She forbade him to do many things. But he could balance all right. He could cross the springy old plank over the dyke at the end of the field. Only he never told her. She would have made him promise not to do it again.

She called him now from the cottage: "John, come in. Tea's ready."

He limped quickly down the path—only really he was riding a bicycle.

She greeted him with her habitual anxiety. "Now hurry and wash your hands or your egg will get cold."

"Can I go out and play after tea?"

"If you promise not to go too far."

It seemed to John that his mother was always worried—even about little things like an egg getting cold. But perhaps it was because his father had gone away.

All of a year ago he'd heard her talking to old Jagers, who did odd jobs about the place and what heavy work there was connected with the little general store his mother ran.

"It's seven years now since he went," she'd said, for Jagers with his wind-browned face and country

* Registered trademark Kimberly-Clark Corp.

Johnnie's daring escapade proved to have far-reaching results

quiet mind was more family friend than hired help, "and yet he still sends me money. He's still at sea, still wandering. I suppose he always will."

"No one can read another person's heart," Jagers had answered. "I don't know what I'd do if he suddenly turned up. Suppose he wanted to come back. I worry about that, you know."

"Worrying stops the world turning," Jagers had said. "You wait till it happens. That'll be time enough to start fretting."

The knowledge that his father had run away had not come as a personal hurt to John. But he wished he had a father like other boys. It wasn't as if his father was dead. That would have been all right—but just not there, away, gone over the hill, was somehow untidy and unfitting.

He finished his tea and looked up at his mother. "Can I go and play now?" he asked.

"Yes, dear. Now what are you going to do?"

"Just going to the old barn."

"Be careful, then. Don't climb up into the loft now, will you, dear? The flooring is rotten. Promise?"

"Yes, Mummy."

Her worries, as they always did, trailed behind him. But once in the barn he was perfectly happy. It was a dark, chaff-smelling Aladdin's cave of bits and pieces, old farm instruments, old prams, and general junk.

EYES now accustomed to the dim light, he explored the back corner under the steps. There was a heap of old sacks. He pulled them aside. And there revealed, rusted, cobwebbed, a skeleton long forgotten, was an ancient tricycle with solid tyres.

Johnnie's heart thudded with excitement. It took all his strength to pull it out of the corner.

To anyone's eyes but his it looked like a music-hall prop for a red-nosed comedian. To John it was beautiful.

In a dream, unaware of the world, he pushed the tricycle out of the barn. There was a small path that ran down to the road and joined it just below the top of the hill. It was a struggle getting it along the path, but gradually the wheels loosened a little. Finally he pushed it on to the road.

His mother forgotten, Jagers forgotten, promise forgotten, warnings never to play in the road all forgotten, he pushed the tricycle alongside a white milestone. By stepping on it he managed somehow to climb on to the saddle.

With his good foot he pushed down hard on the pedal. Very slowly the tricycle moved down the hill. In ecstasy John stopped pedalling and just free-wheeled.

He gathered speed. The road was straight and there was only a slight bend at the bottom of the hill. Now he was going quite fast. His heart was in his mouth, his soul in paradise.

The tricycle came to the bend and John tried to turn the handlebars. But he could move them only a little—not enough to negotiate the bend. Helpless, he sped obliquely across the road, bumped over the grass verge straight at a garden hedge.

He cried out as he hit the hedge; luckily it was laurel and yielding. Scratched, bruised, he literally fell through it into the garden the other side. He started to cry from shock and fright. Then strong hands picked him up.

"Hey, then—what's this, eh?"

John opened his eyes. It was Jagers.

"Jagers," he cried, trying not to cry, "don't tell Mummy."

Jagers straightened him up, wiped his face, and asked with deliberation: "Tell her what?"

John brushed himself down, swallowed the start of a sob. "Come and see, please, Jagers."

Together they looked at the tricycle. Most of the spokes in the front wheel had broken.

"Where did you find that, then?"

John explained. Jagers nodded. "I'll walk you back home," he said. "You won't be making no

more rides on that old contraption."

"But you won't tell Mummy!"

"I'll tell her what I think's fit."

The walk up the hill was much longer than the glorious ride down. Then John saw his mother peering anxiously over the gate. But the cross and worried expression did not lessen the feeling of elation which was flooding back into him. He wasn't hurt. And no one could take that glorious ride away from him. He was prepared to pay the price.

There was an angry flurry of questions from his mother. There

were slow but dominating protections and defences from Jagers. Finally his mother said: "Go in and clean yourself up. And thank heavens, darling, that you weren't hurt! When you've washed I'll attend to those scratches."

Jagers watched him limp into the house. He said: "He's a good boy. But he's growing up. You've got to let him grow up. Let him have a proper bike—or a modern tricycle. He can balance on that."

"I wouldn't dream of it—"

"—I think you should. One of us could always go with him. Wasn't his fault he went into the

hedge. That old contraption . . . no brakes . . . rusted-up steering."

"Oh, I don't know. I really don't know." It seemed to her a terrible decision to have to make.

"It's his birthday soon, isn't it?"

"Yes . . ."

"Well, then," said Jagers.

"But I wouldn't have a moment's peace. I've lost my husband . . . John's all I have."

"Yes. But every man goes over the hill. They doesn't all go far away, though. Nor for ever. But they all has the right to go—and to start learning how."

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Stiff upper lip, Jeeves

Third instalment of
our amusing serial

By P. G.
WODEHOUSE



AMIALE BERTIE WOOSTER and JEEVES are at Totleigh Towers as Bertie is anxious to see that MADELINE BASSETT does not break her engagement to GUSSIE FINK-NOTTLE. If this occurs Madeline has said she would marry Bertie and this is a fate Bertie wishes to escape. Gussie is furious with Madeline because she is insisting he become a vegetarian. He has found an ally in EMERALD STOKER, an American girl who has taken the job as cook at the Towers because she needs the money to recoup her betting losses. Emerald feeds steak and kidney pudding to Gussie in the kitchen late at night.

Meanwhile STEPHANIE BYNG (STIFFY) is angry with her uncle, SIR WATKYN BASSETT, a collector of objets d'art, because she thinks he has cheated MAJOR PLANK by buying a rare statuette for five pounds. She tells Bertie he must take the figure back to Plank, who will then be able to sell it for its right price of £1000 to Bertie's uncle, TOM TRAVERS, a rival collector. Bertie takes the statuette to the home of explorer-footballer Major Plank, who mistakes him for a reporter. When Bertie shows Plank the figure and asks for the five pounds Plank says he is a thief and is about to take him to the police when Jeeves, presenting himself as a Scotland Yard detective, arrives at the house and takes Bertie into "custody."

Driving back to Totleigh Towers, Jeeves said he wanted to prevent Bertie from returning the statuette because he overheard Sir Watkyn boasting to Stephanie that he really did pay £1000 for it, but had said five pounds so as to annoy Tom Travers. Jeeves returns the statuette to Sir Watkyn's collection-room, before another guest at the Towers, much-disliked RODERICK SPODE (LORD SIDCUP), can search Bertie, on whose hapless head falls another blow. Madeline says if she ever finds out Gussie was not keeping to his vegetarian diet she would break off the engagement.

NOW READ ON:

THE following day dawned bright and fair. At least I suppose it did. I didn't see it dawning myself, having dropped off into a troubled slumber some hours before it got its nose down to it, but when the mists of sleep cleared and I was able to attend to what was going on, sunshine was seeping through the window and the ear detected the chirping of about seven hundred and fifty birds, not one of whom, unlike me, appeared to have a damn thing on his or her mind.

As carefree a bunch as I've ever struck, and it gave me the pip to listen to them, for melancholy had marked me for her own, as the fellow said, and all this buck and heartiness simply stepped up the gloom in which my yesterday's chat with Madeline Bassett had plunged me.

This, it was plain, was no mere lovers' tiff, to be cleared up with a

couple of tears and a kiss or two, but a real Class A rift which, if prompt steps were not taken through the proper channels, would put the lute right out of business and make it as mute as a drum with a hole in it. And the problem of how those steps were to be taken defeated me. Two iron wills had clashed.

On the one hand we had Madeline's strong anti-flesh-food bias, on the other Gussie's firm determination to get all the cuts off the joint that were coming to him. What, I asked myself, would the harvest be, and I was still shuddering at the thought of what the future might hold when Jeeves trickled in with the morning cup of tea.

"Eh?" I said absently as he put it on the table. Usually I spring at the refreshing fluid like a seal going after a slice of fish. Preoccupied, if you know what I mean. Or distraught, if you care to put it that way.

"I was saying that we are fortunate in having a fine day for the school treat, sir."

I sat up with a jerk, upsetting the cuppa as deftly as if I'd been the Rev. H. P. Pinker.

"Is it today?"

"This afternoon, sir."

I groaned one of those hollow ones.

"It needed but this, Jeeves."

"Sir?"

"The last straw. I'd enough on my mind already."

"There is something disturbing you, sir?"

"You're right, there is. Hell's foundations are quivering. What do you call it when a couple of nations start off by being all palsy-walsy and then begin calling each other ticks and bounders?"

"Relations have deteriorated would be the customary phrase, sir."

"Well, relations have deteriorated between Miss Bassett and Gussie. He, as we know, was already disgruntled, and now she's disgruntled, too. She has taken exception to a derogatory crack he made about the sunset. She thinks highly of sunsets, and he told her they made him sick. Can you believe this?"

"Quite readily, sir. Mr. Fink-Nottle was commenting to me on the sunset yesterday evening. He said it looked

"Gussie! What's happened to you?"
Bertie heard Emerald ask tenderly.

so like a slice of underdone beef that it tortured him to see it. One can appreciate his feelings."

"I dare say, but I wish he'd keep them to himself. He also appears to have spoken disrespectfully of the Blessed Damsel. Who's the Blessed Damsel, Jeeves? I don't seem to have heard of her."

"The heroine of a poem by the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, sir. She leaned out from the gold bar of heaven."

"Yes, I gathered that. That much was specified."

"Her eyes were deeper than the depths of waters stilled at even. She had three lilies in her hand, and the stars in her hair were seven."

"Oh, were they? Well, be that as it may, Gussie said she made him sick, too, and Miss Bassett's as sore as a sunburned neck."

"Most disturbing, sir."

"Disturbing is the word. If things go on the way they are, no bookie would give odds of less than a hundred to eight on this betrothal lasting another week. I've seen betrothals in my time, many of them, but never one that looked more likely to come apart at the seams than that of Augustus Fink-Nottle and Madeline, daughter of Sir Watkyn and the late Lady Bassett. The suspense is awful. Who was the chap I remember reading about somewhere, who had a sword hanging over him attached to a single hair?"

"Damocles, sir. It is an old Greek legend."

"Well, I know just how he must have felt. And with this on my mind I'm expected to attend a ruddy school treat. I won't go."

"Your absence may cause remark, sir."

"I don't care. They won't get a smell of me. I'm oiling out, and let them make of it what they will."

Apart from anything else, I was remembering the story I had heard Pongo Twistleton tell one night at the Drones, illustrative of how unbridled passions are apt to become at these binges. Pongo got mixed up once in a school treat down in Somersetshire, and his description of how in

To page 63

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Page 33




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NEW NURSERY KNITS

● Make these cute and cosy handknits for youngsters to wear this winter. Directions for five new designs are given in this feature.

Young charmer dress—in party pink

JUNIOR MISS DRESS, shown in color at right, can be knitted with short or long sleeves. The bouffant skirt and bodice are knitted in one piece; the skirt narrows into a ribbed band at the natural waistline.

An attractive squared pattern trimming the skirt just above the hemline is repeated on the bodice.

Materials: Short sleeves—9 balls Woolworths Nylo Crepe; long sleeves—12 balls Woolworths Nylo Crepe; 2 prs. Nos. 9 and 12 needles; 4in. slide fastener; crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 24in. chest; length from top of shoulder 18½in.; length of short sleeve seam 1½in.; length of long sleeve 9½in.

Tension: 13½ sts. to 2in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 181 sts. Work in g-st. for 6 rows. Work in st-st. for 4 rows. K1 row. Work in following patt.:

1st Row: P 6, * k 1, (p 1, k 1) 9 times, p 11, rep. from * to last 25 sts., k 1, (p 1, k 1) 9 times, p 6.

2nd Row: K 6 * p 19, k 11, rep. from * to last 25 sts.,

p 19, k 6. Rep. these two rows 3 times.

9th Row: P 6, * (k 1, p 1) 3 times, k 7, (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 11, rep. from * to last 25 sts., (k 1, p 1) 3 times, k 7, (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 6.

10th Row: K 6, * p 19, k 11, rep. from * to last 25 sts., p 19, k 6. Rep. the last 2 rows 4 times.

19th Row: Rep. 1st row. 20th Row: Rept. 2nd row. Rep. 19th and 20th rows.

23rd Row: Purl. 24th Row: Knit.

25th Row: (P 1, k 1) twice, p 23, * (k 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1, p 23, rep. from * to last 4 sts., (k 1, p 1) twice.

26th Row: P 4, k 23, * p 7, k 23, rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 4. Rep. 25th and 26th rows 3 times, rep. 25th row once more. Continue in st-st. When work measures 11½in., dec. across waist as follows:

Next Row (wrong side): * p 2 tog. 3 times, p 3 tog., rep. from * to last st., p 1 (81 sts.). Work 6 rows in rib of k 1, p 1. Cont. in st-st. for 10 rows, k 1 row, then work in patt. as for skirt border, beginning and ending with p 1 instead of p 6. When 3 rows have been completed, cont. in patt. and shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 3 rows. When armholes

measure 1in. divide sts. for back opening as follows:

Next Row: Work 31 sts. in patt. p 2 tog., leave rem. 32 sts. on spare needle. Cont. on these 32 sts. When border patt. has been completed, cont. in st-st. When armhole measures 4½in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Cast off rem. sts. loosely. Join yarn at centre back and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work same as back (omitting back opening) until armholes measure 3in., shape for neck as follows:

Next Row: Work 25 sts., leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Cont. on these 25 sts., k 2 tog. at neck edge of next 3 rows, then every 2nd row twice. When armhole measures 4½in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off 15 sts., knit to end. Work to correspond with other side.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 48 sts. Work in g-st. for 6 rows. Change to No. 9 needles. Next Row: * K 2, k twice into next st., rep. from * to end of row (64 sts.). P 1 row and cont. in st-

st. When sleeve seam measures 1½in. shape top by k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 54 sts., then every row until dec. by 14 sts. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 42 sts. Work in g-st. for 1in. Change to No. 9 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 6th row until inc. to 64 sts. When sleeve seam measures 9½in. or required length, shape top as for short sleeve.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and knit about 80 sts. round neck. Work in g-st. for 6 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Stitch sleeves round armholes, sew up side and sleeve seams. Work 1 row of double crochet round neck opening and sew in slide fastener.

More designs page 37

CLOTHES CONSCIOUS small daughters will love to wear this pretty dress. Directions are complete on this page.



PLAYTIME JACKET for girls or boys (above) is cable-trimmed with turn-down collar and long sleeves. It can be knitted in five different sizes ranging from 22in. to 25in. measurements.

Directions on page 40



TYROLEAN - STYLE three-piece romper suit (above and at right) includes a crew-necked, stocking-stitch sweater and pom-pom-trimmed beret. Romper straps cross at the back.

Directions on page 39



NOW IS THE HOUR



for NEW ZEALAND

Right now is the time to have a word with your Travel Agent about a holiday in New Zealand during the March-May season – when New Zealand puts on her most beautiful face. Very soon poplars, elms and oaks will splash emerald landscapes with brilliant gold. From everywhere in the world visitors will come to see snow-tipped mountains mirrored in tranquil lakes. March, April and May are the mild get-out-and-go sightseeing months – perfect for touring, flight-seeing, jet boating.



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Cosy stroller set

● The four-piece outfit at right is designed to fit six- to 12-month-old babies. It can be knitted for boys as well as girls by reversing the buttonholes.

Materials: 12oz. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 8 knitting needles; medium-size crochet hook; 5 buttons; 4yd. elastic.

Tension: 5½ sts. to 1in.
Measurements: Legginnettes — front seam 9½in.; leg seam to toe 11½in.; coat — chest 21in.; length 12½in.; sleeve seam 7½in.; cap — round head 4½in.; mittens — length of hand 3in.

LEGGINETTES

RIGHT LEG

** With No. 10 needles, cast on 62 sts. and work 4 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. 5th Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., p 1. Work 5 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 8 needles.

1st Row: Knit ** 2nd Row: Purl.

To Shape Back — 1st Row: K 10, turn. 2nd and Alt. Rows: Sl. 1, p to end. 3rd Row: K 20, turn. 5th Row: K 30, turn. 7th Row: K 40, turn. 9th Row: K 50, turn. 11th Row: K 62.

Cont. working in st-st. over all sts. inc. beg. of 2nd and every following 6th row until 70 sts. on the needle **.

Work 5 rows in st-st. without shaping.

To Shape Leg: Cont. in st-st., cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. both ends of next and every alt. row until 34 sts. rem. Work 17 rows st-st. **.

1st Row: Knit. 2nd Row: K 8, p 10, k 16. Rep. last 2 rows once. 5th Row: Cast off 13 sts., k to end. 6th Row: Cast off 5 sts., k 2, p 10, k 3 **.

7th Row: Knit. 8th Row: K 3, p 10, k 3. Rep. last 2 rows 4 times. 17th Row: K 3, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 6, k 2 tog., k 3. 18th Row:

K 3, p 8, k 3. 19th Row: K 3, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 4, k 2 tog., k 3. K 3 rows. Cast off ****.

LEFT LEG

Work as for right leg from ** to **.

To Shape Back — 1st Row: P 10, turn. 2nd and Alt. Rows: Sl. 1, knit to end. 3rd Row: P 20, turn. 5th Row: P 30, turn. 7th Row: P 40, turn. 9th Row: P 50, turn. 11th Row: P 62. Cont. working in st-st. over all sts. inc. end of 3rd and every following 6th row until there are 70 sts. on the needle. Cont. working as given for right leg from *** to ***. Start foot shaping:

1st Row: Knit. 2nd Row: K 16, p 10, k 8. Rep. last 2 rows once. 5th Row: Cast off 5 sts., k to end. 6th Row: Cast off 13 sts., k 2, p 10, k 3. Cont. working as given for right leg from **** to ****.

TO MAKE UP

Press parts under damp cloth. Join front, back, and leg seams. Cut elastic in half and sew to feet. Using wool, double crochet a chain to go round waist and tie. Finish off ends with small tassels.

COAT

BACK

** With No. 8 needles, cast on 89 sts. Work 4 rows g-st. 5th Row: Knit.

6th Row: K 2, * p 1, k 2, rep. from * to end. Rep. last 2 rows twice. Work 33 rows in st-st. **.

44th Row: P 4, * p 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 4 (62 sts.). 45th Row: Knit. 46th Row: As 6th. Rep. last 2 rows twice.

To Shape Armholes: Working in st-st., cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then

dec. both ends of next 4 rows (46 sts.). Cont. in st-st. without shaping until armhole measures 3½in., ending with a purl row. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remainder.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 8 needles, cast on 38 sts. and work as given for back from ** to **.

44th Row: P 4, * p 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 4 (23 sts.). 45th Row: Knit. 46th Row: K 2, * p 1, k 2, rep. from * to end. Rep. last 2 rows twice. 51st Row: Knit.

To Shape Armhole: Working in st-st., cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. at armhole edge on next 4 rows (15 sts.). Cont. in st-st. without shaping until armhole measures 3½in., ending with a knit row. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. next row, then 8 sts. at beg. of next alt. row.

LEFT FRONT

Work as right front, reversing armhole and shoulder shaping.

SLEEVES

(Both alike)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 29 sts. Work 4 rows g-st. 5th Row: Knit. 6th Row: K 2, * p 1, k 2, rep. from * to end. Rep. last 2 rows twice. Change to No. 8 needles and work in st-st., inc. both ends every 6th row until 41 sts. on needle. Cont. in st-st. without shaping until sleeve measures 7½in., ending with purl row.

To Shape Top: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. both ends of next and every alt. row until 19 sts. rem.

Next Row: Purl. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remainder.

FRONT BAND AND COLLAR

With No. 10 needles, cast on 14 sts. Work 60 rows g-st. 61st Row: K 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 6, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 2. Work 19 rows g-st. 81st Row: As 61st. Work 17in. in g-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press parts under damp cloth. Join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Sew on front band, placing first pair of buttonholes 6 rows below waist pattern on fronts, right front for a girl, left front for a boy. Sew on buttons. Turn collar over and press seams.

CAP

RIGHT EARFLAP

With No. 8 needles, cast on 3 sts. ** Work in g-st., inc. beg. every row until 15 sts. on needle. Work 6 rows g-st. Break off wool and leave sts. on spare needle **.

LEFT EARFLAP AND STRAP

With No. 8 needles, cast on 3 sts. Work 4 rows g-st. 5th Row: K 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog. Work 39 rows g-st. Cont. working as for right earflap from ** to **.

MAIN PART

With No. 8 needles, cast on 10 sts., k 15 sts. of left earflap, cast on 30 sts., k 15 sts. of right earflap, cast on 10 sts. (80 sts.). Work 3 rows g-st. 4th Row: Knit. 5th Row: K 2, * p 1, k 2, rep. from * to end. Rep. last 2 rows twice. Work 18 rows st-st.

To Shape Crown — 1st

ANYONE who can do purl and plain can make this smart stroller set; it's quick-and-easy to knit in thick wool and basic stitches. Ear-warmer cap, tie-on mittens, and snug jacket and leggings will keep chills away in the coldest climate. Directions are complete on this page.

Row: * K 2 tog., k 8, rep. from * to end. 2nd and Alt. Rows: Knit. 3rd Row: * K 2 tog., k 7, rep. from * to end. 5th Row: * K 2 tog., k 6, rep. from * to end. Cont. dec. in same manner, working 1 st. less between decs. until there are 16 sts. rem. 16th Row: Knit. 17th Row: (K 2 tog.) 8 times. Break off wool, thread through sts., pull up tightly, and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press under damp cloth. Join back seam. Sew button on to right earflap.

MITTENS

(Both alike)

With No. 8 needles, cast on 29 sts. Work 4 rows g-st. 5th Row: Knit. 6th Row: K 2, * p 1, k 2, rep. from * to end. Rep. last 2 rows twice. Work 6 rows st-st. 17th Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Work 19 rows st-st.

To Shape Top: K 1, * k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. 2nd and 4th Rows: Purl. 3rd Row: K 1, * k 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. 5th Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Break off wool, thread through sts., pull up tightly, and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press under damp cloth.

Sew up seams. Using wool, double crochet a chain 14in. long. Finish off ends with small tassels.

How to launder baby clothes

● Pretty baby clothes like the ones in this feature will keep their looks to the last wear if they are laundered carefully:

Always wash garment in lukewarm (never hot) water, using soapflakes or detergents specially made for the purpose.

Squeeze and move garment gently around in suds—three minutes should be enough.

Badly soiled areas can be treated beforehand by moistening the area and sprinkling with the soapflakes or detergent, then squeezing well while washing.

Rinse in lukewarm water two or three times until water is clear.

Squeeze out excess water, then roll in a towel. Dry garment on flat surface in breeze away from direct sunlight.

Easy-care baby wear



GOING - OUT ensemble in lemon and white is knitted in synthetic yarn and includes coat, bonnet, booties, and pram rug.

● Directions on page 41





fresh air fanatics...

Good food thrives on fresh air! Whether growing in its home ground or awaiting your pleasure in your refrigerator. Your pleasure in the taste and the texture, the look and the feel of good fresh food is met by a refrigerator that keeps air fresh as well as cold. And that's exactly what the Westinghouse FRESH-COLD system does, because it allows the air within a Westinghouse refrigerator to flow freely. Circulating air is fresh air, and fresh

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YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S

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Tyrolean-style romper suit

● Directions for making the three-piece romper suit shown in color on page 35 are given below.

THIS handsome outfit is knitted in a completely synthetic yarn, so no matter how dirty he gets it, a quick rinse in lukewarm water will restore its freshness.

The jumper is a good basic design which can also be worn with other pants. Make it in lemon and white, as shown in this feature, or in pale blue and white.

Materials: 4 (B 4, C 5) balls white; 4 (B 4, C 5) balls lemon Patons Turbo Orlon (this is the only yarn which should be used); 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 knitting needles; a few lengths black embroidery thread; 4 small and 2 medium-sized buttons; 1½, 1½, 2yd. 2in.-wide petersham ribbon; length ¾in.-wide elastic.

Measurements: Sweater — To fit 21 (B 23, C 25) in. chest; full length 11 (B 12, C 13) in.; sleeve seam 8 (B 10, C 12) in. **Pants** — Length of front seam 9 (B 9½, C 10) in. **Beret** — Width round head 14½ (B 15½, C 16½) in.

Tension: 16 sts. to 2in. **Abbreviations:** W, white; L, lemon; w.r.n., wool round needle; "Inc.", pick up thread which lies between next 2 sts., put on left-hand needle, and knit through back of loop.

JUMPER

FRONT

With No. 13 needles and w, cast on 90 (B 98, C 106) sts. Work 16 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to No. 11 needles and cont. in st-st. until work measures 6½ (B 7, C 7½) in. from beg. Cast off 5 (B 6, C 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 70 (B 76, C 82) sts. rem. ****** Work straight until armholes measure 3 (B 3½, C 4½) in. **Next Row:** K 25 (B 27, C 29), cast off 20 (B 22, C 24) sts., knit to end of row. Work on last 25 (B 27, C 29) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row until 20 (B 22, C 24) sts. rem. Work straight until armholes measure 4½ (B 4½, C 5) in. **To Shape Shoulder:** Cast off 10 (B 11, C 12) sts. at armhole edge every alt. row twice. Join in yarn at centre and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as given for front to ******. **Next Row:** K 32 (B 35, C 38), turn, cast on 6 sts. for underlap. Keeping a border of 6 sts., in k 1, p 1 rib work straight until armhole measures same as front.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 10 (B 11, C 12) sts. at armhole edge every alt. row twice. Cast off rem. sts. Mark position of 3 buttonholes evenly spaced. Join in yarn at centre, and, keeping a border of 6 sts. in k 1, p 1 rib at centre, work to correspond with other side, making buttonholes thus opposite markers: K 1, p 1, w.r.n., p 2 tog., k 1, p 1.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles and w, cast on 46 (B 48, C 50) sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 20 (B 22, C 24) rows, inc. 4 sts. along last row. Change to No. 11 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of 3rd and every foll. 8th row until 64 (B 68, C 72) sts. on needle. Work straight until sleeve seam measures 8 (B 10, C 12) in. from beg. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end every alt. row until 36 sts. rem., then every row until 16 sts. rem. Cast off.

Neckband: With back-stitch seam, join shoulders. With right side facing and No. 13 needles, knit up approximately 80 (B 84, C 86) sts. round neckline. Work 7 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, making buttonhole in 4th row. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work 7 rows in rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press with dry cloth and warm iron. Sew side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Fold neckband in half to wrong side, and slip-stitch. Sew underlap in position. Sew on buttons.

PANTS

LEFT LEG

With No. 11 needles and l, cast on 120 (B 130, C 140) sts. Work 2 rows in st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until there are 130 (B 140, C 150) sts. on needle. Work 1 row straight. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of needle in every row 5 times, then in every alt. row until 100 (B 110, C 120) sts. rem. Work straight until leg measures 9 (B 9½, C 10) in. from beg. (measured at centre of work), ending with purl row ******.

Shape back as follows: Note — When turning, bring yarn to front of work, slip next st. from left-hand needle on to right-hand needle, take yarn to back of work, slip st. back on to left-hand needle, then turn and proceed as given in instructions. This avoids hole in work.

1st Row: K 50 (B 55, C 60), turn. **2nd and Alt. Rows:** Purl to end of row. **3rd Row:** K 40 (B 44, C 48), turn. **5th Row:** K 30 (B 33, C 36), turn. **7th Row:** K 20 (B 22, C 24), turn. **9th Row:** Knit. **10th Row:** Purl. With No. 13 needles, proceed as follows: Work 8 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. **9th Row:** Rib to last 22 (B 24, C 26) sts., cast off 2 sts., rib to end of row. **10th Row:** Rib, casting on 2 sts. where cast off in previous row. Work 6 rows in rib. Cast off in rib.

RIGHT LEG

Work as given to ****** for left leg. Shape back as follows: **1st Row:** Knit. **2nd Row:** P 50 (B 55, C 60) sts., turn. **3rd and Alt. Rows:** Knit to end of row. **4th Row:** P 40 (B 44, C 48), turn. **6th Row:** P 30 (B 33, C 36), turn. **8th Row:** P 20 (B 22, C 24), turn. **10th Row:** Purl.

With No. 13 needles, proceed as follows: Work 8 rows in rib. **9th Row:** Rib 22 (B 24, C 26), cast off 2 sts., rib to end of row. **10th Row:** Cast on 2 sts. where cast off in previous row. Work 6 rows in rib. Cast off in rib.

LEG BANDS

With right side facing, using No. 13 needles, knit up sts. round edge of leg. Work 9 rows in st-st., beg. with purl row. Cast off.

STRAPS

With No. 11 needles and l, cast on 14 sts. Work in st-st. until strap measures 18 (B 20, C 22) in. (or length required). Cast off. Work another strap in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

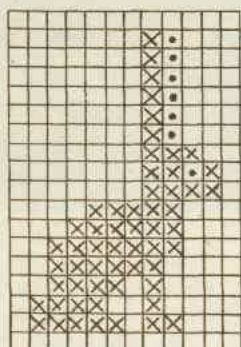
Press with dry cloth and warm iron. Sew front, back, and leg seams. Turn back leg bands and slip-stitch on wrong side, leaving opening to thread elastic. Embroider rabbits in w in knitting-stitch (as given in chart) at intervals on straps, embroider eyes with black thread. Shrink petersham ribbon and sew to back of straps, oversewing round edges. Sew straps in position to inside of waistband at back, allowing cross-over at back. Sew buttons on straps to correspond with buttonholes in front. Thread elastic through leg bands. If required herring-bone half inch elastic at back of waist ribbing.

BERET

With No. 13 needles and l, cast on 108 (B 120, C 132) sts. Work 8 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 11 needles and proceed as follows: **1st Row:** K 2, * "Inc.", k 4, rep. from * to last 2 sts., "Inc.", k 2. **Work 3 rows straight, also after 5th and 9th rows.** **5th Row:** K 2, * "Inc.", k 5, rep. from * to last 3 sts., "Inc.", k 3. **9th Row:** K 2, * "Inc.", k 6, rep. from * to last 4 sts., "Inc.", k 4. **13th Row:** K 2, * "Inc.", k 7, rep. from * to last 5 sts., "Inc.", k 5—216 (B 240, C 264) sts. **Work 3 rows straight.** Proceed as follows: **1st Row:** * K 22, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row. **2nd and Alt. Rows:** Purl. **3rd Row:** * K 21, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row. Cont. dec. in this manner every alt. row with 1 st. less between dec. until the row k 1, k 2 tog. all along is worked. Break off yarn, run end through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with dry cloth and warm iron. Join seam. Finish top with w pompon.



☒ WHITE
☐ BLACK

FOLLOW this diagram for rabbits.



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Cable-trimmed jacket

(Shown in color on page 35)

● This young semi-bulky jacket is just the thing for boys and girls to wear round the house.

Materials: 7 (8, 9, 10) oz. Emu Bri-Nylon Double Knitting, Emu Scotch Double Knitting, Emu Double Crepe, or Emu Romany Double Knitting; 1 pair each Nos. 6 and 8 knitting needles; 5 buttons.
Measurements: To fit 22 (23, 24, 25) in. chest; length 13½ (14½, 15½, 16½) in.; sleeve seam 8½ (9½, 10½, 12) in.
Tension: 5 sts. and 7 rows to 1

sq. in. measured over pattern on back.
Abbreviations: C 4, cable 4 by slipping first 2 sts. from left-hand needle on to cable needle and placing at front of work, knit next 2 sts. on left-hand needle, then 2 sts. on cable needle; 0 means no sts. to be worked in that particular size.
BACK
Using No. 8 needles, cast on 56

(58, 60, 64) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 13 rows. Change to No. 6 needles and patt.

1st Row (right side): Knit.
2nd Row: P 2 (0, 1, 0), * k 1, p 2, rep. from * to last 0 (1, 2, 1) sts., 0 (k 1) (k 1, p 1) (k 1).
Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 8½ (9, 9½, 9½) in. from beg., ending with wrong-side row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 2 (1, 1, 1) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every following alt. row until 16 (18, 18, 18) sts. rem., ending with wrong-side row. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT
Using No. 8 needles, cast on 32 (32, 34, 36) sts.

1st Row (wrong side): K 2, (p 4,

k 2) twice, (p 1, k 1) to end.
2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) 9 (9, 10, 11) times, (p 2, k 4) twice, p 2.
Rep. these 2 rows once more, then 1st row once.

6th Row: (P 1, k 1) 9 (9, 10, 11) times (p 2, c 4) twice, p 2.
Rep. last 6 rows once more, then 1st row once, inc. 1 st. at end of 1st row on 2nd size only—32 (33, 34, 36) sts.

Change to No. 6 needles and patt.
1st Row (right side): K 18 (19, 20, 22), (p 2, k 4) twice, p 2.

2nd Row: (K 2, p 4) twice, k 2, * p 2, k 1, rep. from * to last 0, (1, 2, 1) sts., p 0, (1, 2, 1).

Rep. these 2 rows once more.
5th Row: K 18 (19, 20, 22), (p 2, c 4) twice, p 2.

6th Row: As 2nd row.
These 6 rows form patt. Cont. in patt. until work measures 8½ (9, 9½, 9½) in. from beg., ending with wrong-side row.

To Shape Raglan Armhole —
Next Row: Cast off 2 (1, 1, 1) sts., work to end.

Next Row: Work to end.
Dec. 1 st. at the beg. of the next and every following alt. row until 17 (19, 19, 20) sts. rem., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 4 (4, 4, 4) sts., work to end. Cont. to dec. at armhole edge as before and at same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 7 (8, 8, 8) rows. Now keep neck edge straight, but cont. to dec. at armhole edge as before until 1 st. rem. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 32 (32, 34, 36) sts.

1st Row (wrong side): (K 1, p 1) 9 (9, 10, 11) times, (k 2, p 4) twice, k 2.

2nd Row: (P 2, k 4) twice, p 2, (k 1, p 1) to end.

Rep. these 2 rows once more, then the 1st row once only.

6th Row: (P 2, c 4) twice, p 2, (k 1, p 1) to end.

Rep. these 6 rows once more, then 1st row once only, inc. 1 st. at beg. of last row on 2nd size only—32 (33, 34, 36) sts.

Change to size 6 needles and patt.

1st Row (right side): (P 2, k 4) twice, p 2, knit to end.

2nd Row: P 0, (1, 2, 1), * k 1, p 2, rep. from * to last 14 sts., (k 2, p 4) twice, k 2. Rep. these 2 rows once more.

5th Row: (P 2, c 4) twice, p 2, knit to end.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

These six rows form patt. Complete to match left front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 26 (28, 30, 32) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2 in., ending with right-side row.

Next Row: Rib 3 (4, 2, 3), * inc. into next st., rib 3 (3, 4, 4), rep. from * to last 3 (4, 3, 4) sts., inc. into next st., rib 2 (3, 2, 3)—32 (34, 36, 38) sts.

Change to size 6 needles and patt.

1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: P 2, (0, 1, 2), * k 1, p 2, rep. from * to last 0 (1, 2, 0) sts., 0 (k 1) (k 1, p 1) (0).

Inc. and work into patt. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 5th (6th, 8th, 8th) rows until there are 46 (48, 50, 54) sts. on needle.

Cont. without further shaping until sleeve measures 8½ (9½, 10½, 12) in. from the beg., ending with p row.

To Shape Raglan Top: Cast off 2 (1, 1, 1) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every following alt. row until 6 (8, 8, 8) sts. rem., ending with wrong-side row. Cast off.

BUTTONHOLE BAND

Using size 8 needles, cast on 8 sts. and work in garter-st. (every row knit) for ½ (1, ½, 1) in.

1st Buttonhole Row: K 3, cast off 2, knit to end.

2nd Buttonhole Row: Knit, casting on over sts. cast off in previous row. Work 4 more buttonholes at intervals of 2½ (2½, 2½, 2½) in. measured from base of previous buttonhole.

Work a further ½ (½, ½, ½) in. Cast off.

BUTTON BAND
Work to match buttonhole band, omitting buttonholes.

COLLAR

Using size 8 needles, cast on 14 (14, 16, 16) sts. and work in garter-st. for 10 (10½, 11, 11½) in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press with warm iron over damp cloth, omitting ribbing. If Bri-Nylon Double Knitting has been used, press with dry cloth instead of damp one. Using back-stitch, join side, sleeve, and raglan seams. Sew on front bands. Sew on collar to neck, beginning and ending at centre of front bands. Neaten buttonholes and sew on buttons to match.



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* In Britain today four out of every five menthol smokers prefer Consulate—the undisputed leader of all menthol brands.

Going-out ensemble

(Shown in color on page 37)

Materials: 5 balls main color, 5 balls contrasting color Patons Turbo Orton; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 9 knitting needles; set of 4 No. 11 needles; 7 small buttons; 1 yd. inch-wide ribbon; 1 st-holder; medium-sized crochet hook.

Measurements: Jacket — To fit 20in. chest; length 11½in.; sleeve seam 7in. Bonnet — 12in. round face. Pram Cover — 22in. by 16½in. Tension: 16 sts. to 2in. on No. 11 needles.

Abbreviations: Y.o.n., yarn over needle; m-st., moss-stitch; m.c., main color; c.c., contrasting color.

PATTERN STITCH

(Slip all sl-sts. as if to knit)
1st Row (right side): With c.c., k 2, * sl 1, y.o.n., sl 1, k 1, sl 1, first sl-st of this 4-st. group over last 3 sts. and drop off right-hand needle, rep. from * across to last st., k 1. 2nd Row: With c.c., purl. 3rd Row: With m.c., k 1, rep. from * of 1st row across, ending k 2. 4th Row: With m.c., purl. Rep. these 4 rows.

JACKET—BACK

With m.c. and No. 11 needles, cast on 85 sts. Work in moss-st. 6 rows, inc. 10 sts. evenly along last row (95 sts.). Work in patt. until back measures 6½in. from start or desired length to underarm.

To Shape Armholes: Note — To cast off on right side, cast off specified sts. in knit (st. left on right-hand needle counts as first st. of patt. row), then work in patt. to end of row, on wrong side, cast off in purl. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. every other row 3 times (77 sts.). Work even until 4in. above first cast-off sts.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 6 sts. next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 35 sts.

LEFT FRONT

With m.c. and No. 11 needles, cast on 43 sts. Work m-st. 5 rows.

Next Row: Knit first 6 sts. for centre band, leave these sts. on st-holder, knit rem. sts., inc. 10 sts. evenly spaced across (47 sts.). Work in patt. until same as back to underarm. **To Shape Armhole:** Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of arm side, then dec. 1 st. every other row 3 times (38 sts.). Work even until 5in. above first cast-off sts.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of centre edge, then dec. 1 st. every other row 5 times (21 sts.). Work even until armhole measures same as back. **To Shape Shoulder:** Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of arm side once, 6 sts. twice.

Left Centre Band: Slip sts. from holder to No. 11 needles, join m.c. at inside edge, work even in m-st. until piece is same length as centre edge, to neck shaping. Cast off. Sew centre band neatly to centre edge. With pins, mark position of 7 buttonholes, evenly spaced on centre band at left front, first ½in. from lower edge, last ½in. below neck.

RIGHT FRONT

With m.c. and No. 11 needles, cast on 43 sts. Work in m-st. for 5 rows. Next Row: Knit, inc. 10 sts. evenly spaced across row to within 6 sts. of end, slip last 6 sts. for centre band on a holder, 47 sts. on needle. Complete as for left front.

Right Centre Band: Work as left centre band, forming buttonholes opposite markers. **Buttonholes:** Knit 3 sts. at beg. of centre edge, yarn over, k 2 tog., k 1.

SLEEVES

With m.c. and No. 11 needles, cast on 58 sts. Work in m-st. for 6 rows, inc. 10 sts. evenly spaced on last row (68 sts.). Work in patt. until piece measures 7in.

To Shape Top: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each side every other row 9 times, every row 6 times (26 sts.). Cast off 2 sts. at beg. next 4 rows. Cast off.

COLLAR

Beg. at neck edge with m.c., and No. 11 needles, cast on 35 sts. Work in m-st., casting on 10 sts. at end of next 4 rows (75 sts.). Work even in m-st. until 2½in. above last cast-on sts. Cast off.

To Make Up: Press with cool iron. Sew up seams. Set in sleeves. Sew on collar. Reinforce buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

BONNET

Beg. at front edge with m.c. and No. 11 needles, cast on 75 sts.

Work in m-st. for 10 rows, inc. 20 sts. evenly spaced across last row. Work in patt. until 5in. from start.

To Shape Back: Cast off 30 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (35 sts.). Work even in patt. until back piece is same length as cast-off edges, ending right side. Cast off in purl.

To Make Up: Press. Sew cast-off edges to sides of back piece.

Neckband: With m.c. and No. 11 needles, pick up and knit 65 sts. on bottom edge. Work m-st. for 9 rows. Cast off. Sew on ties.

SOCKS

With set of No. 11 needles pointed at both ends, cast on loosely 36 sts.

(12 sts. on each of 3 needles). Join and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Work in st-st. (knit every round) for 1½in.

Beading: * K 2 tog., yarn over, rep. from * round, k 1 round. Divide sts. for heel and instep: Knit next 18 sts., divide and leave these sts. on 2 double pointed needles for instep. Knit rem. 18 sts. on one needle of heel. Work back and forth on heel sts. thus:

Heel—1st Row (wrong side): Sl 1, purl across row. 2nd Row: * Slip 1, k 1, rep. from * across. Rep. these 2 for 1in., end on 2nd row.

Turn Heel: Sl 1, p 11, turn, sl 1, k 5, turn, sl 1, p 4, p 2 tog., p 1, turn, sl 1, k 5, k 2 tog., k 1, turn, sl 1, p 6, p 2 tog., p 1, turn, sl 1, k 7, k 2 tog., k 1, turn, sl 1, p 8, p 2 tog., p 1, turn, sl 1, k 9, k 2, tog., k 1 (12 sts. rem.).

Gussets and Foot: With same needle, pick up and knit 8 sts. on side of heel piece; with 2nd pointed needle, knit across 18 instep sts.; with 3rd needle, pick up and knit 8 sts. on other side of heel piece, and with same needle knit 6 sts. from first needle. Mark last st. for end of round (14 sts. on first and 3rd needles, 18 sts. on 2nd needle).

To Shape Gussets: 1st Round: Knit to last 3 sts. on first needle, k 2 tog., k 1, knit across instep needle, on 3rd needle k 1, sl 1, k 1, p.s.o., knit to end of round. 2nd Round: Knit even. Rep. these 2 rounds until 9 sts. rem. on each of 1st and 3rd needles. Work even until 2½in. from centre back of heel.

To Shape Toe: 1st Round: Knit to last 3 sts. on first needle, k 2 tog., k 1, on 2nd needle, k 1, sl 1, k 1,

p.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1, on 3rd needle, k 1, sl 1, k 1, p.s.o., knit to end of round. 2nd Round: Knit even. Rep. these 2 rounds until 16 sts. rem. in round. With 3rd needle, knit across first needle. Break yarn, leaving a 12in. end. Holding needles parallel, weave sole and instep sts. tog.

Cord: Cut two pieces yarn 20in. long. Crochet chains. Run through beading. Trim with pompons.

PRAM COVER

With c.c. and No. 9 needles, cast on 159 sts. Work m-st. for 1½in., inc. 20 sts. along last row thus: M-st. 19 (inc. in next st. m-st. 5) 20 times, m-st. to end of row (179 sts.). Change to patt., keeping 13 sts. in c.c. each end in m-st. for border. Work thus for 13½in., dec. on last row to 159 sts. Work m-st. in c.c. for 1½in., cast off.



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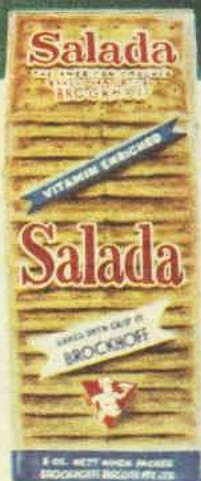
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were in the sky..I would fly"

baked oven-crisp by



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2323

How to look RICHER AND YOUNGER

● You can't help getting older, but you don't have to look it. You may not be a millionairess, but you can look—and feel—a million dollars. This feature, condensed from "Good Looks, Good Grooming," by beauty expert Elizabeth Kendall, tells you how.

ONCE a girl is past childhood she knows, in her heart of hearts, that it's not the shape of her nose or the length of her eyelashes that makes or mars her looks. She knows that what the world sees—or thinks it sees—is largely up to her.

With a list of defects as long as your arm, one woman can be a magnet; another with almost flawless beauty can be without admirers. Remember the saying, "What can't be cured must be endured." So far as looks go, this is not the whole truth by any means.

Bone structure, eye color, and hair texture are the only items which a normally healthy woman can't alter if she wants to. She can get fatter or thinner, improve her skin, change the color of her hair or make it straighter or wavier, and—with her clothes—show the world the woman she would like to be.

There's no need now for any woman who is moderately happy and healthy to lose her teeth, go grey (unless she likes it), get fat and lumpy, or have trouble with feet and legs.

It's obviously necessary to spend a little on staying young-looking, but it is not necessary to be rich. Expensive hairdos, frequent beauty treatments, and massages are not essential. A woman who walks across the park each day—finding pleasure and interest in everything she sees—is doing more for her looks and her figure than the one who takes a taxi to a treatment salon out of boredom. Not that I've anything against treatments—a Turkish or sauna bath, an hour in a gymnasium, or a session at a dancing class may be just what you need and deserve.

Vitality. But the first basic thing is to feel you are—well—youthful. The way you move is the most important thing here. Some girls in their twenties and thirties move with heaviness and lethargy; a lot of grannies in their sixties and seventies move quickly and briskly. Make conscious efforts to move lightly.

Try to walk really briskly at least once a day—wearing really comfortable shoes and carrying nothing more than a small bag you can hold by the handles. Trudging with a heavy shopping-bag or one clutched under the arm is in no way the same thing. Your spine and your arms should feel free and unstrained. High heels, even if you

find them comfortable for normal wear, are not for brisk walking. If you have to carry a lot of shopping, use two small bags rather than one monster one.

Have you ever noticed how a good actress, playing an older part, relies less on make-up than on mannerisms? See how she sinks wearily into a chair with a sigh of relief or a faint groan. Her feet are flat and point at ten minutes to two, her knees fall apart, her hand falls dispiritedly on the table. Just watch it, that's all, even when you are alone. Gestures can easily become habits and they don't really help fatigue. It's just as restful to sit quietly and quickly, to lean back and relax without fuss or comment. When you walk keep your feet as straight as possible. Walking with the toes turned out looks older, heavier.

Shoes. It is possible nowadays—thought not all that easy, I admit—to get shoes that cling at the heel but are long enough in the vamp to let your toes move. Walking with the toes crushed together leads not only to corns but to a stiff, old way of walking. Better a half-size longer and an easy walk than a shorter shoe and an ageing limp or totter.

Corsets. These should add to your comfort not take away from it. A famous corsetiere once told me that the larger the woman the less rigidly should her body be corseted. Stiff, too-tight foundations don't make you look an ounce lighter, but make you move more stiffly and heavily. It's better to have all top clothes—dresses, sweaters, coats—a shade loose rather than even a fraction too tight. Tightness anywhere—of shoes, foundation, or dress—makes you stiffen up, lose the easy movements that are the essence of youth.

There are many kinds of elegance, many ways of growing older. So, while there are rules for good looks and good grooming, they are only for basic guidance. If you know the rules you can alter them to suit yourself.

It's a telling point that women whose names are familiar to all as synonymous with beauty have no pattern to their looks. Miss Elizabeth Arden, slim, blond, and pretty, wears quiet clothes that say "well-

Continued overleaf



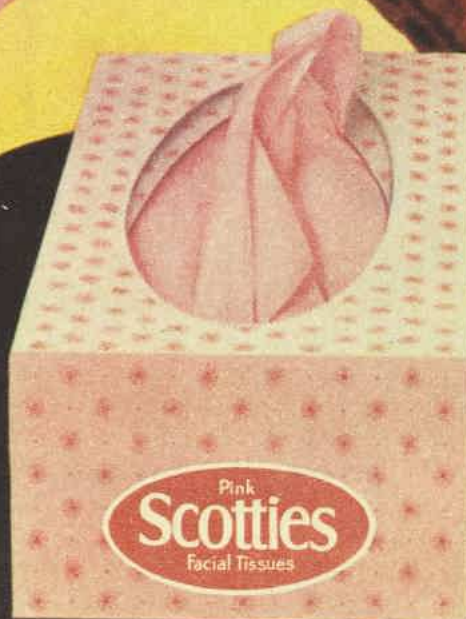
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MILWAUKEE

Continuing How to look richer and younger

The things men say

bred American." Madame Helena Rubinstein, magnificently dressed by Balenciaga in satin for evening or tussore for day, has an almost oriental dignity and has kept her smooth dark chignon unaltered since her youth.

Any woman past girlhood knows that what really affects her looks are her health and spirits. It is only in novels and films that distraught heroines look beautiful. In real life they have rings under their eyes, their skin comes out in blotches, or they have trouble with their hair.

To look well is half way to feeling it. And using good beauty preparations carefully and sensibly can make anyone — I repeat, anyone — look younger, prettier, healthier. Demonstrators who work for the big cosmetic firms would far rather use an older woman to show their "before" and "after" techniques. A pretty, young girl may look little improved by their expertise — in fact, might be better off left alone — but a woman who has begun to think her youth is behind her can be a wonderful Cinderella.

Model know-how. If you feel you lack confidence and don't move as well as you might, one of the most sensible things to do — whether you are 17 or 57 — is to take a course at a model school. If you have the time and money it's a sensible investment. Most of the students are, of course, pretty girls who would like to take up modelling, or who want to gain poise, self-confidence, and dress sense for careers where good looks help. But the teachers are very pleased indeed when the classes include some older women.

One lady in her fifties, with pepper-and-salt hair, dull print dress, and droopy cardigan, who diffidently joined a class, in a fortnight became a completely different-looking sort of person. Apart from the actual tuition, which improved her walk and posture and taught her about make-up, she learned a lot from the others by watching and talking to them.

She had her hair expertly trimmed and tinted, bought new clothes and shoes in a completely different idiom, and used make-up expertly for the first time in her life.

When her husband called at the school unexpectedly the staff were nervous; they thought he was going to complain of his wife's "extravagance" or "time wasting." But the man explained he just had to tell them how thrilled he was about the metamorphosis and to thank them most sincerely.

The pupils we can help most are those young girls who have not acquired confidence and women who, after bringing up a family and staying at home a great deal, feel they've lost it," said the principal of one school. "We help them to walk and talk more confidently, to look at their clothes with a fresh eye — and, of course, they help one another."

Do-it-yourself. If time, distance, or — let's face it — money puts professional teaching out of the question, there are still ways in which you can help yourself.

Here are some tips from a friend of mine who teaches in a famous model school:

- Always think of your back down to the waist as young and slim and flat. A flat back is of prime importance — a rounded back looks older and dowdier at once. When you keep your back flat you automatically lift your head out of the shoulders.

- Don't poke with the chin. Keep it level, not pushed up or down.

- The old-fashioned exercise of walking round the room with a book on your head is good practice; another excellent do-it-yourself straightener is to thread a walking-stick through the elbows so that it is held lightly and comfortably across the back. Practise walking like this for a few minutes a day and you will soon get the hang of how your back should look and feel.

- If your legs are plump, be sure not to "spread" them against chair or sofa. Leave a gap between legs and chair; put the legs a little to one side, and either cross the feet or put them side by side at an oblique angle. People with long legs who find it easy and natural to cross them at the knee may do so (no "lady" would once have done this, but times have changed), but the legs should be slanted to the side and the crossed foot kept low.

- Women with short or plump legs should not cross the knees; they should cross the ankles, neatly.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 18, 1964

Another useful tip came from a teacher at a famous school of dramatic art. If you are occasionally so nervous and shy that you feel physically awkward, put all your tension into one point. Curl your big toe, or clench your hand in your pocket, and you will feel the rest of your body relax. You can't keep this up for long, of course, but it can help you over an awkward few minutes.

Boo-boos. Don't wear a hat similar in color to your hair, particularly a furry or fuzzy hat, so that the line is blurred as well as the color. A smooth-haired brunette can get away with a bold black hat, but a fluffy blonde could hardly do worse than wear a pale, fluffy hat — especially one that nearly matches. Grey-haired women should avoid grey or taupe or beige hats; brown-haired girls should beware of brown fur — even if it's mink. These near-matches give a dim look to the head that is far from flattering.

If you wear glasses, remember that you are two accessories up before you start — the lenses of even the simplest spectacles glitter. So wear only the plainest earrings, avoid hat ornaments altogether, and choose necklaces that are either bold or simple, not bitsy, glittery, or too high at the throat.

Be sure that prejudice doesn't make you miss the things that make fashion and beauty fun. Mutton dressed as lamb is boring, and no one would suggest that we all copy each beatnik gimmick as it appears.

thing on the lines of "Can you be chic and pretty?" Well, it's not commonly so id.

Most really pretty women have a curiously softening, blurring effect on the clothes they wear; the eye is riveted by the beauty of their faces and what they wear seems unimportant.

Most really chic women are quite plain in the face, and they are smart because they have decided to go for a clean-cut look of simplicity and perfection that doesn't focus attention on any one feature. Most of the top models are not beautiful at all. They have the high cheekbones that the camera loves and their slender skeletons make good props for eye-catching fashions, but few of them are the flawlessly pretty creatures one might imagine them to be.

A man's view. Most pretty women dress, frankly, to look even prettier. They admit that they like to please the men in their lives and would probably look smarter if they didn't. Most chic women say they don't care what the men say and they would probably look prettier if they did. I think it's a good idea to ask men's opinions, to listen to what they say — and then to translate, not take the advice literally.

A man who says "I always love you in blue" is misleading you if you buy blue for ever. What he really means is "I hate that black dress you wore last night." Buy a green one instead and see what happens. After I'd once spent unaccustomed hours dressing up for a party my husband said: "Very nice" —

long pause—"but I really think you look your best in jodhpurs." What he really meant was that my normally casual way of dressing suits me better, that I would have looked better in a Chanel-type suit than in the dress I had forced myself into. And he was quite right. If a man says he hates make-up on you he means you are wearing too much.

Irritatingly the creatures are often, basically, quite right. If he says he hates eye make-up, use it more subtly — he probably means he hates black lines. If he says, "What a pretty hat," it probably means it's too pretty and unsmart, so next time buy one plainer and with a bolder line. If he says, "What a smart hat," it probably means it is a little hard, so look for one that is more becoming. If he says, "I love your hat," just purr. If he says, "What an amusing hat," don't retort that humor wasn't the intention, but heed the warning when next you buy.

Men, unless they are color-blind, often have good views on color and they are less prejudiced than another woman because they don't know what colors are "smart." They just know what suits you, and this is far more important. They are good judges of fit (they're used to treating it importantly in their own clothes) but bad judges of accessories. Nine men out of 10 will buy gloves, bags, scarves that are too small,

too finicky, too feminine. This may be the salesgirl's fault, of course; there's a great tendency to sell men items that are embroidered, trimmed, lace-edged. Men are very bad judges of shoes. They will urge you to buy something more "sensible" so that you can walk miles farther — then openly admire another woman's strip sandals.

They are good judges of necklines — though you have to translate pretty intelligently here. When they say "Couldn't it be higher (or lower)?" they mean it's neither one thing nor the other and you ought either to lower it to danger point or have it right up round the throat. But when they say "You have nice shoulders, why don't you show them?" they're almost certainly right. When they say "Mrs. So-and-so's dress was a bit nude round the top, wasn't it?" take it as a hint about your own cleavage.

They are not very good at jewellery, either. Most men have an instinctive liking for the little and good; this can lead to dainty rings for quite large ladies who would almost certainly prefer a nice big topaz to a tiny little diamond. But here again they are often good about color and are quick and right about the color of necklace or earrings. They are hopeless about scarves, and the most tasteful of men will buy chic girls an expensive silk square with poodles on it.

Continued overleaf

WHICH TYPE ARE YOU?



CHIC...

Short, dark hair is brushed forward, the slight kink takes away the severity of line. A chic hairstyle—but hard to wear.



OR PRETTY...

Softer, more becoming style flatters a pretty woman. The burnished bronze hair is given height on top of the crown.

Middle-aged ladies in fishnet stockings and boots and with black eye lines and no lipstick can look absurd, but I know several grandmothers who look very chic indeed in shift dresses or tight pants. It's a question of temperament and weight rather than age. But don't at all events close your mind to what's new. The time to latch on to a new fashion or to try a new beauty trick is when you first see it in the fashion magazines; it's time to think of giving it up when you see it all over town.

Prejudice. Don't have prejudices about the things you think don't suit you. I remember a friend, some years ago, moaning, "I've always had to wear a hat with a brim. I can't wear those little caps." Five years later she said, "These little caps are so much younger; I can never wear a hat with a brim." The fact is that fashion is a pretty good barometer of what we really want.

If you are over 30, watch what the young ones are doing. Don't copy their "rebel" fashions, of course, but if everyone young is carrying a big bag, wearing seamless stockings, long necklaces, and unfitted waists, don't go on buying the opposite just because you always have. Nothing looks older or is more dating than an expensive but out-of-date little bag, a too-corseted look, a too-pretty hat.

Always good for headlines in the fashion press is some-

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(Original letter in Head Office.)
That woman's success story could be yours. If you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 3/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

**MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOIDS**

Continuing How to look richer and younger

The smartest new clothes do almost nothing for you if your face isn't up to date. But you can get away with old clothes, cheap clothes, not-very-nice clothes if your face and hair show both care and awareness of what's going on.

All the girls copy one another, and the trend-setters among them copy French and Italian film actresses, as Hollywood stars seem rather behindhand nowadays. But it's easy for anyone who (a) isn't very young or (b) isn't in the fashion or film industries to get into a rut. You get used to the same kind of lipstick, the same way of doing your eyes, saving time and money, but losing on looks and, maybe, self-confidence, too.

A candid but unmalicious friend is a great help. I shall always be grateful to an American girl at a beauty salon who, when I called to meet her, said: "How do you do? So you're Eliza Kendall. Do you mind my saying your eyebrows are much too short?" Surprised but grateful, I let her amend my hasty and automatic sketching and I've tried to copy her strokes ever since.

It's very true that we can't see ourselves as others see us, and if the other is an expert so much the better. A trained beautician in a

Smile . . .

salon is fine, but if you lack one in your town the stores often have "weeks" when experts from the big cosmetic firms give demonstrations and advice that is well worth seeking.

There's no doubt it helps all round to look fairly happy. A cross face or a look of suffering usually provokes not sympathy but irritation and seems to invite shop assistants to be rude and bus conductors unhelpful. If you can make yourself look amiable things go more smoothly. And think what it's doing to your face. Keeping your mouth in a pleasant expression discourages those mean nose-to-mouth lines; guarding against frowning stops furrows and the tension lines between the eyes from forming.

Watch yourself from making habits of little facial tricks. Even on a bus, while you're alone, don't let your face fall into depressed lines or make moves of irritation or impatience. Don't get into habits of touching or pushing your face; it's ageing and is an older woman's gesture.

Cleansing. Anyone, even an old, old lady, looks younger and better with a skin that is really clean and fresh. And this means more than just washing regularly—you need three or four applications of cleansing cream or milk each night to remove make-up and clean the skin thoroughly. It may sound extravagant to use a lot of cleanser, but where economy is necessary it should be on the make-up, where a little goes a very long way.

If you have a fair, dryish skin you will probably prefer a cleansing cream; greasier skins take happily to a liquid. Always use a skin freshener after cleaning to help close the pores and remove the tackiness that makes dirt cling again quickly.

Skin. Every skin certainly benefits from some kind of lubrication. The fairer and thinner the skin the more lubrication it needs, although the oil or cream must be very light.

You'll know a nourishing cream suits your skin if it sinks in quickly, feels comfortable, and if, when you wake up in the morning, your face feels soft but not greasy. Most experts agree you shouldn't leave cream on all night—a cream, if it suits you, does its work in 20 minutes or so, and after that merely makes hair and pillows greasy.

Your skin may or may not need a moisture cream, and the only way you can find out is by trying one. If your skin seems "fuller" and softer and your make-up looks smoother, you're a girl who needs one all right. If, however, a moisturising cream makes your skin feel clammy and your make-up soon begins to shine, you don't.

"Miracle" creams. Women often ask me: "Are those expensive 'Miracle Creams' really worth the money?" If you are over 40 and you have neglected your skin, and then buy one of these creams, you can expect to see the most encouraging results. For a woman in her twenties whose skin is young and firm, though it may be temporarily tired or sluggish, they are not such a good investment, and there are other means as effective and less expensive.

One of the best investments toward staying younger longer is to have a professional salon treatment every six months; even once a year is a big help.

A really experienced operator can make a face look much younger by firming the contours and muscles, but that implies a course of treatments over a short period. One treatment can do no more than cleanse the skin properly and tell the expert—who will tell you—just what your skin needs at the moment. The skin varies enormously according to your health, the weather, your state of mind. Since you are going to buy and use creams anyway, they might just as well be the right ones.

Soap and water. A question that crops up time after time is "Should I wash my face?" Today's make-up is fine and penetrating and it takes an oil to dissolve an oil. So you must use cleansing milk or cream to dissolve and remove all make-up, but it's a good idea to follow with a soap and warm-water wash. Splash with cool water to close the pores.

All skins, dry or greasy, benefit from an occasional face pack or mask. In cities particularly, the grimy air can give the prettiest skin a dingy look. The aim of a pack is to draw impurities to the surface and to stimulate the "working" of the skin so that the pores refine themselves.

Neck. Don't neglect your neck. Because the skin here is thin, with little natural circulation, it can look older years before the rest of us. One beauty specialist says you should rub the neck with a Turkish towel until the skin is pink and tingling before rubbing in the cream. Spread your fingers in a throat-clutching gesture and use a gentle downward pressure over the neck and jawline.

The most glamorous part of the picture is the make-up itself. The one essential to start with is a clean, cool skin. When you wash or clean with cream or milk in the morning, finish by patting your face with cotton-wool dampened with a skin tonic if your skin is dry, or a mild astringent if it gets oily down the middle.

Make-up. You can add color to your skin with a tinted fluid foundation, and finish off with a loose powder that is a shade lighter. Or some women over 35 find they get a better result with a moisturising cream, virtually colorless, adding color with a fine light powder. Others swear by a milky moisture lotion with a pressed cream-powder to

give a glamorous surface. Never dab powder or cream-powder on to a completely naked skin.

Choose colors with the help of a salesgirl you find sympathetic, or make an appointment with the consultant of a big firm when she visits a store in your area. Best of all, have a treatment so that the operator can see your skin without make-up and help you decide how to improve on your own natural coloring. Many pale skins look better for a little warmth added via make-up.

Rouge. Rouge can do wonders for a tired face—and even improve the contours. The idea is to add, almost invisibly, just a glow of natural color where it does most for you—high up near the eyes. Used low on the face it makes the eyes look hollow.

A little rouge on the forehead at night helps to make a face look less tired, and women with very long faces can put a little on the chin.

In all make-up it is helpful to remember that darker tones minimise, lighter ones accentuate. So blend in a little darker foundation along a heavy jawline or on a bulge that is prominent below the eyebrow. A streak of lighter foundation down the centre will make a nose look slimmer.

A touch of white make-up can be used in the inner corner of the eye near the nose, to make the eyes look farther apart. A light tone helps to disguise dark circles under the eyes; in a skin-matching color it can help to hide a blemish or a small scar.

Hair. If you depend on a flattering hairstyle as a morale booster—and about 90 per cent of us do—your hairdresser is one of your best friends. Find someone who takes an interest in your hair, then stick to him—or her.

You aren't getting value from your hairdresser if you are too dictatorial. We can never see

FACE-SAVERS

It's often said that men keep their jawlines and facial contours better than women of similar ages because of the movements they make when shaving.

Specific exercises for the face are relaxing, and help keep the face feeling mobile. But they look pretty funny—so practise them in private.

- To help the jawline, try to touch your nose with your lower lip.
- To keep the cheeks firm, open your mouth wide and slew the lower jaw to the right. Lower your head to the right, too, then tap gently but smartly the bunched-up muscles in the cheek. Straighten up, then repeat the other side. Do six times a day.
- To keep the mouth firm, half fill your cheeks with air, turn your head slowly over the right shoulder, then pull your mouth to the right and puff out slowly through the corner of it. Straighten up, repeat several times, then reverse to the other side.
- To strengthen the muscles in the eyelids and prevent pouches below the eyes, put a little light cream round the eye, then put your finger firmly just beyond the outer corner. Squeeze the eye shut in a slow and deliberate wink (the pressure of the finger gives the muscles more work to do). Do this 12 times each night, first with one eye and then the other—you should see an improvement in a fortnight. But make sure you don't grimace with the rest of the face while doing this exercise.

ourselves as others see us, and the proportion of the head—from all angles—is particularly difficult to assess. If you say, "But I've always had my hair wide just here" or "I have to have it like this because of my forehead" without listening to what the hairdresser has to say, you may be making yourself look older unnecessarily.

Tints and rinses. With any change of hair color of hair color consider your skin tone. Very clear, fresh skins can look well with almost any hair tint that you fancy, but if the skin is olive or sallow the subtle relationship between hair and skin may be easily upset.

Hair naturally dark may make an attractive contrast to an olive skin; lighter or reddish hair may put the whole appearance out of key. People who have very fair, fragile-looking skins, on the other hand, often look younger if their hair color is lightened a little. Dark brown hair may make them look tired and pale. They should add a little more color to their make-up to balance things, too.

Women who have gone grey (which means the pigment has receded from the hair) have often also lost color from their skins. They must be very careful to choose a light and subtle blond or brown so that the balance is not upset. Some grey- and white-haired women, however, who were probably dark in their youth, keep a fresh, rather high complexion and they are unwise to go in for tinting at all; the natural contrast of pink complexion and white hair is most attractive, and a dye could well give them an older, heavier look.

Shaping. Tidiness and shape are the keynote of a hairstyle, and expert cutting is essential. Even the simplest style needs expert thinning and shaping. Medium-length styles need trimming about once a month—as much to keep the shape as to shorten it. And it's quite essential to have a thorough, first-class cut before you have a perm. Really short hair needs trimming, particularly at the nape, every fortnight or three weeks.

Incidentally, wearing your hair really short for a while really does seem to improve the condition, particularly if you have been ill. Splitting ends are a frequent cause of poor-looking, straggly hair, and if ends are ragged combing and brushing tears them even more. Frequent trimming helps to improve matters by cutting off the weak and fractured ends.

Continued overleaf

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Continuing How to look richer and younger

When you wash your hair at home be careful not to use too much shampoo. Use just enough to work up a fair lather—there's no need to have it billowing—and one application is enough. Then rinse at least four times in warm water and mop the water quickly with a towel.

It's very bad to let your hair stay dripping wet. Towel it until nearly dry, whether you have a hair-dryer or not. Then use one of the new setting lotions to damp it slightly again before putting in the pins and rollers.

If your hair is dry after a shampoo, use a speck of a nourisher. Put a spot the size of half a pea between the palms, stroke it on your hair, and brush it with a bristle brush.

If your hair is very dry and fine you may find an egg shampoo helpful. Just whisk up a yolk and, after you have washed your hair as usual with shampoo, rub in the egg. Massage for a few minutes, then rinse with warm, not hot, water.

If your hair is greasy, experiment with various shampoos, but try not to wash your hair too often, as the hot water and the rubbing seem to encourage the oil ducts to work even harder. There are several good dry shampoos on the market, and you can often revive lank hair for a day or two longer with one of them if you use it carefully.

Brushing is essential for healthy hair, but there's no need to brush your scalp until it's tender. Just use a bristle brush gently, about 30 strokes night and morning, to remove the dust and brush down the strands the natural oil that feeds the hair from the scalp. To keep the scalp itself active and healthy—and this is vital, as it is where the hair grows from—use your fingers. Put the tips of your fingers on the skin and knead gently. It takes only a minute or two a day.

Fashion sense. Fashionable and flattering clothes cost no more than dull ones, and, whether you are 17 or 70, emaciated or matronly, you might as well buy things that are in the fashion picture and make you feel "with it." Put prejudice out of your mind. Never say, "Oh, but my face is too long," or "My hips are too wide." There's no harm in trying on a new hat, the new shape of coat. You don't have to buy and you may find the new line does wonders for you.

Actually, of course, it's the 54in. hip that's the trouble. It is more difficult to look young with a heavy figure. But even large ladies need in no way despair, provided they keep their weight under some sort of control and put their clothes on top of good foundations. Look at the Begum Aga Khan, for instance. She's not a girl and no sylph, but she manages to be the smartest and most photographed woman at Paris race meetings. It's true she is dressed by Paris couturiers, but her rules hold good anywhere. All her clothes are simple, clean-cut, with no fiddle-faddle, and her hats are bold.

With even a fair to middling figure a woman of 70 can wear some of the same clothes as a girl of 20. Not all of them, of course. The girl will want to wear sleeveless, flimsy dresses for dancing, skin-tight pants, leather jackets, and the latest nonsense jewellery. And in these, for those over 30, danger lies. But the older woman can wear almost any coat, any simple wool dress, any cardigan suit or sweater that her granddaughter might wear.

Hard colors, like emerald, orange, shocking-pink, take some wearing, of course, but soft, bright ones, like maize-yellow, light French navy, harebell-blue, and azalea-pink, look marvellous even with white hair.

Color. Getting carried away by color is the surest way of wasting money and of looking bitty most of the time. It's dull but sound advice to settle on one "basic" for at least two or three years at a time—unless you are quite rich. Even if I were I personally couldn't be bothered to make sure I had the right shoes, gloves, and bag for every outfit.

The basics can be black, navy, charcoal, dark brown, dark green. This isn't as restricting as it sounds, but it does make a pattern. Supposing you're in a "black" phase, for instance, the expensive items of bags and shoes should always be black, but it doesn't mean all your clothes must be, too.

You can choose coats and suits from quite a wide range of colors for each "basic."

Black: Wear red, emerald, charcoal, or black-and-white tweed.

Brown: Any brown from pale tobacco to black coffee, camel, amber, terracotta, charcoal, or turquoise.

Navy: Any blue, any red, any blond color, or clear light green.

In spite of what's just been written, it is a fact that, nowadays, nearly all the rules have gone overboard.

Some of the smartest women wear little dresses costing three or four guineas, enjoying them while they are fresh and new, discarding them for a new color when the pleasure palls.

The larger figure. One of the surest ways of looking older is to wear clothes that have a heavy, bulky look. And it's possible to buy "fluid" clothes even in larger sizes.

On dresses the waist should be unemphasised, and preferably unbelted. We've had some wonderful years recently

when the waistline hardly mattered beneath shift and shirt dresses and loose-top jumpers. But there are signs of a change. This is bad news for all but the slimmest, but I don't think we'll be wearing tight belts yet.

Waists over 26 inches should never have wide, tight belts and skin-tight fit. But even much larger figures can look well (once more, look to your foundation) in fitted clothes if the fit is easy rather than skin-tight, if the waistline is low rather than high, and provided there is no tightness across the shoulders or skimpiness in the skirt.

Always look at yourself in a full-length mirror each time you go out. Many women don't after buying the garment at the shop. A woman will wear her favorite hat, shoes she adores, a dress that she chose in the shop and with different accessories, and never see that she looks ill-proportioned. It's the overall look that counts.

Take a good look at your back view. Wide hips are to be regretted, but can be camouflaged with a good belt and a helpful skirt. But too tight a fit over the back ribs is absolutely disastrous. Sometimes a corset makes a bulge here, and it's the most ageing thing in the world. And if you wear a strapless bra with an evening dress always leave the top hook undone. Even slim women bulge a little here if they wear a bra that grips, and the compression of flesh on a plump woman is far from pleasing; by leaving one hook loose you always get an "easier" look.

Put a "cleavage bone" on an evening dress that is low cut. This fabric-covered piece of whalebone should be sewn to the centre front of the dress and slipped inside the bra so that the dress stays with the bra even when you lean forward.

Necklines. And watch the back of the neck carefully. If you have even a suspicion of plumpness—or dowager's hump—it's horrid if a straight neck cuts right across it. See that the dress is high enough to cover the plumpness.

In front, necklines should be either low or high—never middling. If you have a long neck you really have no problem—you can wear anything; and even if you are thin enough to show salt-cellar and collar-bone, have no truck with those who suggest a "kind" neckline. You're lucky to be bony, so trade on it. You can wear necklines to the ears, gorgeous necklaces of any kind, the most elaborate earrings.

If your neck is only average or definitely short, your one aim must be to make it look longer and slimmer. Plump necks should have the bulge at the back tactfully covered, as already explained, but in front the neck can plunge in a slit or a "V" as low as you like. Beware of medium V's, round necks, and ovals, but a plain, high, round neck suits many plump and pretty women, particularly if a longer necklace is worn with it. Those with short necks shouldn't attempt to wear polo or turtle necks.

Money-savers. "Always buy the best," as Nanny used to say, is another fashion rule that has ceased to work. Sometimes to buy the very cheap is a most sensible alternative. It's knowing when to put down real money that makes fashion sense. In general, for instance, I would never economise on bags. A cheap leather bag looks banal, is a bore to use, and looks shabby quickly. But for the summer perhaps you may want a bag not in your usual color range to wear with a few special clothes. It makes sense then, to my view, to buy a plastic bag. Some of them are now plain and well designed. Use it hard for a few months, saving your expensive leather bags, and get rid of it.

Shoe fashions change so quickly nowadays that, if your feet can easily be fitted, it's smarter to buy a few pairs at medium price, wear them hard, then look for the next shape. If you do buy expensive shoes, either because you like them or because of fitting difficulties, buy only the simplest, most classic shapes. Any eccentricity of toe, heel, or bow may look impossibly dated before they are worn out. Some older women are prejudiced about it, but it really is smarter to wear this year's shoe at a medium price than a hand-made pair that costs six times as much but has nothing in common with today's silhouette.

Gloves, on the other hand, must always be good. They are nicest hand-made of soft leather or suede (many of these are washable now), but better than a cheap leather glove is a hand-stitched cotton glove. Leather gloves, even when washable, take care and time to look after; so, while it is essential to have gloves in plain dark or plain pale leather, good hand-stitched cotton gloves, in oyster or white, are fine for every day.

Tweed suits, camel and tweed coats, and cashmere sweaters are worth spending money on—they don't date much, and good clothes of this kind will earn what you pay for them.

The cocktail hour. Clothes for cocktail parties often seem to me far too expensive for the role they play. At the average party the dress is unnoticed below elbow level, and if it's at all a noticeable dress you can't wear it to too many parties, anyhow.

"Always buy the best" is one fashion rule that has gone overboard. Except for wardrobe "classics," it is sometimes smarter to buy the very cheap. No one admires an expensive suit that is out of date.

If you're the sort of person who really hates a cheap dress, it's better to buy or have made a good one in dark silk — ruby or sapphire rather than the endless black — and to wear different jewellery or a new hair-do if you meet the same people often.

But some shops have wonderful little dresses—in sizes up to 16, anyway — that for a few guineas are marvellous for wearing just while they're in fashion. Here again a new color is better than black. Black is another thing you must pay for. Inexpensive black can look like a cashier's, a manager's, or even deep mourning.

Daywear. Coats, suits, and dresses, if you live a town life, look youngest when they are in this year's idiom. The days when you paid all you could afford for a coat or suit to last are gone. No one admires an expensive garment that's just out of date. Some people are quite happy buying a coat and suit and living in them until threadbare; others are miserable if they can't wear different things almost every day. If you have the latter kind of temperament, budget for more frequent buying at lower prices.

The whole idea of having "best" clothes, of dressing up, is out of date; the whole point is that clothes should be suitable and comfortable—for the occasion and the temperature. If you keep good clothes for "best" you're apt to find they are out of date and worthless before they are half worn out. And there's nothing more depressing than wearing, even by yourself in the house, clothes that are no longer a pleasure.

For women who spend most of their days at home—perhaps with small children—it is understandably easy to get into the rut of wearing an old skirt, old cardigan, and a pinafore that's snatched off when the doorbell rings. It needs a certain amount of effort, but it is very worth while to organise a house dress that looks presentable during the day.

Nowadays the shops have brightly striped cotton button-up coats that can be worn alone in the summer, over a sweater in the winter. These are particularly good in orange or pink stripes and in blue or green stripes. And if there's nothing you find really encouraging in your local shops, look at a Vogue pattern book and make one for yourself in a fabric that appeals to you.

Furs. Furs are another sphere where the most expensive may not be the most flattering—except perhaps to your husband's ego. Regarded as a status-symbol, the fur coat is a dull dog indeed. If you covet, and can afford, mink, it's smarter to have it not as a coat but as a little jacket, a collarless cardigan, a straight scarf—and probably smartest of all to wear it as a lining.

Mink, leopard, ocelot, sable are coveted deeply by many, but personally I think some of the cheaper furs are not only smarter but much younger looking. Moleskin, kidskin, calfskin, ponyskin, seal, and otter make charming jackets and three-quarter coats — particularly with a collar of a "softer" fur like fox, marten, or lynx.

Evening dress. The problem of evening clothes, if you haven't much money to spend, is a teasing one. Theatre clothes are not difficult (an excellent solution for the last is a suit of velvet, brocade, silk, or lurex-threaded jersey), but the full evening dress is another story.

Really handsome dresses, with yards of expensive fabric intricately made up, naturally cost money, and this is one case where the cheap is usually horrid.

If you live the sort of life where such a dress is occasionally a necessity, I can only suggest (assuming that funds are a problem) that you invest in a good dress on classic rather than dashing lines. Good fabric is a "must" here, and provided the color suits you and the line is simple,

it should last you several years. The currently fashionable straight "shift" dresses, floor length or just above, are adaptable, as a belt can be added where you like and an overblouse can entirely change the look of the dress.

Strapless or string-strapped tops are not becoming to many women over 40, but try to avoid the clichés of the little sleeve and draped bodice. Look for variations of the gym-slip top with a width of strap that suits your shoulders. If there's any hint of a bulge at the back of a low-cut evening dress avoid it like the plague and choose something that covers more of you up, and choose your bra with the greatest care. Large women often have good throats and bosoms, though, so there is no reason why the dress should not be low cut in front.

A good necklace or brooch is an enormous help with evening dress, but don't overdo the glitter. One good thing is an enormous asset. The fairly expensive beads the stores now sell can be offset against the low price of a simple dress.

Rows of pink crystal beads look lovely with a plain ruby dress, fake emeralds with a deep blue one, or fake amber or topaz with grey, soft beige, or toffee color.

Twice a year, at the Paris collections, new ideas sprout like mushrooms. If you enjoy fashion newness, don't delay but buy what you fancy as soon as possible, so that you can wear it for the longest possible time.

Classics. On the other hand, there are the classics, which, if you can afford them, can last for years. Good cashmeres are classics, especially if they are blond or black (pale blue and coral are other good colors) and on the big side. Camel coats and tweed skirts are classics. You can always alter the hems. A leather coat or jacket has gone out of the Marlon Brando class and is becoming a classic—unendingly useful for a country or suburban life.

Silk shirts are classics. Made by a man's shirtmaker they last for years — but always look a little masculine. If you make them yourself, from a Vogue pattern, they not only look more feminine but cost a fraction of one from a shirtmaker. Buy the best possible quality silk and stitch slowly and carefully.

Comforters. Lacking a lady's maid, most of us will settle for nylon nightdresses 90 per cent. of the time. But keep, for your comfort, one or two in cotton, Vinyella, and silk. Thin drip-dry cotton is the most comfortable fabric if you have a feverish cold and feel hot and restless during the night. Silk, on the other hand, is the most soothing. The late Marie Stopes had a theory that a real silk nightdress, long enough to tuck the feet up in, helps toward deep sleep, and I agree with this. A long-sleeved, high-necked, button-through nightdress of red Vinyella is the most comforting thing to climb into on the night you come home half frozen and with a sore throat.

On a long journey, by car, plane, or train, a silk shirt is the most comfortable and calming thing to wear. Any-

... And when to splurge

thing that isn't in sympathy with the skin makes one just that little bit more tired and edgy. Over it, if it's chilly, wear a cashmere cardigan — another of nature's nerve-soothers. And always wear a skirt that will let you relax your knees; one too tight won't, and it's sitting taut that makes for tiredness. A fine hand-knitted skirt is the most comfortable there is, but have it circular without front or back — so that you can swivel it round.

Being able to afford expensive clothes does not automatically guarantee that a woman will dress well. Being able to afford a lot of expensive accessories, too, means it is easier to buy and wear them thoughtlessly.

A simple black dress may be accessorised for a fashion picture with a big, bold, black hat and white gloves. That's all. The customer will buy the dress because she likes the look of the whole; then she will lose confidence over the simplicity of the accessories, settle for a cautious hat (probably a colored one), add her pearls, a brooch, probably a scarf — and she wonders why she doesn't look as smart as the photograph!

Few of us avoid all the traps. One good rule is: "If in doubt, take something off." If ever the children say anything like "Mummy's all dressed up" or "You do look smart," I know I must take off about three items.

Jewellery. This is far more effective if it isn't scattered. You don't need rings and bracelets and necklaces and a brooch and earrings. It's better to concentrate on two points. If you like rings and wear several, leave off the bracelets and have earrings but no necklace. If you like something at the throat or bosom, wear small, plain earrings, if any, and the minimum of rings.

And if you wear spectacles, be careful. The shine of the glass and the color of the frames make them an accessory (and possibly a good one) in themselves; but look long and hard before you wear earrings, or something glittery in your hat.

Hats. Some people say: "I just can't wear hats—they just don't suit me." I must say flatly that I believe this is to be completely untrue. People who never wear a hat just don't know what they're missing. A flattering hat can make last year's suit or coat wearable longer, help you to feel better when you have a cold, give you confidence when you lack it. It's just a question of finding the right one—in the current idiom. It's fatal to say, "Oh, but I always like a brim" or "I only like little hats."

The best plan is to go to a well-stocked shop or store when you are in a relaxed, cheerful frame of mind and can look yourself squarely in the glass without flinching. Wear clothes similar to the ones you will wear with the hat.

Only you will know the color you want and the price you want to pay, of course, but do listen to the saleswoman's advice on what suits you. She sees people in hats all day and practice has made her a pretty good judge. Invariably a hat should do something for the whole silhouette and not merely suit a face. So a knowledgeable person can see the effect as a whole.

Generally speaking, the plainer the hat the more effective it is. The line is everything, and the way it helps or hinders the planes and angles of the face and head. Look for a hat that does something for you. And don't be too cautious. The apologetic little half-hats with shreds of trimming and veiling do absolutely nothing for looks or morale; they don't even hide the hair.

If you are tall and long-necked you can get away with lovely bretons and sombreros and Garbo hats; you should avoid hats like bowlers and tall toques that make your head look longer. Smaller women can wear scaled-down bretons, sailors, bowlers, pillboxes, but should avoid any hat the brim of which dips at the back below ear-tip level. It makes the neck look non-existent.

However much tulle, flowers, and fruit a hat is covered with it still, basically, has a shape. Tall women can get away with the widest brims and the most "hatty" hats. Short women should watch carefully that a dressy hat doesn't give them a top-heavy look.

Any dressy hat is only attractive when it is bandbox fresh; the moment veiling, tulle, or flowers look less than new it looks horrid. If the trimming can't be easily and expertly replaced, be absolutely ruthless and put the hat in the waste-paper basket.

Shoes. Buying shoes is something which I find difficult and infuriating above all else. To get everything else to fit—including foundations and bras—seems child's play by comparison.

But try to get your right fitting you certainly should. Not only will your feet suffer and your face show it if you don't, but ill-fitting shoes get shabby more quickly. If they are too big they crease, if they are too tight they are pushed out of shape. And both a tight shoe and a sloppy shoe make you walk badly and both make you look uncomfortable and older than you need.

So far as the style is concerned, it's essential—if you want to look even modestly fashionable—to wear a shape in the current idiom. The look of a well and expensively dressed woman can be wrecked by old-fashioned shoes. There's no need to copy bows or straps or sling backs, but do watch the general shape, the trend in heels. It may take perseverance to find something that is both fashionable and comfortable, but a smart, well-fitting shoe is perhaps the most important item in any fashionable woman's wardrobe.

Gloves. "You can tell a lady by her gloves" is one of the old-fashioned truisms that still holds water. Once again I'll come down with a flat statement. The only possible gloves are plain ones. There's a cold-water remark in the fashion industry. "It's like net gloves," one hears—and this means the object or garment is too fussy, mimsy, or dainty. I suppose a plain flat bow on a glove is just permissible, but out are all embroideries, ruchings, trimmings, ornaments. Gloves are the background accessory—not to be noticed in the same way as hat or shoes—and if the eye goes immediately to the gloves there's something wrong.

Gloves should not only be plain but should fit well and be impeccably clean. The most fashionable lengths at the moment are the four-inch and the eight-inch or three-quarter length (glove lengths are measured from the base of the thumb). Wrist-length shorties have lost popularity except with the very young; the longer gloves, plain and "sac" styled, are more becoming when sleeves stop somewhere on the forearm.

For town you can wear suede, kid, cape, or doeskin; for country there are deerakin, reindeer, hogskin, or chamois (the last, never out in some circles, is now strongly in fashion again). Or there are, of course, excellent fabric gloves.

It is, in fact, smarter to wear a hand-sewn fabric glove of good cut and color than a cheap leather one. One of their assets is that they are the most comfortable thing to wear in hot weather—even members of the Royal family wear well-cut fabric gloves in the tropics—and they dry more quickly than leather. They are only acceptable, though, if spanking clean. White gloves, especially, have

Continued overleaf



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March 18, 1964

Teenagers' WEEKLY

BEATLES SPECIAL

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately



PAUL

RINGO

GEORGE

JOHN



JOHN LENNON, 23, is the Leading Beatle, and also the only Married Beatle. Along with Paul, he is also a Writing Beatle—they've composed some new songs which will be used in the film they're going to make in England. John's blond wife, Cynthia, whom he met at art classes, lives in Liverpool with her parents and six-month-old son. John is very keen on modern jazz.

Special issue for Beatle fans

● Beatlemania has reached such epidemic proportions among the young — and not so young — that we are devoting the whole of this special issue of *Teenagers' Weekly* to the four boys from Liverpool, who have smashed all records in pop entertainment.

In addition to the pictures of John, Paul, George, and Ringo, we have a Beatle Party for you on pages 4 and 5 and some fascinating Beatle fashion ideas on page 6 — some to buy and some you can make yourself.

All our regular features have been held over till next week.



RINGO STARR, 23, is the Drumming Beatle, and he got his name from all the rings he wears (his real name is Richard Starkey). The other three played together as a group for eight years before Ringo joined them. Ringo says he nearly died of appendicitis when he was a child . . . "But I didn't, because how could I go and leave the other three idiots to roam the world looking for a perfect drummer?" He's the oldest, just three months older than John.



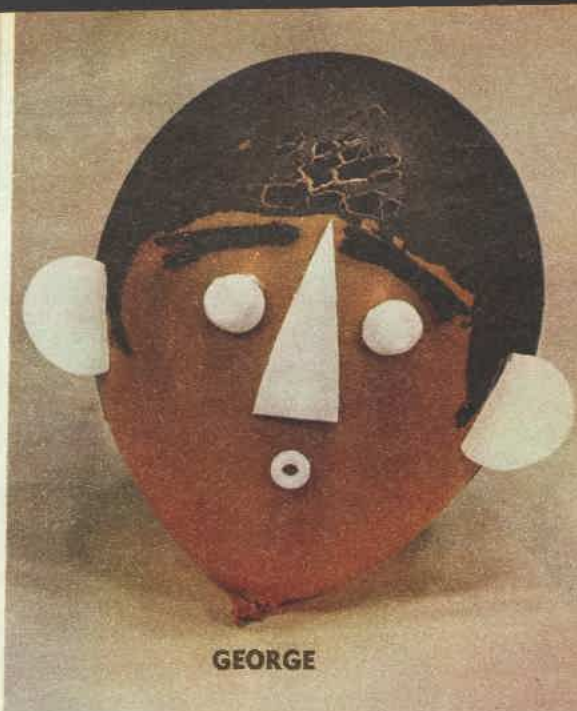
PAUL McCARTNEY, 21, is a Strumming Beatle—he plays the guitar along with John and George—and also a Writing Beatle. He loves clothes and spends a lot of money on high-collared shirts, tight trousers, and black (NEVER colored) socks. He also likes girls. "Mostly I like girls with long hair and fine bones." Paul and John joined forces as schoolboys, and called themselves the Nurk Twins. They didn't catch on, however, so decided they'd do better with a larger group.



GEORGE HARRISON, 21, is also a Strumming Beatle. He recalls the very first time he met Paul. "It was on a bus coming home from school," he said. "He was just sitting there laughing to himself. I thought: 'We've a right case here.' Then I realised he could see his own reflection in the window. Well, I thought, that explains it." He gets more fanmail than the other boys.



JOHN



GEORGE



PAUL

A BEATLE PARTY—yeah,

● *Be the first in your crowd to stage a Beatle Party—and here are all the fun-food recipes to help you, with directions on how to make the fabulous Beatle Balloons shown above.*

MOST people think The Beatles are good enough to eat—and now you can—with special Beatle cakes, jellies, lollipop biscuits. All the recipes are on these pages.

Have lots of balloons—one or more for every guest—and give a prize to those who can make the best Beatle Balloon.

We painted the black hair on ours with poster paints, used marshmallows for the eyes, strands of black wool for the

eyebrows, cut-out cardboard shapes for the ears and nose, peppermint lollies for the mouth.

They all stick quite easily on to the balloons with glue.

But provide lots of odds and ends (ping-pong balls cut in halves make the craziest-looking eyes); have black or brown crepe paper, in case somebody wants to use this for hair; buttons for nose or mouth, etc.

Have several small pots of glue, and let the gang take it from there!

You'll notice we used a different shape of balloon for Ringo—a long one, to give him that sad-looking face!

A Beatle Party can be most wonderful fun—your friends will love it, and you—yeah, yeah, yeah!

Chocolate Music-bar Cakes

One packet chocolate cake mix, chocolate glaze icing, royal icing.

Make up chocolate cake mix as directed on packet, bake in slab-tin according to directions. Turn on to

wire rack to cool. Cut into large squares.

Put a sheet of greaseproof paper under the wire rack to catch any drops of icing, then carefully spread the chocolate icing over each cake. Stand aside until icing sets.

Using royal icing, pipe a few bars of music with notes on to each cake.

Chocolate Glaze Icing: Four cups icing-sugar, 4 tablespoons

cocoa, water to mix, 1 teaspoon butter or substitute.

Sift icing-sugar and cocoa into a heatproof basin. Add enough water to make a smooth, firm consistency, add butter or substitute, and cook for a few minutes over hot water until good covering consistency.

Royal Icing: One egg-white, 1-2 drops lemon juice, pure icing-sugar (about 8oz.).

Beat egg-white very lightly, add lemon juice. Add sifted icing-sugar a spoonful at a time, beating well. The amount of icing-sugar used depends on size of egg-white. Beat until mixture is very white and firm enough to stand up in points.

Beatle Lollipops

Two cups flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white sugar, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg.

Close-up of a Beatle Lollipop.





● Ringo Starrs, Beatle Jelly Cakes, Chocolate Music-Bar Cakes, Beatle Lollipops — some of the fun foods to make your party swing.

yeah, yeah!

By Debbie, our teenage cook

1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon water, 1 cup rolled oats.

Sift together flour, sugars, salt, and baking-powder; mix in softened butter, beaten egg, vanilla, and water, beat until smooth. Stir in rolled oats.

Shape into balls and place on lightly greased baking-sheets; insert small wooden skewers, then flatten the balls to form a large circle. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Cool slightly before removing from trays. Decorate with brown or black tinted coconut for hair, almonds or jelly beans for nose, eyes, and mouth; secure these on with a little glaze icing.

Beatle Jelly Cake

Two packets raspberry or strawberry jelly crystals, 1½ pints boiling water, whipped cream.

Dissolve jelly in the boiling water, set aside to cool a little,

then pour into heart-shaped cake tin which has been rinsed out in cold water. Small heart-shaped tins should be used for the individual jelly cakes. Refrigerate until well set and firm.

To unmould, dip base of tins for a few seconds in hot water; with fingers pull jelly lightly away from sides of tin, then turn upside down on to serving plate. Use stiffly whipped cream to pipe the names.

Beatle Boys

Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon water, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt, 10oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder; icing.

Beat together butter and sugar until creamy; add egg-yolk, water, and vanilla. Sift flour with baking-powder and salt, stir into creamed mixture to make a dry dough. If the mixture is too dry, it may be necessary to add a little extra water. Chill dough for 1 hour.

Turn on to lightly floured board, knead until smooth. Roll

out to one-eighth inch thickness. Cut out with gingerbread-boy cutter (or cut out shape from cardboard and use as guide for cutting out biscuits).

Place on greased baking sheets, bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. When cool, ice and decorate with glaze icing. (Add a few drops of food coloring to small portions of glaze icing so that you have blue icing, pink, or any other color required.)

Icing: Twelve tablespoons icing-sugar, 2 tablespoons milk or water, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, food colorings.

Sift icing-sugar into small saucepan, add the milk or water and cook over very gentle heat until mixture forms a smooth

paste. Do not cook for too long or at too high a heat, or icing will not be soft. Remove from heat, blend in vanilla.

While icing cakes or biscuits, stand the icing in saucepan over some hot water; this will keep it soft until the icing is completed.

Stir into the icing a few drops of the required food coloring.

Ringo Starrs

Make biscuit mixture as for Beatle Boys, cut out with star-shaped cutter, then, with small scone cutter, cut circle from the centre of each star.

Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes; put on to wire rack to cool. Frost with soft icing.

Beatle Mop-heads

One packet of white or yellow cake mix, 4oz. dark chocolate; chocolate pieces or licorice and icing to decorate.

Make cake mix as directed on packet; three-quarters fill well-greased custard cups or dariole moulds. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes, or until well-risen and firm. Turn out on to wire rack, cool.

Melt chopped chocolate over hot, not boiling, water, pour a little over the top of each cake, put aside to set. Use spots of glaze icing to secure chocolate pieces or rounds of licorice on for eyes; pipe on nose and mouth with icing.



● Beatle Boys — easy-to-make biscuits, and let your head go with the colors to make them as gay as possible.



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — March 18, 1964

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 5

HOW TO BE IN THE BEATLE FASHION



KNICKERBOCKERS in broad checks and high boots are sharp Beatle fashion. Note long, suede-like, gilt-buttoned coat above matching crew-neck jumper and gamin-cap with fake-leather peak.

● If you really want to look Beatle-ish, your hairdo's important. A pudding-basin cut, clubbed on the sides, sometimes fringed, and maybe with a piled dome, is one look. Another is the long, turned-under bob that jags out under the chin (see pictures at left and right of fashions from David Jones, Sydney).

● New idea in costume jewellery to latch on to — chains, clips, and scatter-pins in beetle form for the sharp look. They're pretty, too.

● Nylon stockings in your favorite dark color with a tiny Beatle stamped on the top band is another way to get with it.

● Bold move out in the open — broad, diagonal-stripe wool-knit sweaters in the brightest colors you can find. Under the stripes, a short-short skirt, very tight, or brief stretch-wool pants.

● In the beginning The Beatles themselves wore corduroy suits, but now they prefer slick grey flannel jackets. So if it's a roguish little suit and an urchin cap your heart yearns for . . . go to it. See drawing at bottom right.



BEATLE-LOOK outfit in wool and suede lines up tight, black skirt with brown turtle-neck sweater at least two sizes too big. Add textured wool stockings, suede sabot shoes, peaked suedette cap.

And here are some more gnatty ideas



BEATLE NIGHTSHIRT — Ringo was once photographed in a scarlet one!

YOU'LL NEED: A man's OS flannel sports shirt, plus 1-3rd yd. elastic. First, dye the shirt scarlet. To alter the sleeves, trim their length till they are 2½ in. longer than wrist-level. By machine, turn up a 2 in. hem. Machine another line of stitching 1½ in. from the sleeve hem. Insert elastic in the ½ in. gap between the two rows of stitching. Insert elastic to fit comfortably round the wrist, and join elastic edges firmly together. This will give the sleeve hem a frilled edge (see sketch above).



BEATLE GLOVES — They should really be worn by two girls together (so there'll be four "Beatles"!).

YOU'LL NEED: 1 pair of flesh-colored gloves (wrist-length), 1 yd. black silk short fringe, 4 1/- size white buttons, 4 3d. size black buttons, and a scrap of red felt. Cut the fringe length in half. To trim each glove, double one length of fringe "hair" and sew it to the hem of the glove. Attach white button "eyes," with the black button "pupils" in the centre. Applique a crescent-shaped felt "mouth."



BEATLE SUIT — inspired by the group's grey flannel models (see our cover picture).

YOU'LL NEED: 1 basic suit, 1 white "choirboy" shirt, 1 black tie — note, a 4 in. tie-length tube of double chiffon is much softer than a man's tie. To Beatle-ise the suit, first remove the jacket collar. Trim 1 in. from round neckline. Curve the centre fronts to a swallow shape, as shown in the sketch at right. Bind the jacket edges with ¾ in. black silk braid. Add buttons and buttonholes.

BEATLE SWEATER — the cape effect is Beatle hairstyle-inspired.

YOU'LL NEED: 1 high-necked sweater (any color), 1½ yds. long, black silk fringe, beetles. By hand, sew one layer of fringe in a circle 3 in. down from the sweater's neckline. Sew the second layer round at the neckline itself. Applique or outline four beetles on one side of the sweater, following the instructions below.



BEATLE BEETLE — life-size, too! Use this diagram to transfer the beetle shape to the Beatle Sweater (or to Beatle a dress or blouse).

There are two ways to finish the beetles: (a) Simply stem-stitch round the outline, following all the lines on the diagram at left, and NOT forgetting the hair! OR (b) make a beetle shape from colored felt and applique him to the garment; outline his wings with embroidered stem-stitch, give him little button eyes and silky hair.



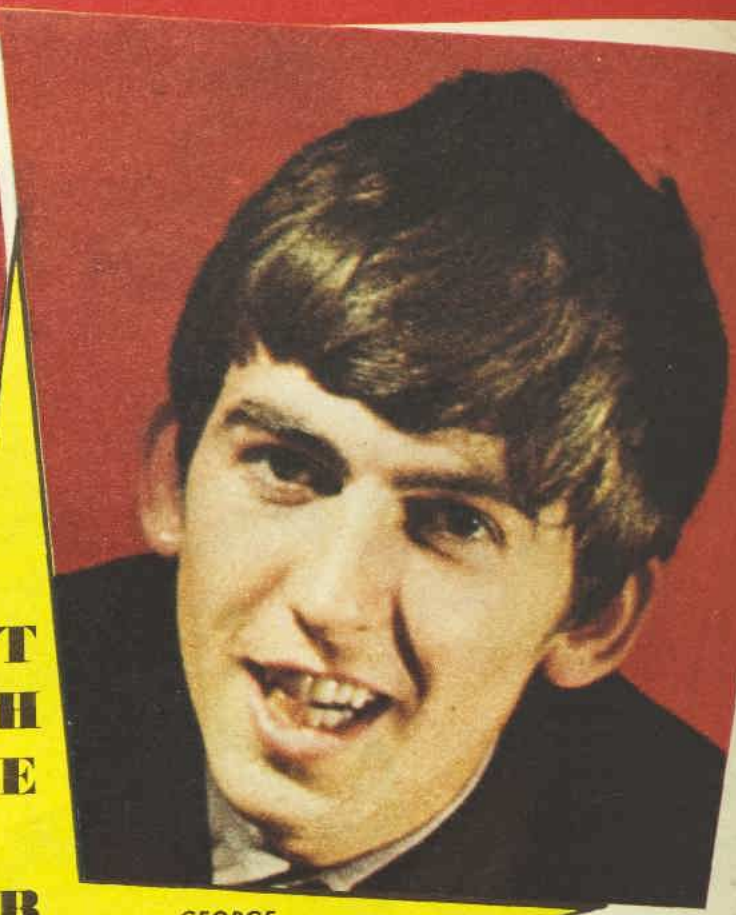
From mops to helmets

● A little more than 12 months ago The Beatles were unknown outside Liverpool. Then they scored a hit with "Love Me Do," and since then they've sold a world-wide total of 11 million records and become a world-wide craze. In America alone in 1964 The Beatles will make millions of dollars from their records, personal appearances, and lending their name to the hundreds of "Beatle" products flooding the market. In England they earn approximately £1200 a week! They've been honored by the recording industry and invited to perform at last year's Royal Variety Show, where they outshone even the experienced and fabulous Marlene Dietrich. Above is a picture of The Beatles taken when they were just beginning to hit the top of the British charts. Below, a week after their Royal Command performance, they had to be smuggled past their fans, wearing police helmets.





JOHN
PAUL



GEORGE
RINGO

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Continuing How to look richer and younger

their sole charm in their freshness, and you need at least two pairs a day in a grimy city.

Stockings. I don't suppose the stocking manufacturers will thank me for saying it, but I think the most flattering stockings are those that one barely notices. The best ones, in my view, are those that make the legs look most like smooth, slightly sun-tanned flesh.

Even seams and point heels look a bit dressy at the time of writing and I know — as I write — only two smart girls who always insist on them. If you do like seams, however (and men, questioned on the subject, say they find a straight seam rather intriguing), look for fine ones, and choose a pointed or dagger heel with a point that broadens smoothly into the shoe.

Seamless stockings made in 30-denier are very helpful to legs that are less than perfect. The slightly denser texture helps to camouflage marks or surface veining; now that the knits are so much better, the extra covering looks just like nicer leg, not thicker stocking.

Cold beiges and very pale shades are enlarging, and so are those of a shrimp-paste pinkness or, worse still, a grey-pink or mauve-grey tone. Heavier legs look better in a darker shade, very slim legs in a paler one.

Weight-watching. Nine out of ten women, at some time in their lives, would like to be a few pounds thinner than they are. The plain fact is that nearly all of us eat too much nowadays—and at the same time get less and less exercise.

It may be an unpalatable fact, but the truth is that anyone who is overweight has been eating more than she needs. The only exception to this is a woman whose excessive weight, because of heart failure or some other serious condition, is due to an accumulation of water rather than fat.

It is true, though, that fatness seems to run in families. But often it is family eating habits that are largely to blame. A plump woman who is fond of puddings and cakes will naturally press them on her children.

Middle-age spread. The woman who is seriously overweight, or who puts on a lot of weight suddenly without any apparent reason, should see her doctor. But for the woman who is merely a little too plump or too square, who has a spare tyre or a middle-age spread, the solution is in her own attitude of mind.

The real cause of middle-age spread is that as it becomes easier to rest more, to take things a bit easier (this is natural and a good thing), it also becomes more of a habit to have little nibbles, little cups of this and that "to keep the strength up." But if you eat satisfying and nourishing food at meal times you won't feel the need for snacks.

Eat as much as you like of meat, fish, eggs, cheese, butter, and cream, and don't restrict water. "As much as you like" means only what it says. It means as much as a person has a keen appetite for, and not vast and unlimited amounts. A lot of eating is done long after hunger is satisfied, out of habit, boredom, or nerves.

Sugar. The easiest way to start is to cut right down on sugar. All experts agree that this is really enemy No. 1 — it is 100 per cent. carbohydrate without any nutriment that you can't get from another source—and it is easily replaced.

There are plenty of substitutes

available. Buy pellets to carry in your bag, a little plastic bottle to use at home, and a canister of sweetening powder to use for cooking.

Remember that a lot of sugar is disguised. Most fizzy drinks and squashes are heavily sweetened; so are many fruit juices. Sweets and chocolates, needless to say, should be on the banned list, and so should biscuits, cakes, and puddings.

How to cheat. With the powder-sweetener you can cook fruit, make all sorts of fruity puddings with gela-

tine and cream and even (plus a little ordinary sugar once in a while) make meringues. For many people who have grown up with a sweet tooth going without sweet things is a real deprivation, and being able to cheat in this way is a comfort.

Starch. The starchy foods are enemy No. 2. Bread and potatoes have the worst reputations, so cut your bread down to three slices a day — or you can cheat a little (i.e., feel you are eating more) if you sometimes substitute six starch-reduced rolls or some starch-reduced

biscuits. This makes for variety, too.

The great point of eating to keep thin is that you should enjoy every mouthful and not eat just out of habit or boredom. While it is true that reasonable quantities of meat, fish, eggs, cheese, liver, etc. will help you to lose weight — if you avoid sugar and starches at the same time — try to train your appetite (the instinct-mechanism that says "enough") so that your appetite becomes less of a problem for all time.

There's no doubt the quantity of food you feel you need is largely a matter of habit. People who eat slowly usually have less of a weight problem than those who gobble; they just feel they've had

enough on less intake. And, of course, it helps if food is really delicious and nourishing in itself; less goes further.

Diet budget. One criticism sometimes levelled at the high-protein-low-carbohydrate diet is that it is expensive. So it can be if you think protein means only fillet steak and salmon. But if you consider all the cheaper meats, plus liver, kidneys, sweetbreads, tripe, etc., all the cheaper fish like herrings, sprats, and mackerel, roe, etc. — to say nothing of cheeses—the cost need not be high. And think of all the money you are saving on chocolates and rich puddings and biscuits and cakes!

Continued overleaf

What a lovely way to be in fashion...



NEW

play it cool in pinks and violets... accent with
Snow Blossom BY **CUTEX**
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Add New Snow Blossom to your Cutex wardrobe of colours and prove that you have a flair for fashion. New Snow Blossom Lipstick and Nail Polish have been developed specially to go with the new season's colours. Look your smartest in New Snow Blossom by Cutex, the world's best selling Nail Polish, and its partner in beauty, Cutex Lipstick.

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The sign of the
heavenly body

First pantie with the can't-roll waist

A very bright new star with the fabulous ability to stay absolutely neat and snug around your waist. Cunningly concealed 'plastic stays' make this a true can't-roll waist, and for extra leg action there's a new stretch fabric inset! "Fancy Free" are the sleekest panties you've ever worn in your

life, because they're ONE piece of airy Lycra wrapped sleekly round you for a shapely shape, with double-fold reinforcing precisely where you need it most. (1" leg, 3" leg, 5" leg, 7" leg) from 79/6. Fancy Free Bras promise a beautiful shape and complete freedom, priced from only 29/11.

Berlei

FANCY FREE PANTIES AND BRAS

Continuing How to look
richer and younger

Be your own lady's maid

Improvements. If ever I had the luck to acquire even a Balenciaga suit I know I'd rush home and see what little thing I could do to it. Leaving well alone is a good motto, but I never feel a garment is absolutely mine unless it's got a few stitches of my own on it.

Good ready-mades should need little alteration (beyond the matter-of-fact lengthenings or shortenings that can be done at the shop), but a garment often feels more comfortable and individual if you look at it closely and make a few improvements. Linings are often sketchily sewn into even fairly expensive clothes; improvements here — made with real silk thread — are good for the morale. A new set of buttons can give a completely different look to an inexpensive garment.

Buttons. Look at buttonholes closely; they can be a big give-away. Neaten them carefully with real silk thread. If in doubt about buttons, choose plain, real, mother-of-pearl ones—white or smoky—every time. Expensive novelty buttons may be fine if they are an intrinsic part of the outfit's point, but, used ad lib, they merely fight with other jewellery and ecceteras.

Shirts and blouses, particularly, always look 100 per cent. nicer if you replace plastic or fancy buttons with plain pearl ones. So do cardigans, tailored jersey dresses, and suits. Keep the good buttons from clothes you discard ready grouped for next time on thread or with safety-pins.

Linings. Skirts should be lined. Expensive ready-mades usually are, but if the cost of this refinement puts the clothes out of your market it's an easy enough improvement to work for yourself. Straight skirts may be fully lined—use an inexpensive but firm rayon—or lined just across the seat. In either case, see that the lining is slightly narrower than the skirt itself so that it takes the strain.

Gored or flared skirts should have a lining, or petticoat, or some body-giving, stiffened substance. If it is beyond you to make the two together all through, or to marry them at the hem, join at the waistband only and leave the hem free but about three-quarters of an inch shorter. Where it seems adequate to line the back of the skirt only, shape the lining to match the back darts, join at the waistband, and stitch it down lightly at the side seams to mid-thigh level.

Be ruthless! The way you keep your clothes has a great deal to do with the way they look on you. Overcrowding is a prime cause of crushed-looking clothes and battered shoes.

A good rule is to throw something out each time you buy something new. And on one point be quite ruthless; if you haven't worn something for a year, push it out. You probably haven't worn it because you don't like it.

If you keep your wardrobe regularly weeded out your clothes will stay much fresher. Make it a weekly habit to go along the rail, adjusting shoulders, fastening buttons.

Try to brush everything lightly each time you take it off; going over fabrics with the small brush (carefully cleaned) of the vacuum-cleaner is also a sound idea. Once a week mop the floor of the cupboard; dust rises and spreads. Airing your clothes does them good — and so does hanging them in the light steam of the bathroom. Never put clothes away warm from wearing. Put them on a hanger in a draught before you put them away in an airless cupboard.

Be fussy. It pays to be fussy about the hangers, too. "Wishbone" hangers are best for suits and coats, and it's best to keep the heavier garments together at one end. A light dress wedged between two coats can be crushed to death. Light dresses and blouses can have thinner hangers, but if the fabric is slippery have the hangers covered with fabric or foam rubber. At all cost, give those metal hangers back to the cleaners.

Keep light dresses and blouses with little plastic shoulder-covers over them. Shirts that go to the laundry can be kept in drawers or on shelves. Sweaters should always be hung to air overnight between wearings, then folded flat and kept in plastic bags. Heavy sweaters, especially, should never be hung for any length of time—they droop inches. Evening dresses are often better hung from the waistband — sew loops on if the maker hasn't done so — and turn the bodice inside-out, down over the skirt. Pad the bust-line with tissue paper to prevent crushing and put a large plastic bag over the lot. Skirts are best on grip hangers — one to a skirt; once the spring is bent the grip is unreliable and you may find several skirts in a heap on the floor.

Always have woollen clothes cleaned and treat them with an anti-moth spray before you shut them away for the summer.

The plastic many-pocketed hangers meant for shoes (I find them quite inadequate for this; maybe because my feet are so long the shoes fall out of the pockets) are fine for stockings and gloves and save space behind a cupboard door. A fastidious friend keeps her pale and immaculate gloves in a concertina office file; she says they don't get handled the way they do in a drawer.

Travel clothes. The time your clothes really take a beating is when you pack to go away. It's a good plan to collect a small group of clothes that are practically crush-proof to see you through weekends or short holidays. Knitted things, jersey, the new really drip-dry uncrushable fabrics are the obvious answer, and you can get practically everything—from slacks and anoraks to shimmering evening suits and dresses — made from them. Buy one or two "travellers" each season, with a small inter-related collection, so that you can always pack a bag in a hurry. Color-planning here is particularly important.

Mix'n match. Years ago I decided that in color I would copy the Siamese cat. Anything black, dark brown, light brown, sand, oyster, pearl, white, plus brilliant blue, fits into the pattern. The red I can't live without is like a ribbon round its pretty neck. The system works very well in the sense that it is quick, easy, and economical both to shop and dress. I must admit I get bored sometimes and buy something in lilac or shocking-pink or apple-green. Then I have to get special shoes and a bag, and then the heels are being mended just when I want to wear that one dress and I get fed up with the whole thing.

With my own system I know I have black, brown, and oyster shoes and bags, matching both day and evening. And if I feel colorless I can always add a blue or scarlet silk shirt, scarf, or sweater, or, for evening, turquoise or coral jewellery. Black-and-white prints — and plain gold jewellery — also fit into this plan. Even if I dressed with the house on fire I mightn't be chic, but I would probably match.

But to get back to packing. Apart from the knits and jerseys and shake-out fabrics, tissue-paper is important. But why have that dreary off-white? Any good stationer can get you colored tissue. I like brown, tangerine, and bright pink, and it does really cheer the case up no end. Sometimes I have scarlet and lilac; sometimes bright blue and emerald-green.

Making smart clothes smarter

Try to take luggage you can manage yourself in an emergency. Better than one large case, I think, is one 24in. suitcase and a light, roomy, zipped bag. In the bag go shoes, stuffed with rolled-up stockings, each in a plastic bag — and books, a make-up bag, a washing-bag, slippers, odds and ends. This means the case can be packed in nice, smooth layers.

The garments I have described need little special effort; but fold them smoothly, bosoms uppermost, and put tissue between layers. Nylon slips and pants and nightdresses take so little room as to be hardly worth mentioning. I find a silk kimono — that you can fold square — makes the best travelling dressing-gown.

Make sure that all bottles are really well fastened. Put a bit of cellulose tape round screw-tops and put them into plastic bags, fastened with elastic bands.

Dry-cleaning bills can be kept to a minimum if you buy carefully and then look at your clothes after each wearing. Salesgirls say they are amazed at the feckless way in which girls buy pale garments without seeming to care whether they will wash or dry-clean. Many of the new synthetic fibres wash rather better than they clean — so long as you're careful.

Nearly all sweaters feel fresher if they're washed by hand, but it's a job that seems to need talent, though the new special wool-washers, used with cool water, make it pretty foolproof. If you're bad at it it's cheaper to have them cleaned, at any rate while they're fairly new.

On-the-spot. Look at everything you wear when you take it off; stains can usually be more easily removed when fresh. If you aren't sure what that mark is, try a little plain warm water, on cotton-wool, first. If that doesn't do it, use a good cleaner. Put a clean tissue underneath, moisten a bit of clean towelling with the fluid, and dab from outside the stain, working inwards. Freshen collars and cuffs regularly in the same way, and watch the area over the ribs where clothes get grubby from leaning over desks. Look at the elbows, too, where unsuspected stains often get picked up from cafe tables.

Here are some easy emergency methods for stains:
● Use plain cold water for egg or blood.
● Use plain warm water for tea, coffee, ice-cream, milk,

or emulsion paint. Get out as much as you can, let the fabric dry, then use a cleaning fluid.

● Use the fluid first for ordinary paint or enamel—or a mixture of turps and methylated spirit is good.

● For unidentifiable grease stains use cleaning fluid; don't dab the stain itself first, to spread it, but make a circle outside it and work inwards.

● With tar, scrape off as much as possible, then use cleaning fluid.

● Fruit stains are usually pretty determined. Try a spoonful of borax in a cup of water or, if away from home, plain water. Don't use spirit.

● For lipstick stains, dab off as much as possible with a tissue, then use cleaning fluid, renewing the blob of cotton-wool as soon as it shows color.

● For spilled nail-varnish, dab up as much as possible with a tissue. Varnish remover or acetone will dissolve the enamel, but may leave the dye, which can sometimes be shifted with warm water. Never use acetone or methylated spirit or any synthetic fabric without making an inconspicuous test-dab first. In some synthetic fabrics the hole (the fabric simply dissolves) may be worse than the stain.

Fur care. Taking care of a fur is largely a matter of prevention. The skin stretches and hairs flatten, so never sit wrapped in a fur coat, but lift it discreetly when you sit. Wear a silk scarf whenever you can to prevent the collar getting marked by make-up and rubbing (of course, you can't do this in the evening).

If you get a fur wet don't mop or dab at it. Shake it gently but thoroughly, then hang on a padded hanger in a draught. Never hang it anywhere too warm or, particularly, near a fire or radiator. When it is dry shake it gently again. If it looks a little doleful after a really bad soaking, take it to a furrier for treatment; don't brush it yourself. Never use water or a cleaning fluid on fur and don't brush it.

All furs should be cleaned after the winter and never put away dirty. It is a good idea to take them to a furrier, who can keep them in cold storage for the summer.

Washing gloves. Good gloves, like all refinements, are only a pleasure to watch or wear if they are impeccable. A split or hole in a glove is horrid, and so is a gloved hand that looks anything but invitingly fresh. Cotton and nylon gloves wash most easily, but nearly all leather gloves can be washed nowadays.

The only gloves I would not advise washing are black, navy, and dark brown suedes and glaces or, of course, lined or trimmed ones. All others wash like this:

Put them on, wet them thoroughly in the lather, rub any dirty spots with a ball of cotton-wool; then rinse thoroughly. Squeeze the water from the gloves from the fingers downwards, pull the gloves into shape, and blow into them to separate the surfaces. Peg by the corner seam (don't put them on "shapes" to dry), and never dry in the sun or by artificial heat. If dye runs from colored gloves, make sure you get rid of all the loose color by rinsing. (If dye comes from gloves in wearing, the experts say it is because of acidity in your body. There's nothing you can do about it except to wear pale gloves or silk-lined ones.)

When leather gloves are nearly dry ease them carefully on to the hands to put them into the right shape and size, and when quite dry polish glaze gloves with a soft cloth, or gently brush suede ones.

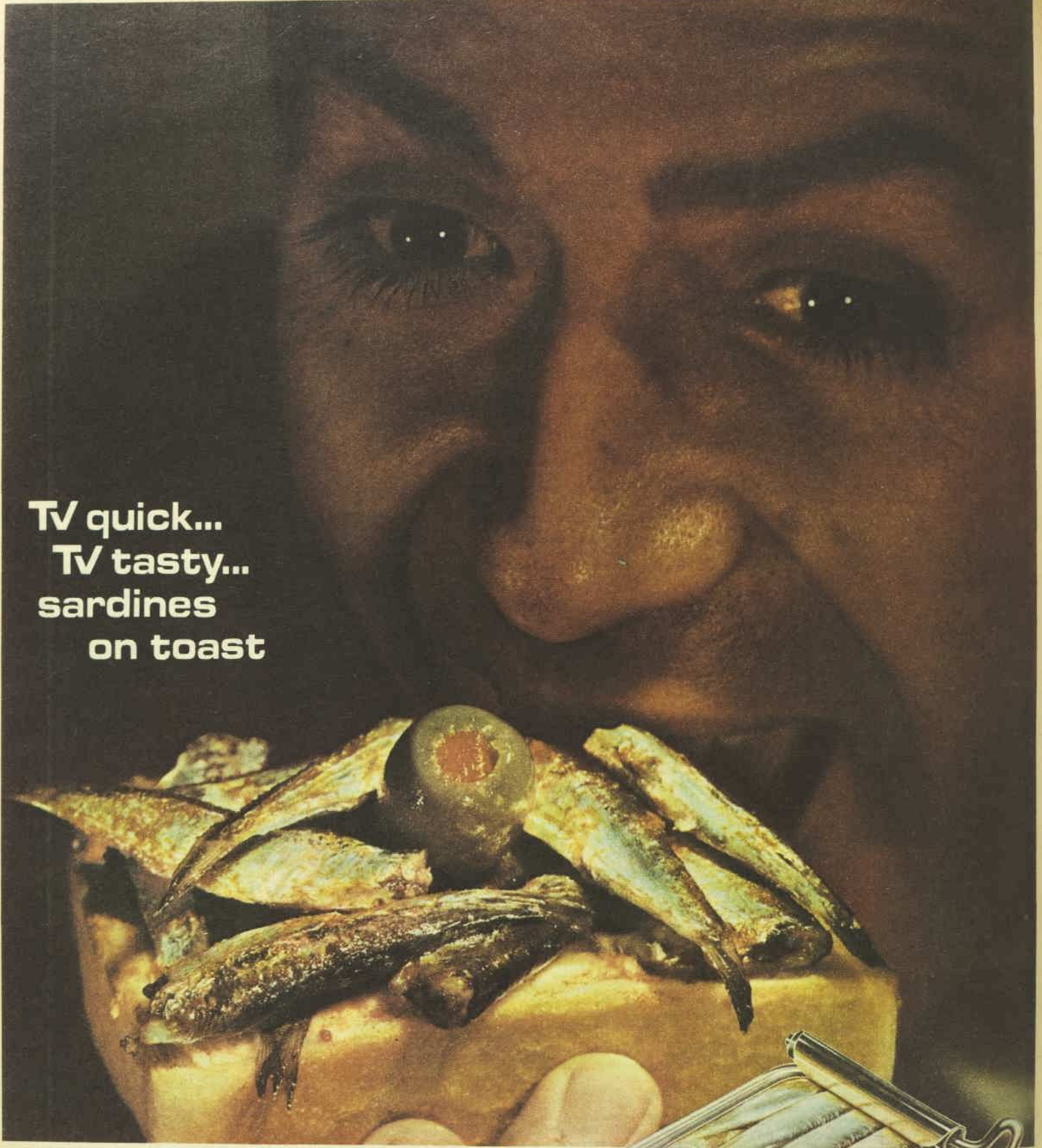
The two leathers you treat differently are doeskin and chamois. You wash them like the others, but when they are clean you rinse them in clean lather so that some dries in.

Smarter shoes. Scuffed and shabby shoes are an easy trap to fall into nowadays. Half the trouble is that we expect so much of them. We like them soft and flexible and comfortable as slippers, but it is logical that shoes with lighter leathers and linings, unblocked toes, and pencil heels can't be expected to stand up to the beating they usually get. It's commonsense to wear a sturdier shoe for a working day, to wear flatties for chores (safer and smarter, anyway).

Wear shoes first on a dry day; the grit the shiny soles pick up helps to make a durable surface. New, rain-soaked leather is off to a bad start. But the uppers, too, stay smarter longer if you treat them before they have a chance to pick up scuff marks and rain splashes. Make sure you get right into the "feather" line (where the upper meets the sole) so that damp marks have less chance of spreading.

A neutral or white cleaner will clean any kind of shiny leather shoe, but will not put back color which may be affected by weather. So for colored shoes use a matching cleaner. Pearled leathers and shadow calf also need special cleaners; buy these when you buy the shoes. Patent leather, which is really five or six layers of enamel and lacquer, also needs careful treatment with a special dressing. And these shoes need to be a very good fit; if tight the strain on the leather will cause cracking; if too big the loose fit will make creases. Keep patent-leather shoes

Continued overleaf



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Continuing How to look richer and younger

in a room that's not too cold and rub a warm hand over them before you wear them. Clean them while they're warm, too, and keep the toes stuffed with tissue.

Suede shoes can soon look shabby, but don't rush to liquid cleaners while they are still newish. These are luxury dry-weather shoes and should be merely freshened with a gentle clothes brush in their early days. If you do get them wet let them dry out very slowly and then use a suede brush and/or dressing. Later in their life you can make them look smarter with a liquid cleaner.

Evening shoes that get danced in have a hard life. Satin and fabric shoes should be treated lightly by gentle brushing and an art gum cleaner for any marks. For stains on satin you can try a little spirit clothes cleaner, but be very cautious, as the spirit may lift the color. Never use spirit cleaner on brocade or gold or silver kid. The former should be merely brushed; there are special dressings for the latter, but only the scuffs should be treated, not the whole shoe.

Shoe-dyeing — very often an obvious economy measure — has been revolutionised recently with a new dye, which really does a first-class job in either renovating or changing the color of the shoes.

Tension. The days when you feel your nerves have turned into thin florists' wire are the ones on which you look really suffer. And people asking "Are you all right?" or saying "You look tired" don't help at all.

One of the curious things about minor ailments is that you feel quite certain no one else has quite the same thing. This is particularly so with the strung-up, nervy feelings that affect nearly every woman at some time or other.

Noise affects some people profoundly, the radio next door, the effort of travelling, or of talking to people all

Tired and cross?

day. Or it may be just the build-up of small worries like the laundry not arriving, plus a dentist's appointment next week, plus the fact that you are rather anxious about your husband or your mother.

If one meets rudeness and unhelpfulness the best plan is either (a) to cut it short by leaving the scene or (b) to do something about it. Don't argue; don't remonstrate; don't wear yourself out.

If you've been with over-stimulating people or in nerve-ratching circumstances, it's only sense to get away alone for half an hour to unwind.

Pick up a bit of embroidery, do a crossword in a coffee shop, go to the cloakroom and re-do your face—whatever fits in with your circumstances.

All stress and tension can't, of course, be avoided; neither should it be. Some tension helps us do our best; a challenge brings out the best in us. But when you've met it let the body quieten down, recharge the batteries naturally.

The trouble is that the more nervous one gets the more difficult it is to see things in proportion. The barely audible transistor can blot out all other sounds when one begins fretting about it; the not very helpful girl in the shop can seem a monster if one dwells on the incident. It helps enormously to reflect that other people have nerves and ailments and troubles and worries very similar to our own. The offhand shop assistant may have trouble both with her feet and her boy-friend.

If you find a shop unhelpful, leave quietly; there are plenty of others. It helps to remember that a lot of other women are probably as tense as you are; it helps to reflect that the old lady holding up the queue isn't being arthritic and elderly just to annoy you and that the girl in the shop isn't being dim-witted on purpose.

Fatigue. If you get into a state about something too easily, or too often, it's time you saw your doctor. But try to help yourself, too. It was a great help to me to hear the highly intelligent Marghanita Laski admit on television that she sometimes felt her brain was like a handful of jigsaw pieces, but that she found through experience that if she didn't worry about it, but waited until the fatigue had passed, her brain settled into pattern again.

Sometimes, in the evening, one feels too tired to face the next day. The point is that, at that moment, you don't have to. Take each hour as it comes as peacefully as you can, and in the morning things will look better. If you know you are very tired, either physically or mentally, let your mind and body rest. Neither a tranquilliser nor alcohol is as good as relaxation and sleep — or doing something that amuses you and takes your mind off things.

If you are going through a really unpleasant time — sorrow or bereavement or a great worry — your doctor can and most certainly will help you. Don't go on suffering from insomnia for very long. Tranquillisers and barbiturates are looked on with suspicion and your doctor may not wish to prescribe them for you; but there are harmless, perhaps herbal, remedies that have been used as safe sedatives for centuries.

Relax. Apart from any pill or potion your doctor may advise, there are many ways to help yourself relax, rest, and probably sleep. Don't drink tea, coffee, or

alcohol late in the evening. Have your main meal at least three hours before going to bed, and don't ever go to bed hungry. An empty tummy is almost as bad as Lobster Newbourg last thing. The milky and chocolaty drinks that are traditional nightcaps are soothing but not slimming; if you are watching your weight, have a cup of vegetable extract or bouillon, and nibble slowly a few pieces of starch-reduced bread.

Make sure your room is warm, and don't attempt to get straight into bed and to sleep if you are feeling restless. Clean your face carefully, brush your hair, tidy your clothes and dressing-table, put things ready for the morning and you'll feel much calmer. I always have pad and pencil beside the bed and make a list of things to be done the next day. Once written down, I find they don't jiggle about in the mind.

A haven. A comfortable and attractive room is a great solace. Consider carefully whether you have the bed in the most comfortable position and whether the bed itself is as good as it might be. A firm, level mattress, good pillows, attractive sheets, blankets, and covers are wonderfully soothing. An electric blanket can help you to sleep more soundly all winter.

Make sure you have a good light and a convenient bedside table. If your room and your bed are havens you will fear far less the boggy of sleeping badly. I have colored sheets, blankets, and pillows, and use my bed not just as a place to sleep but as a supremely comfortable piece of furniture. If sheets are white and pillows flat it is inhibiting to disturb the whole thing for half an hour's rest or read.

Because my bed is colorful and the mattress and pillows are of foam-rubber so that they don't get dishevelled, I often just take off my top clothes, put on a silk wrap, and get into blissful warmth and comfort for a short while. I know this sounds an idea for a woman with leisure, but, really, it takes about three minutes longer than settling in a chair and it is infinitely more restoring.

If you feel very tensed up when you get home from work, or when you have put the children to bed or cooked dinner, it is sometimes a great help to undress completely and put on a loose dress or dressing-gown or house-coat. Even the most comfortable clothes can make you feel fidgety when you are tired, and taking everything off and stretching for a few moments gets the circulation going so that your body feels relaxed again.

The face gets tensed, too, and it helps to take off all your make-up if you have that "drawn" feeling. Use a cool, milky lotion on pads of cotton-wool, and as you see the dust and make-up disappearing at least some of the cares of the day seem to drop away.

It is also helpful, I find personally, in times of stress and strain, to keep closely to a comforting routine. If one is bored and restless it's another matter, and doing things differently is a good idea.

Noise. One of the chief causes of nervous tension, loss of looks, and actual illness is the constant din a lot of us are forced to live with.

Learn to "unwind"

What to do? Earplugs are one solution — helpful at night if there's a party nearby. Cotton-wool is uncomfortable, but better than nothing in an emergency. There are also little wax balls which can be moulded to fit the ear — you can get a chemist to order them.

Noise which is unavoidable — traffic, building, children playing round a block of flats — one can become used to. Try to tackle noise that seems unreasonable at a moment when you feel calm and cheerful. If you ask your neighbor in a friendly manner if he can move the radio a little away from the wall he is more likely to do so. If you bang on the wall he's liable to turn it even louder.

Physical relaxation can be an enormous help for tension. If you have been sitting and using your eyes and brain indoors all day, get into the open air for at least half an hour. If you've been on your feet all day and feel cross enough to burst, try to be alone in a quiet room and rest for at least half an hour with your feet higher than your head.

Soothe yourself. Lie flat on your bed—or, better still, on a rug on the floor—put a pillow under your knees and a flat one under your head. Try to relax completely, all over. Let your face muscles go—first the muscles of your forehead and then of your cheeks—then let your hands and feet, then knees and thighs go limp. Be conscious that your stomach and rib cage are relaxing, and breathe quietly and regularly. Have the sense of "giving" your whole body to the floor. Once you have mastered this relaxation exercise even a 10-minute lie-down can work wonders.

A warm bath is also physically and mentally soothing. Just shutting the door and knowing people can't get at you for half an hour is a short rest cure. We can't all have luxury bathrooms, but it costs no more to have towels and soap you like, and a little bath essence.

Continued overleaf

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KEEPING IN SHAPE

● Medical men, though every word they say may make sense, *are men*. And when they say that low carbohydrate eating is the only way to get thin, that Turkish baths and massage don't help, I don't agree.

IT'S obviously no use paying for massage and slimming treatments if you eat like Billy Bunter. But if you decide to get thinner and start eating wisely, any trick seems justifiable. A little encouragement is a fine thing for a start.

If body massage helps a woman feel that her body is beginning to tone up she will be helped morale-wise to stick to her sensible eating. It's perfectly true that the weight you lose in a Turkish bath is in the form of water, and that it will quickly return.

It's the encouragement that helps. It strengthens your resolve when you measure yourself and find you're an inch smaller — you refuse the meringue pudding a bit more easily when the results show quickly.

Increased general activity not only helps to burn up fuel but it helps keep the body toned. Natural exercise — walking, cycling, swimming, dancing — is usually the most enjoyable and the easiest to keep on with. Walking is, for most of us, the easiest to fit in, and jolly good exercise it is.

Walking. Walk as briskly as you can, moving with rhythmic strides from the hip. Learn to match your breathing to the rhythm of your steps. Start in a modest way, five or six steps to an indrawn breath, then the same number as you breathe out. Without making a big effort, try gradually to work up the number—perhaps to ten or twelve or even fifteen. Then you can be sure of breathing deeply and of changing the air in the depths of your lungs.

Exercises at home are a tricky point on which two women seldom agree. There's not much point in concentrating on exercises that firm your muscles and then getting bored and dropping the whole thing. One seems to get that much flabbier afterwards.

The old physical-jerks routines are now quite out of date; in fact, it is now thought that exercises that put a strain on the back — like touching your toes — are extremely risky, at any rate, to a body not in good muscular trim. But if you have in your district an organisation running a keep-fit class, that's another matter, as the instructor will certainly know the modern, safe way of exercising.

Stretching. Any stretching exercises are safe — stretching as you yawn, for instance, is refreshing and instinctive. Any exercises are more enjoyable to music. Try stretching rhythmically from the waist, first over to one side and then the other. Sweep your fingertips as low as you can and lean backwards while you swing, but don't sweep forward too low unless you are already fit and supple. Stretch your arms high, swing your arms in circles, do "swimming" exercises with your arms — in fact, do any stretching and sweeping exercises that feel enjoyable and natural.

The feet and ankles can be exercised any time you happen to be sitting by yourself with a few minutes to spare. Take your shoes off, cross one leg over the other, and rotate your ankles in turn, first one way and then the other. Sit comfortably — on a low chair, of course — and keep your spine straight.

Then put your feet straight on the carpet and curl the toes under; then stretch

them up. Then curl the toes under, draw up the inside of the foot, and turn the big toes to touch one another. Walk round the room on the sides of your stockinged feet; then on tiptoe. All these incidental exercises will strengthen the feet and make you feel more agile and active for other activities.

Posture. The way you stand — and walk — is vitally important. The way to adopt a posture that will make you look pounds lighter and younger is simple. Think of where your tail would be if you had one and tuck it gently in. At the same time, tilt your pelvis upward as though it were a bowl, having the sensation that you are lifting your hipbones up and out. Not only does this make you look naturally slimmer, both fore and aft, but the vital organs inside are held back to rest properly on the pelvis instead of being supported wholly by the muscles of the tummy (which naturally bulge when they are given so much to do). Your behind is flattened and you lose the look of a hollow back.

If you have the pelvis tilted up, the waist looks neater, the ribs rise naturally without being thrust forward — giving you a better bustline — and the shoulders can relax at their proper level.

Exercise. To strengthen your control of the pelvis tilting that will help your silhouette, practise this exercise: Lie relaxed on the floor on a blanket or rug, draw your knees up comfortably so that your feet are firmly on the floor, parallel and about a foot apart. Gently lift the centre of your spine off the floor, pause, then press the backbone down firmly against the floor's hardness. You will feel the tummy tucked comfortably into the correct position. Repeat twenty times and practise it until the posture is natural for you whether you are walking, sitting, or standing.

From the same flat-on-the-floor-knees-up position, practise the "hammock swing." Steady yourself with your hands, breathe normally, lift the behind off the ground about two inches, then swing the hips vigorously from side to side, keeping the shoulder-blades flat on the floor. Repeat 20 times, 10 each side, lower hips to floor. Rest for five seconds and repeat six times — i.e., 120 swings with six rests. This exercise, which will help both posture and any expenditure on laxatives, takes about one and a half minutes in all.

Foundations. Whether you are a neat size ten or are really amply padded, you need good foundations. A bra and girdle make your clothes hang better and look more expensive. They don't seat or bag or follow your own curves so slavishly, so, of course, they look better and last longer.

The woman with anything like womanly curves is cheating herself if she doesn't go to a store with a good corset department. The corsets cost the same if you buy them without trying them on; the expert's time is a valuable bonus thrown in. Make it plain, though, the sort of price you are willing to pay, as in their enthusiasm to make you a better shape they may produce merchandise that is tempting but beyond your budget.

Never buy a girdle according to waist measurement. The key point is where you are biggest — round the seat. The girdle must fit here, then if the waist is too big it can be taken in. Too tight at the seat, the girdle struggles to ride up.

Continuing How to look richer and younger

For actual aches and pains try using a small handful of Epsom salt; or sea salt from a chemist. Pine essence is physically relaxing and delicious to smell. But don't have the water too hot. It may stimulate rather than soothe; too hot water dries the skin and encourages the marks of surface veining on legs and feet.

Wealthy women find it a boon to have a masseuse come to the house, but this, of course, is a costly treat. After an illness, or childbirth, however, you may find a few home treatments an enormous benefit. Another soothing ploy that costs nothing is to brush your hair. Or if your hairdo is a recent one that you do not want to brush out, put your fingers through the hair and massage the scalp with kneading movements. This, particularly if you use a little cologne, often eases a tension headache.

Therapy. Hobbies, too, can be soothing. If my husband comes home and finds me in the spare room surrounded by pieces of paper pattern and fabric he knows it's therapy and that it's wiser to leave me alone for half an hour. I can unwind completely cutting out a blouse—others it would drive frantic; but it's worth trying to discover something you find absorbing.

I realise, having written it, that this may be just the wrong sort of advice for the highly strung woman (usually rather thin) who is too much on the go as it is. Restless, fidgety people, when they find their therapy losing its attractiveness, should try really hard to do nothing. So many women feel guilty if they are idle, but, really, why should they if they've worked for the best part of the day?

But if you find it difficult to be absolutely idle, turn to something as different as possible from your routine, preferably something self-indulgent and unnecessary like tapestry or embroidery or solitaire or patience.

If a too-busy family life is not your problem, occasional bouts of loneliness, boredom, and depression may be. Busy mothers may at frantic moments envy the do-what-I-like freedom of the career woman or the unmarried woman, but the boot is just as likely to be on the other foot.

As the busy, much-familied woman must realise that her strain may come from too many personal contacts—and take measures to see she gets a little peace and privacy—the woman who spends a lot of time with herself must make an effort to touch other people's lives.

The gregarious type of woman who makes acquaintances easily may find this sort of advice absurdly superfluous. She's lucky. For every woman who collects friends and admirers without effort there are a good half-dozen for whom conquering their shyness means a real act of bravery.

Family spats. On the other hand, in a close-knit circle, where people are together a good deal, it is inevitable that tensions sometimes mount. People who are close and affectionate can still irritate and annoy one another, and, while a good row suits some temperaments and clears the air, sharp words are to others quite unendurable. Perhaps a few ideas, literally face-saving for the way in which they smooth the countenance, may be worth handing on.

Never embark on any serious family discussion or criticism when any or all are tired, hungry, or both. If a member of the family wants to be quiet and untalkative,

let him remain so. If you feel high-spirited and chatty, make sure the others are in a similar mood before you let yourself go. People who have often been told they are the life and soul of the party should be sure it is a party.

If you feel put upon because it's always you who cooks, tidies up, answers the door, don't keep on saying so, but when you feel the time is ripe leave the washing-up and retire to bed, saying as pleasantly as you can: "I think it's someone else's turn now." It may not have a lasting effect, but it often works for a time.

Many families who bicker would do well to organise a little more privacy. Where it is the custom for people to go to their own rooms without comment to read, work, or just idle, there is often more harmony than in families where habit keeps them all in the family living-room. Mum is often at fault here. After being more or less alone all day, she likes to feel the family round her and to hear all the news. But, for people who have been in noisy shops and offices for eight hours, a spell of not talking may be just what they need.

Loneliness. For some people holidays alone are a problem. Particularly for the woman who has known a family life, it can be agonising to be alone in a cheerful place where everyone else seems happily paired off or in a self-contained circle. Cheerful and gregarious extroverts who would find someone to chat to at the South Pole will see no problem here, but it is a real one for many. A group holiday may be the answer—a coach tour or sharing expenses on a motoring holiday.

Or, for those who are hard up, a working holiday is a great deal better than staying put and having no holiday at all. It might be better, for instance, to work at a

small guest-house by the sea than to stay alone in a bedsitter. A change is as good as a rest if you aren't physically worn out.

A woman I know without much money felt so depressed and disorientated when her parents died that she couldn't go on with her job in a library. In order to live in a community, she took a job on the domestic staff of a girls' school—surely the last place to choose to look for a husband, and the thought had never crossed her mind. But she and a visiting doctor took a liking to one another and now she is toiling affectionately for three stepsons.

That's life. Most of it's luck. But a lot of it is the result of taking some positive step.

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Method: Heat milk, onion, and seasonings in a saucepan. Cover and allow to stand for 10 minutes. Melt butter, add flour, and cook a few minutes. Strain milk, and add gradually, stirring until sauce boils. Add shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, and stir until cheese melts.

Tuna: Divide 1 can 6½ oz. or 7 oz. GREENSEAS® Tuna evenly into four ramekins, and sprinkle with 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice and pinch cayenne pepper. Pour over Mornay sauce and sprinkle with 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs. Place in a moderate oven (350°F gas, 375°F electric), for 15 minutes. 4 servings.

All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.



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"Those animals in my life..."

● Some women write books about "the men in their lives," but I could write one about the animals in mine!

THE first two, when we moved into our own partly completed home on our two-acre allotment with our new little babe (after two years in a flat and living with relatives), were a cat and a dog!

As far as I was concerned we were complete — one happy family — but Father thought otherwise: "We must have a few fowls," he insisted.

Well, I didn't really mind as I could use plenty of fresh eggs, so after building a massive fowlyard, we bought 12 six-week-old pullets.

As they matured, however, we discovered they weren't all that we had been led to believe. Two were cockerels!

These duly found their way into the pot and proved so tasty that father conceived the idea of rearing cockerels especially for eating.

And from this idea came another and much bigger and brighter one: cockerels for sale for other people to eat and from them money for us to use in completing our home.

Chicken time

How I remember the whole 900 of them, arriving in batches of 300 at a time a few weeks apart — little balls of velvety fluffiness exactly one day old.

When the last of these had been reared, fattened, and sold, and Father had resumed work on the house (which he now had the time and the money to do), I heaved a sigh of relief. But I heaved it in vain.

No. He wasn't going in for table birds again, but: "Those hens of ours are laying well, I think I'll try a couple of hundred laying hens and sell the eggs!"

Pullet chickens were much easier to handle; they weren't quite so pig-headed and squabbling and canni-

balistic as cockerels, but, of course, once they reached maturity there was the daily egg supply to be collected, cleaned (if necessary), graded, packed, and delivered to their destination.

It was a steady sideline and paid well, but after a few years Father decided it was taking up too much precious weekend building time and gave up the laying birds, except for a dozen or so for our own use.

Again I sighed with relief! And again it was short-lived.

By now the few fruit trees Father had planted at intervals since we had come to live on our property had grown into a sizeable orchard, and he was finding keeping down weeds between trees a steady job.

"I believe geese are mighty for this," he remarked one day, and, of course, it followed that in a very short space of time we were the proud owners of three — one gander and two geese.

Several years had passed, during which I hadn't been entirely idle — our family of children had increased to four!

Their job is mainly to "drive" the geese out in the morning to graze and back to their shed at night.

Nature being as it is, it wasn't long before we had quite a "gaggle of geese" on our hands, and, oh, the raucous harping noise of them!

When the neighbors began to complain bitterly we decided to advertise them for sale.

Soon we were bidding them an affectionate farewell, and then once more the grass and weeds began to take over our property.

At that point I, so-help-me, had the bright idea that we invest in a couple of sheep.

Father agreed, and three big wild wethers shortly appeared in our orchard.

The children quickly found that, by comparison, driving geese was just "cheese" — and I know now

A READER'S STORY by MARY McCANN, Qld.

the origin of the remark "as silly as a sheep!"

Nevertheless, they did a mighty job of grazing the weeds, and, oh! the delightful silence of them compared with geese!

So we soon went in for sheep in a "big way," increasing our flock to six! Besides their working for us, we anticipated quite a fortune from shearing and selling the wool.

But we found this was a fallacy; it took Father nearly two hours to shear each fleece, for which we averaged the princely sum of approximately 15/- net!

Then there were the times they had to be drenched for worms and dipped for lice!

Father seemed to enjoy being a small-time grazier just the same. The gentle pastoral scene of sheep grazing in his fields as he worked on the house filled him with peace, except when he spotted them tearing at the leaves of his fruit trees instead of at the grass.

The children had names for all of the sheep and had trained them to come at their call and eat from their hands, so it was a bitter blow when we awoke one morning to find all of them slaughtered by dogs, despite our excellent fences.

As we are the only residents of this semi-rural suburb who do not keep a dog we realised that our days as graziers were now over, unless we kept the poor sheep in dog-proof pens all the time.

Uninvited pets

Speaking of pens reminds me of cages, and cages remind me of budgies.

I mustn't forget the arrival of Joe, a little lost budgie who flew in and clung to our screen-wire kitchen door just begging to be taken in.

Father bought a spanking-new cage for him and he was soon at home and chirping merrily. He didn't talk, despite our many efforts to teach him, but he would come out of his cage and fly around and then settle on the children's shoulders, much to their delight.

Then, incredibly, a year or so later, another budgie flew in — this time a female.

We named her Kate and put her in with Joe. "Ah, ha!" said Father, "now we can go in for budgie breeding. Fellow I know is making a good sideline of it."

I didn't relish the idea of hundreds of chirping budgies (two seemed to make a good deal of noise) and dozens of cages to be cleaned out, but there's no way I know of dampening father's enthu-

siasm when he becomes enthusiastic.

Nature, however, knew of a way. Kate and Joe to this day have never produced an egg, so budgie farming was a very short-lived episode in our lives!

And thus stood the animal history of our family until one Saturday morning Father informed me:

"There's a nice little chestnut filly for sale today—I'm going after her. Be nice for the kids to have a pony. And she might keep down the weeds, too."

Enter the pony

And so "Tammy" came into our lives.

I went out to meet her on the day of her arrival, and oh, that sweet, sweet horsey smell as I fondled the soft velvety nose.

It took me back down the years of memory to the days of my childhood when my father had a horse and sulky for our family transport.

I fell in love with her immediately, as my husband and children had already done.

The children all learned very quickly to ride her bareback, but soon a sparkling new saddle and bridle, and brushes for grooming, were bought for her, and a saddling yard and shed provided.

There was ample lush green feed, the children often slipped her tit-bits of bread, carrot, apple-cores, etc., and a ration of barley meal or oats every morning completed her idyllic existence.

But can that animal eat! I've learned the true meaning of another well-known saying: "Eats like a horse!" She just never stops — no standing idly around chewing her cud like the sheep.

It's just as well they were no longer with us, there wouldn't have been enough grazing for all.

Tammy is now the spoilt darling and queen of all she surveys. She's a most lovable and useful pet, makes her small owners the envy of all their friends, and does a wonderful job of weed-clearing.

As far as I am concerned she is the animal to supersede all other animals we have ever had and I am quite content.

But how long will life be like this? Father now talks of turkeys, pigs, perhaps a cow.

He'd like to try them all some time in the future. So let me enjoy our equine days to the full, for who knows what new animal is casting its shadow just around the next corner?



in "SILVER RHAPSODY" by Rodd . . .

Beauty of line and pattern is the striking feature of all Table Silver by RODD. See the RODD range and you'll see beauty expressed in ten delightful ways. Shown above is "SILVER RHAPSODY", elegantly modern, and priced from only £29.19.6 for a 44-piece service. Matching and replacement pieces are always available; all carry the RODD 25-year guarantee.

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LOVELY CURLS FOR YOUR BABY

CURLYPET will give your baby beautiful curls, healthy hair, soothes scalp irritation and leaves baby's tender scalp so clean, fresh and fragrant.

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Makes baby's hair grow curly



BOND'S

Australia's greatest name in cotton

All aboard Bond's Baby



Here's a wonderful new nursery rhyme. "No matter where baby travels in his busy days (and nights) there's beautiful Baby Bondwear that's absolutely right." That's because only top-quality fabrics go into Bond's Babywear — fabrics to give babies the light warmth they need. Only the most practical fabrics too — that wear long, launder easily, need only 'touch-up' ironing.

Page 60

- 1 Baby Bond, train driver in a brushed nylon shortie smock suit with back buttoning, style 95634. Size AS1, in White, Blue and Lemon. Wonderful value at 37/6
- 2 Twinkle, Twinkle, interlock cotton matinee jacket, style 15618. Sizes to 12 months in White, Pink, Blue, 12/11. Baby's first pants (training pants) with flat-lock seaming, three thicknesses of interlock cotton for absorption, style 15010. Sizes AS1, AS2 in White, Pink, and Blue, 9/11
- 3 Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town in brushed cotton zip-up sleeper, style 15233. Sizes AS0, AS1, AS2, AS3, AS4 in White, Pink and Blue, 29/11

Don't forget Bond's make 'Cottontail' briefs for girls

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 18, 1964

Express to Nursery Rhyme Land



4 Rock-a-bye Baby on the tree-top sleeps peacefully in sleeping bag of brushed cotton, style 15611. Size to 12 months, in White, Pink, Blue, 29/11

5 Mary Mary Quite Contrary in interlock cotton nightgown, Style 15303. Sizes to 12 months. White, Pink and Blue 16/11

6 Little Boy Blue brushed cotton tracker sleeper. Non-slip soles. Style 15234. AS0 to AS2. White, Pink, Blue, 29/11

7 Ride a Cock Horse in 2-piece brushed cotton pyjamas. Elastic-tabbed buttons at waist allow for growing. Style 15227. Sizes AS0, AS1, AS2 in White, Pink and Blue, 29/11

8 Little Bo-Peep in an interlock cotton nightgown, Style 15319. Sizes to 12 months in White, Pink, Blue. From 18/11

9 Little Jack Horner sits in a brushed nylon pram suit, Style 95633. Size AS1, in White, Blue and Lemon. 39/11



open! scoop! dab!

The English mustard you scoop from Keen's new table pots needs no fixing. We've pre-mixed it ready for dabbing. Your taste buds pay no penalty for all this convenience. It's stung through with the unmistakable English character of the dry Keen's you mix yourself. Keen's Ready-mixed is lusty, bitey, smooth-spun, creamy and pot-fresh - to the last scoop! So why mix, stir, wait - when you can open, scoop, dab! Come on. Do it easy. With Keen's new Ready-mixed English mustard.

Keens ready mixed English mustard

WE'VE 2 OTHER FLAVOURS:

A new green-label *French* with a mellow mildness and subtle continental flavour. And a yellow-label *American* with a flavour between French and English - not too strong, not too mild.



STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

order to promote a game called "Is Mr. Smith At Home?" he had had to put his head in a sack and allow the younger generation to prod him with sticks had held the smoking-room spellbound.

At a place like Totleigh, where even on normal days human life was not safe, still worse excesses were to be expected. The glimpse or two I had had of the local Dead End kids had told me how tough a bunch they were and how sedulously they should be avoided by the man who knew what was good for him.

"I shall nip over to Brinkley in the car and have lunch with Uncle Tom. You at my side, I hope?"

"Impossible, I fear, sir. I have promised to assist Mr. Butterfield in the tea tent."

"Then you can tell me all about it."

"Very good, sir."

"If you survive."

"Precisely, sir."

It was a nice easy drive to Brinkley, and I got there well in advance of the luncheon hour. Aunt Dahlia wasn't there, having, as foreshadowed, popped up to London for the day, and Uncle Tom and I sat down alone to a repast in Anatole's best vein. Over the Supreme de Foie Gras au Champagne and the Neige aux Perles des Alpes I placed him in possession of the facts relating to the black amber statuette thing, and his relief at learning that Pop Bassett hadn't got a thousand-quid objet d'art for a fiver was so profound and the things he said about Pop B so pleasing to the ear that by the time I started back my dark mood had become sensibly lightened and optimism had returned to its throne.

AFTER all, I reminded myself, it wasn't as if Gussie was going to be indefinitely under Madeline's eye. In due season he would buzz back to London and there would be able to tuck into the beefs and muttons till his ribs squeaked, confident that not a word of his activities would reach her. The effect of this would be to refill him with sweetness and light, causing him to write her loving letters which would carry him along till she emerged from this vegetarian phase and took up stamp collecting or something. I know the other sex and their sudden enthusiasms. They get these crazes and wallow in them for a while, but they soon become fed-up and turn to other things.

My Aunt Agatha once went in for politics, but it only took a few meetings at which she got the bird from hecklers to convince her that the cagy thing to do was to stay at home and attend to her fancy needlework, giving the whole enterprise a miss.

It was getting on for what is called the quiet evenfall when I dropped anchor at Totleigh Towers. I did my usual sneak to my room, and I had been there a few minutes when Jeeves came in.

"I saw you arrive, sir," he said, "and I thought you might be in need of refreshment."

I assured him that his intuition had not led him astray, and he said he would bring me a whisky-and-a immediately.

"I trust you found Mr. Travers in good health, sir."

I was able to reassure him there.

"He was a bit low when I blew in, but on receipt of my news about the whatnot blossomed like a flower. It would have done you good to have heard what he had to say about Pop Bassett. And talking of Pop Bassett, how did the school treat go off?"

"I think the juvenile element enjoyed the festivities, sir."

"How about you?"

"Sir?"

"You were all right? They didn't put your head in a sack and prod you with sticks?"

"No, sir. My share in the afternoon's events was confined to assisting in the tea tent."

"You speak lightly, Jeeves, but I've known some dark work to take place in school treat tea tents."

"It is odd that you should say

that, sir, for it was while partaking of tea that a lad threw a hard-boiled egg at Sir Watkyn."

"And hit him?"

"On the left cheekbone, sir. It was most unfortunate."

I could not subscribe to this.

"I don't know why you say 'unfortunate.' Best thing that could have happened, in my opinion. The very first time I set eyes on Pop Bassett, in the picturesque environment of Basher Street Police Court, I remember saying to myself that there sat a man to whom it would do all the good in the world to have hard-boiled eggs thrown at him. One of my crowd on that occasion, a lady accused of being drunk and disorderly and resisting

the police, did, on receipt of her sentence, throw her boot at him, but with a poor aim, succeeding only in beaming the magistrate's clerk. What's the boy's name?"

"I could not say, sir. His actions were cloaked in anonymity."

"A pity. I would have liked to reward him by sending camels bearing apes, ivory, and peacocks to his address. Did you see anything of Gussie in the course of the afternoon?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Fink-Nottle, at Miss Bassett's insistence, played a large part in the proceedings and was, I am sorry to say, somewhat roughly handled by the younger revellers."

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HAZEL . . .

. . . by Ted Key



"You boys crave action."

Hazel can be seen on Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.



for the woman
who seeks
extra protection!

a larger napkin
wider, deeper
for extra absorbency . . .
soft, soft MASSLINN * cover
and a deodorant.

Modess[®]
Super



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Among other vicissitudes that he underwent, a child entangled its all-day sucker in his hair."

"That must have annoyed him. He's fussy about his hair."

"Yes, sir, he was visibly incensed. He detached the sweetmeat and threw it from him with a good deal of force, and by ill luck it struck Miss Byng's dog on the nose. Affronted by what he presumably mistook for an unprovoked assault, the animal bit Mr. Fink-Nottle in the leg."

"Poor old Gussie!"

"Yes, sir."

"Still, into each life some rain must fall."

"Precisely, sir. I will go and bring your whisky-and-soda."

He had scarcely gone when Gussie blew in, limping a little but otherwise showing no signs of what Jeeves had called the vicissitudes he

Continued from page 63

had undergone. He seemed, indeed, above rather than below his usual form, and I remember the phrase "the bulldog breed" passed through my mind. If Gussie was a sample of young England's stamina and fortitude, it seemed to me that the country's future was secure.

It is not every nation that can produce sons capable of grinning, as he was doing, so shortly after being bitten by Scotch terriers.

"Oh, there you are, Bertie," he said. "Jeeves told me you were back. I looked in to borrow some cigarettes."

"Go ahead."

"Thanks," he said, filling his case. "I'm taking Emerald Stoker for a walk."

STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

"You're what?" I asked, with raised eyebrows.

"Or a row on the river. Which-ever she prefers."

"But, Gussie—"

"Oh, before I forget. Pinker is looking for you. He says he wants to see you about something important."

"Never mind about Stinker. You can't take Emerald Stoker for walks."

"Can't I? Watch me."

"But—"

"Sorry, no time to talk now. I don't want to keep her waiting. So long; I must be off."

He left me plunged in thought, and not agreeable thought either. I think I have made it clear to

the meanest i. that my whole future depended on Augustus Fink-Nottle sticking to the straight and narrow path and not blotting his copybook, and I could not but feel that by taking Emerald Stoker for walks he was skidding off the straight and narrow path and blotting his c. in no uncertain manner.

That, at least, was, I was pretty sure, how an idealistic beazel like Madeline Bassett, already rendered hot under the collar by his subversive views on sunsets and Blessed Damozels, would regard it. It is not too much to say that when Jeeves returned with the whisky-and-s., he found me all of a twitter and shaking on my stem.

I would have liked to put him abreast of this latest development, but, as I say, there are things we don't discuss, so I merely drank deep of the flowing bowl and told him that Gussie had just been a pleasant visitor.

"He tells me Stinker Pinker wants to see me about something."

"No doubt with reference to the episode of 'Sir Watkyn and the hard-boiled egg, sir.'"

"Don't tell me it was Stinker who threw it."

"No, sir, the miscreant is believed to have been a lad in his early teens. But the young fellow's impulsive action has led to unfortunate consequences. It has caused Sir Watkyn to entertain doubts as to the wisdom of entrusting a vicarage to a curate incapable of maintaining order at a school treat. Miss Byng, while confiding this information to me, appeared greatly distressed. She had supposed—I quote her verbatim—that the thing was in the bag, and she is naturally much disturbed."

I drained my glass and lit a moody gasper. If Tottleigh Towers wanted to turn me into a cynic, it was going the right way about it.

"There's a curse on this house, Jeeves. Broken blossoms and shattered hopes wherever you look. It seems to be something in the air. The sooner we're out of here, the better. I wonder if we couldn't—"

I had been about to add "make our getaway tonight," but at this moment the door flew open and Spode came bounding in, wiping the words from my lips and causing me to raise an eyebrow or two. I resented this habit he was developing of popping up out of a trap at me every other minute like a Demon King in pantomime, and only the fact that I couldn't think of anything restrained me from saying something pretty

FROM THE BIBLE

● "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

—II Peter 3:9.

stinging. As it was, I wore the mask and spoke with the suavity of the perfect host.

"Ah, Spode. Come on in and take a few chairs," I said, and was on the point of telling him that we Woosters kept open house, when he interrupted me with the uncouth abruptness so characteristic of these human gorillas. Roderick Spode may have had his merits, though I had never been able to spot them, but his warmest admirer couldn't have called him couth.

"Have you seen Fink-Nottle?" he said.

I didn't like the way he spoke or the way he was looking. The lips, I noted, were twitching, and the eyes glittered with what I believe is called a baleful light. It seemed pretty plain to me that it was in no friendly spirit that he was seeking Gussie, so I watered down the truth a bit, as the prudent man does on these occasions.

"I'm sorry, no. I've only just got back from my uncle's place over Worcestershire way. Some urgent family business came up and I had to go and attend to it, so unfortunately missed the school treat. A great disappointment. You haven't seen Gussie, have you, Jeeves?"

He made no reply, possibly because he wasn't there. He generally slides discreetly off when the young master is entertaining the quality, and you never see him go. He just evaporates.

"Was it something important you wanted to see him about?"

"I want to break his neck."

My eyebrows, which had returned to normal, rose again. I also, if I remember rightly, pursed my lips.

"Well, really, Spode! Is this not

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PEACH TROPICANA

1 Can (29 oz.) Letona Sliced Peaches
1 Cup Sunwhite Rice ½ Teaspoon salt
6 Glace Cherries diced 1 cup whipping cream
1 tablespoon sugar 1 cup diced marshmallows

Drain peaches, measuring syrup. Add water to syrup to make 2½ cups; bring to boil. Stir in rice and salt, return to boil then lower heat, cover and simmer gently for 15 minutes stirring occasionally during first 5 minutes of cooking time. Turn off heat and allow to stand, covered, 5 to 10 minutes to allow rice to absorb all liquid. Add peaches and cherries. Chill thoroughly. Combine cream and sugar; whip. Fold whipped cream and marshmallows into rice. Serves 8.

Focus on Fruit

Yours to enjoy — the superb flavour of "sunshine-sweet" fruit — in every can of LETONA. And there are so many ways to enjoy Letona fruits including the deliciousness of enjoying them in their own natural "Sunshine" goodness.



Letona

the fruit with the 'Sunshine-sweet' flavour



LENTEN SEAFOOD RISOTTO *made with* RICE-A-RISO

Takes you 17 minutes. Gets you a Lenten treat they'll want more often. Toothsome. Savoury. Just full of hearty nourishment and downright good eating. Be the family's favourite chef . . . serve Lenten Seafood Risotto with Rice-a-Riso tonight. Here's how: Prepare Spanish Rice-a-Riso as directed. After simmering 10 minutes, add tuna, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped tomatoes, then simmer 7 minutes more. Serve hot or chilled as above. Optional extras: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked peas or beans, some chopped gherkins or capsicum, 1 chopped, hard-boiled egg. Add these extras with the tuna. Flavours to use: Spanish, Mushroom, or Curry Rice-a-Riso.

Serves 4 to 6 people.



MAGNIFICENT IRISES



MARGOT SUPREME
Fully double; 10-12in.



REIGN OF GLORY
Double; 9in.



PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Double; 12in.



FIRE DANCER
Double; 12in.

Gardening Book — page 281

NEW BEAUTIES NEED A RICH, ACID, MOIST SOIL

● Marhigo irises are a spectacular American development of the Higo (Japanese) iris strain. Their sumptuous blooms are much larger—from eight to 12 inches across.

MARHIGOS can have a place in any part of the garden that's kept moist for three months of the year—spring and early summer—when they are in bloom.

They need good rich soil in a situation which does not become dry until the end of December.

Higo irises have been cultivated for centuries and are considered the loveliest strain in Japan. It was from this strain that Walter Marx in Oregon, U.S.A., imported his collection about 20 years ago.

His aim was to develop new color patterns, much bigger blooms, longer stems. After years of crossing the best varieties, he achieved a remarkable collection of Japanese irises representative of all colors. He added the first three letters of his surname to the name of the Japanese-bred varieties, thus arriving at the name of Marhigo iris.

Many of these varieties have been imported into Australia, and from them some new varieties have been bred. These include full double irises, up to 12in. across and with as many as 18 petals (earlier doubles have only six).

Marhigo irises look their best in groups among shrubs or perennials, or

in a sunken garden, or on the edge of a pond, or even growing in shallow water.

The time for planting is from March to August. This iris throws up a number of sword-like leaves in the spring, straight from the hard fibrous root, and the sustaining new roots do not appear until a month or six weeks later.

It is at this critical time that they need watering and watching if a dry spell is experienced. By the end of November the plants should be well established.

Do not expect typical flowers until the second year, as they take more time to become established than the bearded iris.

Division of clumps should take place soon after flowering or before the dormant rhizomes become active in September-October. Do not disturb the plants before they are three or four years in the soil, as older plants give the biggest and most perfect blooms.

As a fertiliser use cow manure; these irises are gross feeders. When buds appear use Nitrophosca pellets at the rate of 1oz. to a square yard (one matchbox full).

On no account use any form of lime, as Marhigo irises are lime-haters. Any soil which grows azaleas, camellias, or hydrangeas is right to grow them in.

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ISLAND PARADISE
Double; 8-10in.



DAYDAWN
Double; 9in.



THOR Double; 12in.
All foregoing specimens photographed at Morjs' Margot Nursery, Belmont, N.S.W.



JEWELLED KIMONO
Photographed at Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Sutton's garden, Burradoo, N.S.W.

Gardening Book — page 282

Try a Japanese effect



BESIDE A POND, these irises make the kind of picture so much admired by the Japanese. (Picture from Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Sutton's garden at Burradoo.)

A beautiful effect can be achieved by preparing a shallow, irregular-shaped pond area (later to hold four to six inches of water) and planting

the roots in large groups. The plants are grown in the usual way during autumn and winter, and the pond is filled to the required depth AFTER the irises have started growing upwards in the spring and are a foot or more in height.

After blooming they require no more moisture than other perennials.

Gardening Book — page 280

This one is shown life-size



PEACOCK DANCE, one of the Marhigo iris varieties, has flowers measuring ten inches across on fully mature plants, with stems three feet tall. It shows a striking color contrast.

Most Marhigos are beautifully frilled or waved at the edges, many are veined with deeper markings, while others carry distinctive borders around the edge of the petals in lighter or darker shades.

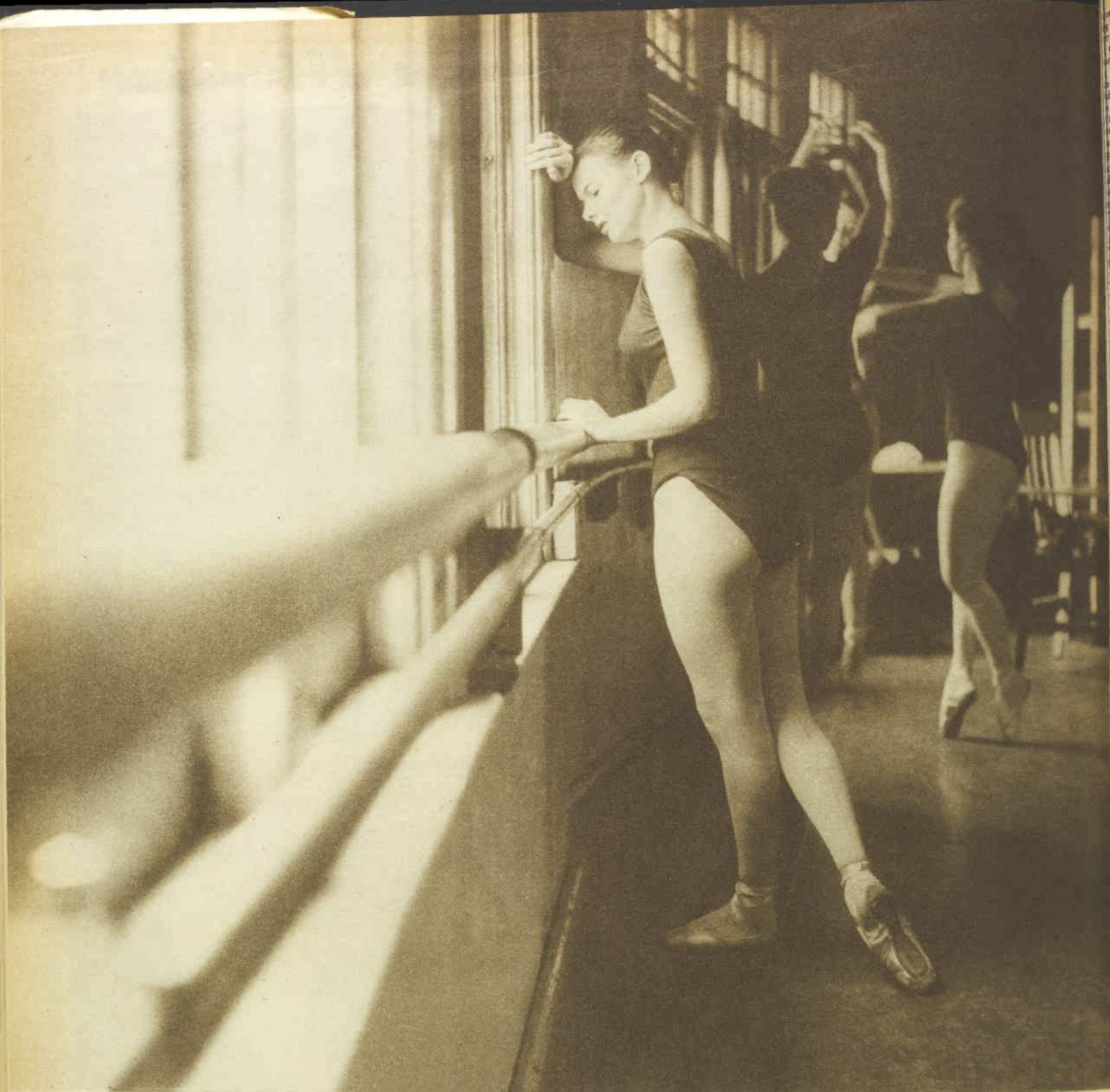
They are excellent as cut flowers; when they are cut in the bud stage all the buds on the stem open in water to their full size and they remain effective for a long time.

Blooms of the older Higo iris types grow to six inches across. These new varieties range from eight to 12 inches on stems up to five feet in height.

A three-year-old plant producing up to 50 flowers is a wonderful sight in full bloom.

Marhigo irises do not set seed naturally and have to be hand-pollinated, a difficult and most tiring occupation. Nevertheless, efforts may sometimes be most handsomely rewarded. As a rule only singles or three-petalled flowers result, and it is an accepted fact that, at the best, one in a thousand seedlings will be worth while.

This picture was taken at Moris' Margot Nurseries, Belmont, N.S.W., by our staff photographer Ron Berg.



Just a few moments while Disprin 'dissolves' away headache . . . then back to rehearsal. Why Disprin? Because Disprin is soluble aspirin, and soluble aspirin is far less likely to upset the stomach than ordinary aspirin. It is simply that ordinary aspirin enters the stomach as undissolved acid particles which in some people can cause upsets ranging from mild indigestion to more serious stomach disorders. Disprin, however, dissolves completely, enters the bloodstream more quickly to bring prompt relief from headaches and pain, and is far less likely to cause stomach upset. That's why people who cannot be replaced take Disprin, the soluble aspirin, for the relief of pain. Shouldn't you?



Ask for Disprin—the soluble aspirin
From Chemists only

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 18, 1964

becoming a bit thick? It's not so long ago that you were turning over in your mind the idea of breaking mine. I think you should watch yourself in this matter of neck-breaking and check the urge before it gets too strong a grip on you. No doubt you say to yourself that you can take it or leave it alone, but isn't there the danger of the thing becoming habit-forming? Why do you want to break Gussie's neck?"

He ground his teeth — at least that's what I think he did to them — and was silent for a space. Then, though there wasn't anyone within earshot but me, he lowered his voice.

"I can speak frankly to you, Wooster, because you, too, love her."

"Eh? Who?" It should have been "whom," I suppose, but that didn't occur to me at the time.

"Madeline, of course."

"Oh, Madeline?"

"As I told you, I have always loved her, and her happiness is very dear to me. It is everything to me. To give her a moment's pleasure, I would cut myself in pieces."

I COULDN'T follow him there, but before I could go into the question of whether girls enjoy seeing people cut themselves to pieces he had resumed.

"It was a great shock to me when she became engaged to this man Fink-Nottle, but I accepted the situation because I thought that that was where her happiness lay. Though stunned, I kept silent."

"Very white."

"I said nothing that would give her a suspicion of how I felt."

"Very pukka."

"It was enough for me that she should be happy. Nothing else mattered. But when Fink-Nottle turns out to be a libertine—"

"Who—Gussie?" I said, surprised.

"The last chap I'd have attached such a label to. Pure as the driven s., I'd have thought, if not purer. What makes you think Gussie's a libertine?"

"The fact that ten minutes ago I saw him kissing the cook," said Spode through the teeth which I'm pretty sure he was grinding, and he dived out of the door and was gone.

How long I remained motionless, like a ventriloquist's dummy whose

Continued from page 64

ventriloquist has gone off to the local and left it sitting, I cannot say. Probably not so very long, for when life returned to the rigid limbs and I legged it for open spaces to find Gussie and warn him of this V-shaped depression which was coming his way, Spode was still in sight. He was disappearing in a nor'-nor'-easterly direction, so, not wanting to hobnob with him again while he was in what you might call a difficult mood, I pushed off sou'-sou'-west and found that I couldn't have set my course more shrewdly.

There was a sort of yew alley or rhododendron walk or some such thing confronting me, and as I entered it I saw Gussie. He was standing in a kind of trance, and his

STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

fatheadedness in standing when he ought to have been running like a rabbit smote me like a blow and lent an extra emphasis to the "Hoy!" with which I accosted him.

He turned, and as I approached him I noted that he seemed even more braced than when last seen. The eyes behind the horn-rimmed spectacles gleamed with a brighter light, and a smile wreathed his lips. He looked like a fish that's just learned that its rich uncle in Australia has pegged out and left it a packet.

"Ah, Bertie," he said, "we decided to go for a walk, not a row. We thought it might be a little chilly on the water. What

a beautiful evening, Bertie, is it not?"

I couldn't see eye to eye with him there.

"It strikes you as that, does it? It doesn't me."

He seemed surprised.

"In what respect do you find it not up to sample?"

"I'll tell you in what respect I find it not up to sample. What's all this I hear about you and Emerald Stoker? Did you kiss her?"

The Soul's Awakening expression on his face became intensified. Before my revolted eyes, Augustus Fink-Nottle definitely smirked.

"Yes, Bertie, I did, and I'll do it again if it's the last thing I

do. What a girl, Bertie! So kind, so sympathetic. She's my idea of a thoroughly womanly woman, and you don't see many of them around these days. I hadn't time when I was in your room to tell you about what happened at the school treat."

"Jeeves told me. He said Bartholomew bit you."

"And how right he was. The boulder bit me to the bone. And do you know what Emerald Stoker did? Not only did she coo over me like a mother comforting a favorite child, but she bathed and bandaged my lacerated leg. She was a ministering angel, the nearest thing to Florence Nightingale you could hope to find. It was shortly after she had done the

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Look what's new in forever gleaming stainless steel !!!!!!!

AUSTRALIAN

WITH BEAUTY TIMELESS AS THE DESERT SANDS Stainless steel kettles, clothes pegs, tableware, insect screens, stove tops and cutlery. Yes, more and more products are being made in Australian Stainless Steel. The reason's simple. No other metal resists household hazards so well as Stainless Steel. No other metal is so easily cleaned. No other metal offers you such a variety of beautiful finishes. So, always ask first whether the product you want is available in Australian Stainless Steel.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUD



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C56 JCPWW

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



swabbing and bandaging that I kissed her."

"Well, you shouldn't have kissed her."

Again he showed surprise. He had thought it, he said, a pretty sound idea.

"But you're engaged to Madeline."

I had hoped with these words to start his conscience working on all twelve cylinders, but something seemed to have gone wrong with the machinery, for he remained as calm and unmoved as the fish on ice he so closely resembled.

"Ah, Madeline," he said, "I was about to touch on Madeline. Shall I tell you what's wrong with Madeline Bassett? No heart. That's

where she slips up. Lovely to look at, but nothing here," he said, tapping the left side of his chest. "Do you know how she reacted to that serious flesh wound of mine? She espoused Bartholomew's cause. She said the whole thing was my fault. She accused me of having teased the little blister. In short, she behaved like a louse. How different from Emerald Stoker. Do you know what Emerald Stoker did?"

"You told me."

"I mean in addition to binding up my wounds. She went straight off to the kitchen and cut me a package of sandwiches. I have them here," said Gussie, exhibiting

a large parcel and eyeing it reverently.

"Ham," he added in a voice that throbbed with emotion. "She made them for me with her own hands, and I think it was her thoughtfulness even more than her divine sympathy that showed me that she was the only girl in the world for me. The scales fell from my eyes, and I saw that what I had once felt for Madeline had been just a boyish infatuation. What I feel for Emerald Stoker is the real thing. In my opinion she stands alone, and I shall be glad if you will stop going about the place saying that she looks like a Pekingese."

"But, Gussie—"

He silenced me with an imperious wave of the ham sandwiches.

"It's no good you saying 'But, Gussie.' The trouble with you, Bertie, is that you haven't got it in you to understand true love. You're a mere butterfly flitting from flower to flower and sipping like Freddie Widgeon and the rest of the half-wits of whom the Drones Club is far too full. A girl to you is just the plaything of an idle hour, and anything in the nature of a grand passion is beyond you. I'm different. I have depth. I'm a marrying man."

"But you can't marry Emerald Stoker."

"Why not? We're twin souls."

I thought for a moment of giving him a word portrait of old Stoker, to show him the sort of father-in-law he would be getting if he carried through the project he had in mind, but I let it go. Reason told me that a fellow who for months had been expecting to draw Pop Bassett as a father-in-law was not going to be swayed by an argument like that. However frank my description of him, Stoker could scarcely seem anything but a change for the better.

I STOOD there at a loss, and was still standing there at a loss, when I heard my name called and, looking behind me, saw Stinker and Stuffy. They were waving hands and things, and I gathered that they had come to thresh out with me the matter of Sir Watkyn Bassett and the hard-boiled egg.

The last thing I would have wished at this crucial point in my affairs was an interruption, for all my faculties should have been concentrated on reasoning with Gussie and trying to make him see the light, but it has often been said of Bertram Wooster that when a buddy in distress is drawn to his attention he forgets self. No matter what his commitments elsewhere, the distressed buddy has only to beckon and he is with him. With a brief word to Gussie that I would be back at an early date to resume our discussion, I hurried to where Stuffy and Stinker stood.

"Talk quick," I said. "I'm in conference. Too long to tell you all about it, but a serious situation has arisen. As, according to Jeeves, one has with you. From what he told me, I gathered that the odds against Stinker clicking as regards that vicarage have lengthened. More letting-I-dare-not-wait-upon-I-would-ness on Pop Bassett's part, he gave me to understand. Too bad."

"Of course, one can see it from Sir Watkyn's point of view," said Stinker, who, if he has a fault besides bumping into furniture and upsetting it, is always far too tolerant in his attitude toward the dregs of humanity. "He thinks that if I'd drilled the distinction between right and wrong more vigorously into the minds of the Infants' Bible Class, the thing wouldn't have happened."

"I don't see why not," said Stuffy.

Nor did I. In my opinion, no amount of Sunday afternoon instruction would have been sufficient to teach a growing boy not to throw hard-boiled eggs at Sir Watkyn Bassett.

"But there's nothing I can do about it, is there?" I said.

"You bet there is," said Stuffy.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 18, 1964



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"No more than the sight of him does to me," I riposted warmly. I resented the suggestion that I had nothing better to do with my time than fraternise with ex-magistrates. "Certainly I'll avoid his society. It'll be a pleasure. Is that all?"

"That's all."

"Then I'll be getting back to Gussie," I said, and was starting to move off, when Stiffy uttered a sharp squeak.

"Gussie! That reminds me. There's something I wanted to tell

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him, something of vital concern to him, and I can't think how it slipped my mind, Gussie," she called, and Gussie, seeming to wake abruptly from a daydream, blinked and came over. "What are you doing hanging about here, Gussie?"

"Who, me? I was discussing something with Bertie, and he said he'd be back, when at liberty, to go into it further."

"Well, let me tell you that you've no time for discussing things with Bertie."

"Eh?"

"Or for saying 'Eh?' I met Roderick just now, and he asked me if I knew where you were, because he wants to tear you limb from limb,

owing to his having seen you kiss the cook."

Gussie's jaw fell with a dull thud. "You never told me that," he said to me, and one spotted the note of reproach in his voice.

"No, sorry, I forgot to mention it. But it's true. You'd better start coping. Run like a hare, is my advice."

He took it. Standing not on the order of his going, as the fellow said, he dashed off as if shot from a gun and was making excellent time when he was brought up short by colliding with Spode, who had at that moment entered left centre.

It's always disconcerting to have even as small a chap as Gussie take you squarely in the midriff, as I

myself can testify, having had the same experience down in Washington Square during a visit to New York. Washington Square is bountifully supplied with sad-eyed Italian kids who whiz to and fro on roller skates, and one of them, proceeding on his way with lowered head, rammed me in the neighborhood of the third waistcoat button at a high rate of m.p.h. It gave me a strange where-am-I feeling, and I imagine Spode's sensations were somewhat similar.

His breath escaped him in a sharp "Oof!" and he swayed like some forest tree beneath the woodman's axe. But unfortunately Gussie had paused to sway, too, and this gave Spode time to steady himself on

even keel and regroup his forces. Reaching out a hamlike hand, he attached it to the scruff of Gussie's neck and said "Ha!"

"Ha!" is one of those things it's never easy to find the right reply to—it resembles "You!" in that respect—but Gussie was saved the necessity of searching for words by the fact that he was being shaken like a cocktail in a manner that precluded speech, if precluded is the word I want. His spectacles fell off and came to rest near where I was standing. I picked them up with a view to returning them to him when he had need of them, which I could see would not be immediately.

As this Fink-Nottle was a boyhood friend, with whom, as I have said, I had frequently shared my last bar of milk chocolate, and as it was plain that if someone didn't intervene pretty soon he was in danger of having all his internal organs shaken into a sort of macedoine or hash, the thought of taking some steps to put an end to this distressing scene naturally crossed my mind.

THE problem presenting several points of interest was, of course, what steps to take. My tonnage was quite insufficient to enable me to engage Spode in hand-to-hand conflict, and I toyed with the idea of striking him on the back of the head with a log of wood. But this project was rendered null and void by the fact that there were no logs of wood present. These yew alleys or rhododendron walks provide twigs and fallen leaves but nothing in the shape of logs capable of being used as clubs. And I had just decided that something might be accomplished by leaping on Spode's back and twining my arms around his neck when I heard Stiffy cry, "Harold!"

One gathered what she was driving at. Gussie was no particular buddy of hers, but she was a tender-hearted young prune and one always likes to save a fellow creature's life, if possible. She was calling on Stinker to get into the act and save Gussie's. And a quick look at him showed me that he was at a loss to know how to proceed. He stood there passing a finger thoughtfully over his chin, like a cat in an adage.

I knew what was stopping him getting action. It was not . . . it's on the tip of my tongue . . . begins with a p . . . I've heard Jeeves use the word . . . pusillanimity, that's it, meaning broadly that a fellow is suffering from a pronounced case of cold feet . . . it was not, as I was saying when I interrupted myself, pusillanimity that held him back. Under normal conditions lions could have taken his correspondence course, and had he encountered Spode on the football field, he would have had no hesitation in springing at his neck and twisting it into a lover's knot.

The trouble was that he was a curate, and the brass hats of the Church look askance at curates who swat parishioners. Sock your flock, and you're sunk. So now he shrank from intervening, and when he did intervene, it was merely with the soft word that's supposed to turn away wrath.

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"Just once, can't you forget about your rock collection?"

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"I say, you know, what?" he said.

I could have told him he was approaching the thing from the wrong angle. When a gorilla like Spode is letting his angry passions rise, there is little or no percentage in the mild remonstrance. Seeming to realise this, he advanced to where the blighter was now, or so it appeared, trying to strangle Gussie and laid a hand on his shoulder. Then, seeing that this, too, achieved no solid results, he pulled. There was a rending sound, and the clutching hand relaxed its grip.

I don't know if you've ever tried detaching a snow leopard of the Himalayas from its prey—probably not, as most people don't find themselves out that way much—but if you did, you would feel fairly safe in budgeting for a show of annoyance on the animal's part. It

Continued from page 72

was the same with Spode. Incensed at what I suppose seemed to him this unwarrantable interference with his aims and objects, he hit Stinker on the nose, and all the doubts that had been bothering the curate vanished in a flash.

I should imagine that if there's one thing that makes a fellow forget that he's in holy orders, it's a crisp punch on the bazeer. A moment before, Stinker had been all concern about the disapproval of his superiors in the cloth, but now, as I read his mind, he was saying to himself, "To hell with my superiors in the cloth," or however a curate would put it, "let them eat cake."

It was a superb spectacle while it lasted and I was able to under-

stand what people meant when they spoke of the Church Militant. A good deal to my regret, it did not last long. Spode was full of the will to win, but Stinker had the science. It was not for nothing that he had added a boxing blue to his football blue when at the old Alma Mater. There was a brief mix-up and the next thing one observed was Spode on the ground, looking like the corpse which had been in the water several days. His left eye was swelling visibly and a referee could have counted a hundred over him without eliciting a response.

Stiffy, with a brief "At-a-boy," led Stinker off, no doubt to bathe his nose and stanch the vital flow, which was considerable, and I

handed Gussie his glasses. He stood twiddling them in a sort of trance, and I made a suggestion which I felt was in his best interests.

"Not to presume to dictate, Gussie, but wouldn't it be wise to remove yourself before Spode comes to? From what I know of him, I think he's one of those fellows who wake up cross."

I have seldom seen anyone move quicker. We were out of the yew alley, if it was a yew alley, or the rhododendron walk, if that's what it was, almost before the words had left my lips. We continued to set a good pace, but eventually we slowed up a bit and he was able to comment on the recent scene.

"That was a ghastly experience

Bertie," he said with a long sigh. "Can't have been at all pleasant," I agreed.

"My whole past life seemed to flash before me."

"That's odd. You weren't drown-

ing."

"No, but the principle's the same. I can tell you I was thankful when Pinker made his presence felt. What a splendid chap he is."

"One of the best."

"That's what today's Church needs—more curates capable of hauling off and letting fellows like Spode have it where it does most good. One feels so safe when he's around."

I put a point which seemed to have escaped his notice.

"But he won't always be around. He has Infants' Bible Classes and Mothers' Meetings and all that sort of thing to occupy his time. And don't forget that Spode, though crushed to earth, will rise again."

His jaw sagged a bit.

"I never thought of that."

"If you take my advice, you'll clear out and go underground for a while. Stiffy would lend you her car."

"I believe you're right," he said, adding something about out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, which I thought a bit offensive.

"I'll leave this evening."

"Without saying goodbye."

"Of course without saying goodbye. No, don't go that way. Keep bearing to the left. I want to go to the kitchen garden. I told Em I'd meet her there."

"You told who?"

"Emerald Stoker. Who did you think I meant? She had to go to the kitchen garden and gather beans and things for tonight's dinner."

AND there, sure enough, she was with a large basin in her hands, busy about her domestic duties.

"Here's Bertie, Em," said Gussie, and she whisked round, spilling a bean or two.

I was disturbed to see how every freckle on her face lit up as she looked at him, as if she were gazing on some lovely sight, which was far from being the case. In me she didn't seem much interested.

A brief, "Hello, Bertie" appeared to cover it as far as I was concerned, her whole attention being earmarked for Gussie. She was staring at him as a mother might have stared at a loved child who had shown up at the home after a clash with one of the neighborhood children. Until then I had been too agitated to notice how dishevelled his encounter with Spode had left him, but I now saw that his general appearance was that of something that had passed through a wringer.

"What . . . what have you been doing to yourself?" she ejaculated, if that's the word. "You look like a devastated area."

"Inevitable in the circus," I said. "He's been having a spot of unpleasantness with Spode."

"Is that the man you were telling me about? The human gorilla?"

"That's the one."

"What happened?"

"Spode tried to shake the stuff-

ing out of him."

"You poor, precious lambkin," said Emerald, addressing Gussie, not me. "Gosh, I wish I had him here for a minute. I'd teach him."

And, by what I have always thought an odd coincidence, her wish was granted. A crashing sound like that made by a herd of hippopotami going through the reeds on a river bank attracted my notice and I beheld Spode approaching at the rate of knots with the obvious intention of resuming at as early a date as possible his investigations into the color of Gussie's insides which Stinker's intervention had compelled him to file under the head of unfinished business. In predicting that this menace in the treatment, though crushed to earth, would rise again, I had been perfectly correct.

There seemed to me a very strong

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Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 188-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 18, 1964



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resemblance in the newcomer's manner to that of those Assyrians who, so we learn from sources close to them, came down like a wolf on the fold with their cohorts all gleaming with purple and gold. He could have walked straight into their camp, and they would have laid down the red carpet for him, recognising him instantly as one of the boys.

But where the Assyrians had had the bulge on him was that they weren't going to find in the fold a motherly young woman with strong wrists and a basin in her hands. This basin appeared to be constructed of some thickish form of china, and as Spode grabbed Gussie and started to go into the old shaking routine it descended on the back of his head with what some call a dull and others a sickening thud. It broke into several fragments, but by that time its mission had been accomplished.

His powers of resistance sapped, no doubt, by his recent encounter with the Rev. H. P. Pinker, Spode fell to earth he knew not where and lay there looking peaceful. I remember thinking at the time that this was not his lucky day, and it just showed, I thought, that it's always a mistake to be a louse in human shape, as he had been from birth, because sooner or later retribution is bound to overtake you.

FOR a space Emerald Stoker stood surveying her handiwork with a satisfied smile on her face, and I didn't blame her for looking a bit smug, for she had unquestionably fought the good fight.

Then suddenly, with a quick "Oh, golly!" she was off like a nymph surprised while bathing, and a moment later I understood what had caused this mobility. She had seen Madeline Bassett approaching, and no cook likes to have to explain to her employer why she has been bonneting her employer's guests with china basins.

As Madeline's eyes fell on the remains they widened to the size of golf balls and she looked at Gussie as if he had been a mass murderer she wasn't very fond of.

"What have you been doing to Roderick?" she demanded.

"Eh?" said Gussie.

"I said, 'What have you done to Roderick?'"

Gussie adjusted his spectacles and shrugged a shoulder.

"Oh, that? I merely chastised him. The fellow had only himself to blame. He asked for it, and I had to teach him a lesson."

"You brute!"

"Not at all. He had the option of withdrawing. He must have foreseen what would happen when he saw me remove my glasses. When I remove my glasses those who know what's good for them take to the hills."

"I hate you, I hate you!" cried Madeline, a thing I didn't know anyone ever said except in the second act of a musical comedy.

"You do?" said Gussie.

"Yes, I do. I loathe you."

"Then, in that case," said Gussie, "I shall now eat a ham sandwich."

And this he proceeded to do with a sort of wolfish gusto that sent cold shivers down my spine, and Madeline shrieked sharply.

"This is the end!" she said,

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another thing you don't often hear.

When things between two once loving hearts have hotbed up to this extent it is always the prudent course for the innocent bystander to edge away, and this I did. I started back to the house, and in the drive I met Jeeves. He was at the wheel of Stiffy's car. Beside him, looking like a Scotch elder rebuking sin, was the dog Bartholomew.

"Good evening, sir," he said. "I have been taking this little fellow to the veterinary surgeon. Miss Byng was uneasy because he bit Mr. Fink-Nottle. She was afraid he might have caught something. I am glad to say the surgeon has given him a clean bill of health."

"Jeeves," I said. "I have a tale of horror to relate."

"Indeed, sir?"

"The lute is mute," I said, and as briefly as possible put him in possession of the facts. When I had finished he agreed that it was most disturbing.

"But I fear there is nothing to be done, sir."

I reeled. I have grown so accustomed to seeing Jeeves solve every problem, however sticky, that this frank confession of his inability to deliver the goods unmanned me.

"You're baffled?"

"Yes, sir."

"At a loss?"

STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

"Precisely, sir. Possibly at some future date a means of adjusting matters will occur to me, but at the moment, I regret to say, I can think of nothing. I am sorry, sir."

I shrugged the shoulders. The iron had entered into my soul, but the upper lip was stiff.

"It's all right, Jeeves. Not your fault if a thing like this lays you a stymie."

"Drive on, Jeeves," I said, and he drove on. The dog Bartholomew gave me an unpleasantly superior look as they moved off, as if asking me if I were saved.

I pushed along to my room, the only spot in this joint of terror where anything in the nature of

peace and quiet was to be had, not that even there one got much of it. The fierce rush of life at Totleigh Towers had got me down and I wanted to be alone.

I suppose I must have sat there for more than half an hour, trying to think what was to be done for the best, and then, out of what I have heard Jeeves describe as the welter of emotions, one coherent thought emerged, and that was that if I didn't shortly get a snifter I would expire in my tracks.

It was now the cocktail hour and I knew that, whatever his faults, Sir Watkyn Bassett provided aperitifs for his guests. True, I had promised Stiffy that I would avoid his society, but I had not anticipated then that this emergency would

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EASTER DISHES



SIMNEL CAKE has a rich centre and topping of almond paste. Decorate it with gay little Easter chickens.

HOT CROSS BUNS and **Bunny Buns** which have marshmallow tails. The miniature lamb is butter.



Sweet foods in old tradition

● Easter, like Christmas, has a tradition of special foods that have been associated with it for centuries. Hot cross buns and Easter eggs are the best known, but there are other cakes and sweet dishes to enhance the Easter table.

TRY a simnel cake this Easter, and instead of chocolate Easter eggs make them of brightly colored jellies and serve them in egg-cups like those shown opposite.

These, and other recipes in this cookery feature, will add interest and good eating to your Easter meal.

Level spoon measures and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes. Plain flour is used, unless specified otherwise.

HOT CROSS BUNS

One pound flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. compressed yeast, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk, 2oz. sultanas, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg.

Crumble yeast into basin and mix in the lukewarm milk and 1 teaspoon each of flour and sugar. Stand in basin in warm place 15 minutes or until spongy. (This is called "setting the sponge.") Sift the flour and salt into large basin, rub in the butter, sugar, and sultanas. Beat the egg well, add it to the yeast and milk sponge. Add this mixture to the flour mixture. Make into a soft dough. Stand in warm place 40 minutes. (The top of a warm oven is a good place if the oven is in use, otherwise use plate-rack over the hotplate.) Cover with clean cloth, but do not allow cover to touch dough. Turn on to lightly floured board. Knead well, turning outside edges of dough into the centre. Knead until mixture is smooth and elastic. Cut into 16 even-sized pieces, knead each piece into a round, mark deep cross on each with back of knife. Place close together on greased flat tin. Set again in warm place 10 to 15 minutes. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove from oven, glaze with 1 tablespoon gelatine and 1 tablespoon sugar dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water. Cool on cake-cooler.

EASTER BUNNY CAKE

Two packets cake mix (or use the basic butter-cake recipe given in Easter Baskets), colored paper to cover large board, 3 egg-whites, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 packets shredded coconut, little pink coloring, 2 pink fondant sweets, small packet licorice, 1 packet chewing-gum sweets, few red sugar-coated soft jellies, 2 or 3 soft chocolate rounds, ribbon.

Make up cake mixes as directed on packet (or use basic butter-cake recipe), fill into greased 7 x 11in. lamington-tin and 2 greased 7in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven approximately 25 minutes. Turn out; cool.

To assemble: Round off each corner of large cake to form body of rabbit. Use one 7in. round cake for head, and cut the 2 ears and 2 hind legs from remaining 7in. cake.

Cover large board or tray with colored paper, place cake pieces in position. Make up frosting by combining in heat-proof bowl the egg-whites, sugar, lemon juice, and water. Beat with electric mixer over hot simmering water for approximately 20 minutes or until frosting is stiff and smooth; add vanilla and cream of tartar. Quickly remove from hot water, cover cake pieces completely, joining them together with a little frosting as you go. Sprinkle over white coconut, excluding ears, which are covered with pink coconut. (This can be bought ready-tinted or made very easily by rubbing pink coloring into white coconut until desired color.) Press fondant sweets out flat, cut into shape for eyes, place in position and add a little licorice for centres and eyelashes. Cut up jellies to represent mouth, place 2 chewing-gum sweets in mouth for teeth.

Make rabbit's fore legs by placing slightly thicker layer of coconut in fore leg positions, and little pink coconut for paws. With fluted cutter, cut out chocolate rounds into thin slivers, place in position to represent claws. Attach bright ribbon and a bow to rabbit's neck.

RECIPES FROM OUR

LEILA HOWARD

TEST KITCHEN

SIMNEL CAKE

Almond Paste: Twelve ounces ground almonds, 12oz. castor sugar, 2 egg-yolks, few drops almond essence, little lemon juice.

Cake: Eight ounces butter, 6oz. brown sugar, 4oz. white sugar, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 5 eggs, 8oz. cherries, 8oz. chopped mixed peel, 4oz. walnuts and almonds mixed, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. raisins, 5 tablespoons sherry, 12oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon mixed spice.

Decorations: Apricot jam, little glaze icing, colorful ribbon, Easter novelty.

Almond Paste: Mix together the ground almonds and castor sugar. Beat egg-yolks and mix with almond essence and lemon juice. Mix into dry ingredients, adding extra lemon juice if necessary to form a stiff paste; chill.

Cake: Cream butter and sugars together with lemon rind and vanilla. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition. Mix halved cherries with chopped peel, chopped nuts, sultanas, and chopped raisins; add to creamed mixture. Fold in half the sifted dry ingredients, followed by sherry, then remainder of dry ingredients. Glaze half the mixture into 8in. cake-tin lined with 2 thicknesses of brown paper and 1 of white. Roll out just a little more than 1-3rd of almond paste to about 8 1/2 in. circle, using cake-tin as guide. Carefully lower into tin on top of cake mixture, press down well. Fill remainder of cake mixture into tin, bang down a few times on table to level and remove air bubbles. Bake in slow oven about 3 to 3 1/2 hours. Allow to cool in tin; if possible leave overnight before decorating.

From almond paste make 11 small egg-shaped balls; stand aside. Roll out remainder of paste (using little castor sugar or icing-sugar on rolling-pin and board) into a round 1/2 in. larger than top of cake. Spread top of cake with smooth apricot jam, carefully lay the paste in position, flute edges with fingers, place eggs evenly round edge.

Place in hot oven a few minutes to brown eggs (watch carefully, because this takes only a short time). Remove from oven when brown, allow to cool. Spoon a little glaze icing in centre of cake, allow to run slightly to edge. When set, place a pretty Easter novelty chicken or bunny in centre and tie a colorful ribbon round side of cake.

BUNNY BUNS

Yeast mixture, as for Hot Cross Buns, Marshmallows.

Make yeast mixture as for hot cross buns (the sultanas can be omitted). Shape into rounds, making smaller rounds for the heads. Take separate pieces of dough, pinch up into ear shapes, press on the smaller rounds. Press together large rounds and small rounds with ears to form a rabbit shape; place on greased tin. Set aside to prove 10 to 15 minutes. Bake in hot oven approximately 15 minutes. Remove from oven, glaze with 1 tablespoon gelatine and 1 tablespoon sugar dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water. Immediately press on to each hot bun a marshmallow for the tail. Cool on wire rack.

JELLY EASTER EGGS

One packet jelly crystals, hot water, 1 small can fruit cocktail, empty egg-shells, whipped cream.

(We used orange-flavored jelly — but you could choose a green or red jelly, or make some in several colors so there is a variety.)

Dissolve jelly in 1/2 pint of boiling water. Drain fruit cocktail, add enough cold water to the fruit syrup to make 1/2 pint of liquid. Stir into the jelly, set aside until consistency of egg-white; stir in the fruit cocktail.

Take empty egg-shells from which the tops have been carefully removed, leaving as much of the shell as possible. Spoon jelly mixture into each shell; stand shells upright in egg-carton and refrigerate until set. Carefully crack shell and pull away from the jellied egg. Set egg in fancy egg-cup so the completely curved end is on top. Top with spot of whipped cream.

Orange Jelly Eggs: If you have not sufficient egg-shells available, you might like to try this simple and full-of-flavor version, which sets in egg-cups:

Take 2 large oranges, cut them across, scoop out the fruit with teaspoon. Put into small bowl, sprinkle with 1 1/2 tablespoons sugar, let stand at least 1 hour. Now strain juice from oranges and make it up to 1/2 pint with water.

Soften 4oz. of gelatine in a little cold water; add to orange liquid, stir over gentle heat until gelatine is dissolved. Pour mixture into 4 egg-cups which have been rinsed with cold water. Refrigerate until set; turn out (the easiest way to do this is to dip each egg-cup into fairly hot water for a few seconds to loosen contents). Fill egg-cups brim-full with orange pulp, then place a jelly on top of each egg-cup. Top with whipped cream.

This will make 4 jelly eggs; quantities can be increased, of course.

FANCY LAMB OF BUTTER

Cream 1/2 lb. butter or substitute until pliable but not soft. On square of waxed paper, shape butter into rectangle, about 4 1/2 in. x 3 in. (it will be about 1 in. thick). Set pattern of lamb on top (cut from greeting card or child's paint book, etc.), cut round it with small knife, remove excess butter; chill. When firm, stand lamb upright. With knife, round off sharp edges, make swirls for wool. Make eyes of cloves and, if desired, add a little collar of parsley sprigs.

EASTER BASKETS

Make up the basic butter-cake recipe below, or use a cake mix; fill paper patty-cases 1/2 full with mixture. Bake until well risen and firm; cool. Frost with thin layer of glaze icing, put aside for icing to set.

Take white fancy paper doilies, 5 in. in diameter, cut out centres to fit tops of cakes. Place in position, secure with colored pipe cleaner, which forms the handle. Fill centre of cakes with shredded coconut tinted green. Add some pink and white sugared almonds or colored jelly beans to top of coconut to resemble small Easter eggs.

Basic Butter Cake: Half pound butter or substitute, 1 1/2 cups castor sugar, 3 eggs, 3 1/4 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 cup milk, rind and juice of 1 lemon.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition; add lemon juice and rind. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Pour into greased 8 in. round tin; bake in moderately hot oven 60 minutes.

(Double the above quantities if making the Easter Bunny Cake and bake in the size of tins as directed. There will be some batter remaining; use it for Easter Baskets.)

JELLY EASTER EGGS and Easter Baskets are easy to make and will delight the children. They taste good, too.

EASTER BUNNY has a real personality. He's easy to make from cake mix or butter-cake mix and coconut.

Color pictures by Barry Cullen



ADD AN

Heinz beans and Sunrise Eggs make a tasty, sustaining plateful - for any time from breakfast to supper.

HEINZ FAST-MEAL SPECIAL

Heat a tin of Heinz Baked Beans till piping hot. Pile lavishly onto juicy buttered

toast - and top with a sizzling, crisp-fried egg. Simple, tasty and proteins galore!



EGG...

The pick of the potato crop goes into Deb Instant Mashed Potato. Team with the rich protein and vitamin of Sunrise Eggs in

EGG AND POTATO NESTS

Line ovenproof ramekins with Deb (made to packet instructions). Drop an egg into the centre of each, grate cheese

over, bake till eggs are set (about 15 min.). Serve in ramekins or on plates with vegetables.



SUNRISE EGGS

Guaranteed new laid. 18 and 21 oz. to the dozen are ideal for use in these recipes.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 18, 1964

ADD AN

Maggi soup you can eat with a fork! Just add Sunrise Eggs, gelatine and vegetables for this tempting supper, lunch, or party-time dish.

EGG AND CHICKEN ASPIC

Prepare 1 packet Maggi Chicken Noodle Soup according to directions. Soften 5 teaspoons gelatine in 1 tablespoon water and add to soup mixture. Add grated carrot, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, chopped capsicum, celery,

eschalots and parsley and season to taste. Cool. Halve three hard-boiled eggs. Arrange six halves on base of mould. Pour over soup mixture and chill until set.



SUNRISE EGGS

Guaranteed new laid. 18 and 21 oz. to the dozen are ideal for use in these recipes.

EGG...

Slim happily with high energy, starch-reduced Energette rolls... protein and vitamin rich Sunrise Eggs... in

LOW CALORIE SPECIALS

EGG-AND-BACON SNACKS Toast lightly buttered Energettes. Generously pile with scrambled egg and top with bacon rolls.

EGG ROUNDS Put a thin slice of ham, a thick slice of tomato, on Energettes. Top with two slices of hard-boiled Sunrise egg and paprika.



ADD AN

Making a perfect pizza is easy — when you use Mother's Choice flour and Sunrise eggs. Try this new variation.

SAVOURY EGG PIZZA

Make pizza pastry by mixing 2 beaten eggs into 1½ cups Mother's Choice Self-Raising Flour. Add 4oz. melted margarine, salt and pepper. Press pastry thinly into pizza tin.

Decorate with sardine and slices of tomato. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven. Serve decorated with slices of hard-boiled egg.



EGG...

Sunwhite rice for energy - Sunrise eggs for protective protein. Colourful as a tropical sunset...

CARIBBEAN EGGS

Boil required quantity of Sunwhite Rice (1 cup uncooked makes three cups cooked). Heap onto individual serving plates. Lay a fried egg on each bed of rice. Flank

with two halves of grilled banana, pour over a little hot tomato puree and serve remainder separately.



SUNRISE EGGS

Guaranteed new laid. 18 and 21 oz. to the dozen are ideal for use in these recipes.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 18, 1964



FISH LUNCHEON DISH

● These fish-shaped nests of piped creamy potato with a special salmon filling make an ideal and unusual entree or luncheon dish.

STEPS in making the nests are illustrated below.

FISH POTATO NESTS

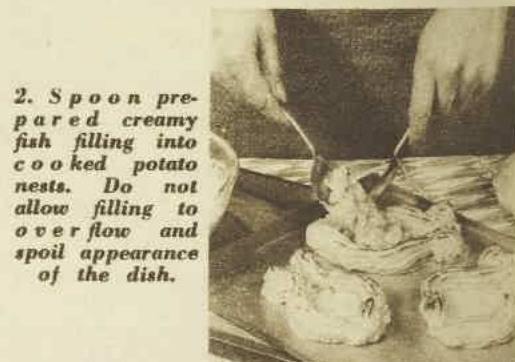
One pound can salmon, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, salt, pepper, squeeze lemon juice, 2oz. grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked peas, 3 chopped tomatoes, brown breadcrumbs, extra grated cheese, stuffed olives, parsley, 4 cups cooked mashed potato, egg-glazing.

Drain and flake salmon. Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Add milk, stir until sauce boils. Season with salt, pepper, lemon juice. Add to salmon with cheese, chopped tomatoes, and peas. Pipe hot mashed potato on to greased oven-slide in the shape of fishes as shown. Brush with egg-glazing, bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Fill centres with fish mixture. Sprinkle with cheese and breadcrumbs, cook further 10 minutes. Use slice of olive for the eye.

SLICE of olive makes eye for fish nests, here ready to serve garnished with parsley.



1. Mash potatoes, adding milk and butter to make a creamy mixture. Pipe potato in fish shapes on to greased slide. Bake in moderate oven until golden brown.



2. Spoon prepared creamy fish filling into cooked potato nests. Do not allow filling to overflow and spoil appearance of the dish.



3. Sprinkle a mixture of breadcrumbs and grated cheese on fish filling. Brown in a moderate oven. This makes a delicious crusty topping for nests.

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HB106

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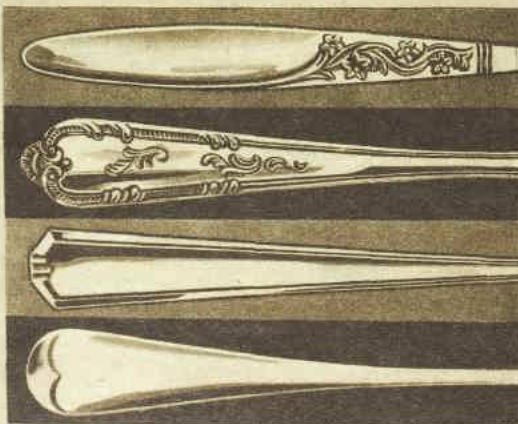
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OUR LOW CALORIE RECIPE FOR DIETERS

● Here is an easily prepared and delicious egg dish, ideal for the business girl who lives alone and, after a busy day, is often too tired to do much cooking.

ACCOMPANY it with a thin slice of wholemeal bread, lightly buttered, a piece of fruit (apple, orange, peach), and black coffee; these will add 200 calories, giving a satisfying, substantial, and nourishing meal for 560 calories.

POACHED EGGS MORNAY

Two eggs, 1 small packet frozen chopped spinach, 1oz. grated cheese, salt,

pepper, squeeze of lemon juice, 1/2oz. butter.

Cook spinach as directed on packet, drain and season with salt, pepper, lemon juice. Stir in 1/2oz. of cheese and spoon mixture into small casserole. Top with poached, well-drained eggs, sprinkle over remaining cheese and dot with butter. Brown under heated grill; serve immediately. Serves 1: Calories per serving, 360.

Reader's savory recipe awarded main prize

● A savory onion cake that is nice to serve with soup or a salad wins the £5 main prize this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for a selection of interesting recipes—a blackberry pie; an Italian savory dish made with noodles; a dessert pie flavored with cocoa and raisins; and spicy biscuit fingers.

All spoon measurements are level. Plain flour is used, unless otherwise stated.

ONION CAKE

Yeast dough: Ten ounces plain flour, 2-3rds cup warm milk, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1/2oz. yeast, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Mix yeast and milk in a basin; allow to rise in warm place. Rub butter or substitute into sifted flour and salt. Mix yeast mixture into flour to form dough. Allow to rise in greased bowl until double in bulk. Meanwhile prepare onion topping.

Topping: Two pounds onions, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 4oz. bacon, 2 eggs, 1/2 pint cream.

Cut bacon into small pieces, fry until golden brown and crisp. Remove bacon, place butter or substitute into remaining bacon fat. Fry onions until tender without browning. Remove from heat, place in basin with bacon pieces, salt, cream, and eggs.

Roll out risen dough to 1/4in. thickness and place in 7in. x 11in. cake-tin. Allow to rise another 20 minutes. Place onion mixture on top of dough, bake in hot oven 45 minutes or until golden brown. Serve cut into squares.

First prize of £5 to Miss A. Erbsland, 33 Winchester St., Malvern P.O., Parkside, S.A.

SPICY FINGERS

Two ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. brown sugar, 6oz. flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1/2 teaspoon mixed spice, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon golden syrup.

Chocolate butter icing: Two ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. icing-sugar, few drops vanilla, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 tablespoon hot water, little extra icing-sugar.



ONION CAKE is a delicious savory snack to serve with soup or salad. The recipe is given above.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Sift together the flour, salt, and spices, blend into creamed mixture. Stir in golden syrup to make stiff paste. Roll out thinly on lightly floured board. Cut into fingers approximately 2 1/4in. by 1/2in. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. Cool, then sandwich together with chocolate butter icing. Dredge with little icing-sugar.

Icing: Cream butter or substitute until soft. Gradually beat in sieved icing-sugar and vanilla. Blend cocoa with hot water, beat into prepared mixture.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Fuller, Blackwood Road, Vineyard, via Riverstone, N.S.W.

BRANDIED BLACKBERRY PIE

One and half cups flour, 1/2 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons sifted icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon water, extra 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 3 cups blackberries, butter, 1/2 cup brandy.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in butter or substitute until it resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Beat egg and sugar, add water. Mix into flour, making dry dough, adding a little more water if necessary. Cut in halves. Roll out one half, line greased 9in. pie-plate.

Sift extra flour with sugar, mix lightly with orange rind and blackberries. Pile into prepared pie-shell, dot surface with butter, cover with lattice-work made from remaining pastry. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat, bake further 20 minutes. Pour brandy into apertures. Serve warm.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Kew, 6 Burnside Street, Watson, A.C.T.

LASAGNE AL FORNO

One packet broad egg noodles, 4oz. mozzarella cheese, 2 tablespoons parmesan cheese (grated), 1lb. minced steak, 1 small finely chopped onion, 1 clove crushed garlic, pinch mixed herbs, 1 bayleaf, 1 1/2 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons tomato paste, 1 pint water.

Warm the oil in saucepan, add chopped onion and garlic, cook until golden, add meat and mix thoroughly, cooking until meat is browned. Mix in tomato paste and water. Cook over moderate heat 30 minutes, add herbs and bayleaf. Turn heat to low, simmer 1 hour. During last half-hour, cook noodles in boiling salted water. Line bottom of casserole with layer of noodles, cover with 1-3rd of meat sauce, cover this with half the mozzarella cheese. Repeat these layers once; for final layer add remainder of noodles, cover with remainder of sauce. Sprinkle parmesan cheese over all, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Lombardelli, c/o Post Office, Chittaway Point, via Wyong, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE RAISIN PIE

Pastry: Four ounces flour, 6oz. self-raising flour, 6oz. butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons water, pinch salt.

Filling: Four tablespoons raisins (chopped), 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon water, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in butter; mix to firm dough with water. Take 2-3rds of mixture, roll out, line 8in. pie-plate. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes.

Combine in bowl the brown sugar, cinnamon, water. Mix in raisins, spread this paste on bottom of baked pie-shell. Heat milk. Blend cocoa, cornflour, and sugar, stir into warm milk, continue stirring until thick; blend in vanilla. Pour into pie-shell. Cover with remaining pastry, rolled out to size. Trim edges, glaze with milk. Bake in moderate oven until golden brown.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Charlesworth, c/o Post Office, Young, N.S.W.

Pick a Pickle...

Nothing brings a meal alive more than a good, tasty pickle and practically every recipe can be improved with one. Rosella make four of the best and tastiest pickles you can buy. Choose from Chow Chow, Sweet Mustard, Piccalilli or Indian — or better still, try them all!

Ham and Pickle Bake

Spread slices of ham with mustard pickles. Wrap around asparagus spears. Cover with grated cheese. Bake until cheese melts and browns slightly.



Choose a Chutney...

Every good cook reaches for the chutney as often as possible — most meals and recipes are the better for it. Rosella Chutney, made from the finest of Australian fruits skilfully combined with choice imported spices, works a special magic on all kinds of plain and fancy meals.

Scrambled Corn Delights

Spread slices of toast with fruit chutney. Top with scrambled egg mixed with Sweet Corn.



Rosella's got the flavour...
...the flavour of goodness!

Rosella

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Answer:

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...the flavour of goodness!

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arise. It was a straight choice between betraying her trust and perishing where I sat, and I decided on the former alternative.

I found Pop Bassett in the drawing-room with a well-laden tray at his elbow and hurried forward, licking my lips. To say that he looked glad to see me would be overstating it, but he offered me a life saver and I accepted it gratefully. An awkward silence of about twenty minutes followed, and then, just as I had finished my second and was fishing for the olive, Stiffy entered. She gave me a quick reproachful look and I could see that her trust in Bertram's promises would never be the same again, but it was to Pop Bassett that she directed her attention.

"Hullo, Uncle Watkyn."

"Good evening, my dear."

"Having a spot before dinner?"

"I am."

"You think you are," said Stiffy, "but you aren't and

Continued from page 75

I'll tell you why. There isn't going to be any dinner. The cook's eloped with Gussie Fink-Nottle."

I wonder if you have ever noticed a rather peculiar thing—viz., how differently the same news item can affect two different people? I mean, you tell something to Jones and Brown, let us say, and while Jones sits plunged in gloom and looking licked to a splinter, Brown gives three rousing cheers and goes into a buck-and-wing dance. And the same thing is true of Smith and Robinson. Often struck me as curious, that has.

It was so now. Listening to the recent heated exchanges between Madeline Bassett and Gussie hadn't left me what you might call optimistic, but the heart bowed down with weight of woe to weakest hope will cling, as the fellow said, and I had

STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

tried to tell myself that their mutual love, though admittedly having taken it on the chin at the moment, might eventually get cracking again, causing all to be forgotten and forgiven.

I mean to say, remorse has frequently been known to set in after a dust-up between a couple of troth plighters, with all that Sorry-I-was-cross and Can-you-ever-forgive-me stuff, and love, after being down in the cellar for a time with no takers, perks up and carries on again as good as new. Oh, blessings on the falling out that all the more endears is the way I heard Jeeves put it once.

But at Stiffy's words this hope collapsed as if it had been struck on the back of the head with a china basin containing beans, and I sank forward in my chair, the face buried in the hands. It is always my policy to look on the bright side, but in order

to do this you have to have a bright side to look on, and under existing conditions there wasn't one.

This, as Madeline Bassett would have said, was the end. I had come to this house as a *raisonneur* to bring the young folks together, but, however much of a *raisonneur* you are, you can't bring young folks together if one of them elopes with somebody else. You are not merely hampered, but shackled. So now, as I say, I sank forward in my chair, the face buried in the hands.

To Pop Bassett, on the other hand, this bit of front-page news had plainly come as rare and refreshing fruit. My face being buried as stated, I couldn't see if he went into a buck-and-wing dance, but I should think it highly probable that he did a step or two, for when he spoke you could tell from the timbre of his voice that he was feeling about as pepped up as a man can feel without bursting.

One could understand his fizziness, of course. Of all the prospective sons-in-law in existence, Gussie, with the possible exception of Bertram Wooster, was the one he would have chosen last. He had viewed him with concern from the start, and if he had been living back in the days when fathers called the shots in the matter of their daughters' marriages, would have forbidden the banns without a second thought.

Gussie once told me that when he, Gussie, was introduced to him, Bassett, as the fellow who was to marry his, Bassett's, offspring, he, Bassett, had stared at him with his jaw dropping and then in a sort of strangled voice had said, "What!"

Incredulously, if you see what I mean, as if he were hoping that they were just playing a jolly practical joke on him and that in due course the real chap would jump out from behind a chair and say, "April fool!" And when he, Bassett, at last got on to it that there was no deception and that Gussie was really what he had drawn, he went off into a corner and sat there motionless, refusing to speak when spoken to.

Little wonder, then, that Stiffy's announcement had bucked him up like a dose of Doctor Somebody's Tonic Swamp Juice, which acts directly on the red corpuscles and imparts a gentle glow.

"Eloped?" he gurgled.

"That's right."

"With the cook?"

"With none other. That's why I said there wasn't going to be any dinner. We shall have to make do with hard-boiled eggs, if there are any left over from the treat."

The mention of hard-boiled eggs made Pop Bassett wince for a moment, and one could see that his thoughts had flitted back to the tea tent, but he was far too happy to allow sad memories to trouble him for long. With a wave

of the hand he dismissed dinner as something that didn't matter one way or the other. The Bassetts, the wave suggested, could rough it if they had to.

"Are you sure of your facts, my dear?"

"I met them as they were starting off. Gussie said he hoped I wouldn't mind him borrowing my car."

"You reassured him, I trust?"

"Oh, yes. I said, 'That's all right, Gussie. Help yourself.'"

"Good girl. Good girl. An excellent response. Then they have really gone?"

"With the wind."

"And they plan to get married?"

"As soon as Gussie can get a special licence."

"Money well spent."

"That's how Gussie feels."

He told me he was dropping the cook at Bertie's aunt's place and then going on to London to get the licence. He's full of zeal."

This extraordinary statement that Gussie was landing Emerald Stoker on Aunt Dahlia brought my head up with a jerk. I found myself speculating on how the old flesh and blood was going to take the intrusion, and it gave me rather an awed feeling to think how deep Gussie's love for his Em must be, to make him face such fearful risks.

The aged relative has a strong personality and finds no difficulty, when displeased, in reducing the object of her displeasure to a spot of grease in a matter of minutes. I am told that sportsmen whom in her hunting days she had occasion to rebuke for riding over hounds were never the same again and for months would go about in a sort of stupor, starting at sudden noises.

MY head being now up, I was able to see Pop Bassett, and I found that he was regarding me with an eye so benevolent that I could hardly believe that this was the same ex-magistrate with whom I had so recently been hobnobbing, if you can call it hobnobbing when a couple of fellows sit in a couple of chairs for twenty minutes without saying a word to each other.

It was plain that joy had made him the friend of all the world, even to the extent of allowing him to look at Bertram without a shudder. He was more like something out of Dickens than anything human.

"Your glass is empty, Mr. Wooster," he cried buoyantly. "May I refill it?"

I said he might. I had had two, which is generally my limit, but with my aplomb shattered as it was I felt that a third wouldn't hurt. Indeed, I would have been willing to go even more deeply into the thing. I once read about a man who used to drink twenty-six martinis before dinner, and the conviction was beginning to steal over me that he had had the right idea.

"Roderick tells me," he proceeded, as sunny as if a crack of his had been greeted with laughter in court, "that the reason you were unable to be with us at the school treat this afternoon was that urgent family business called you to Brinkley Court. I trust everything turned out satisfactorily?"

"Oh, yes, thanks."

"We all missed you, but business before pleasure, of course. How was your

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Persil has an exclusive "Colour-Safe" bleach to get clothes that important shade whiter!



Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 498SW, G.P.O., Sydney.

624

SKETCH
shows basic U-
shape of this
family home.

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

PLAN 624 is basically U-shaped, designed around an internal courtyard, which makes an ideal playground for children and a protected area for adult relaxation.

A gallery, overlooking the courtyard, links the sleeping area and the living section.

In its present form, the house would suit a two-child family, but space for a future bedroom has been allowed.

The rooms are a comfortable size and have a good relationship to each other.

The U-shaped kitchen has plenty of counter top and cupboard space and looks out on to the service yard. It is also handy to the laundry.

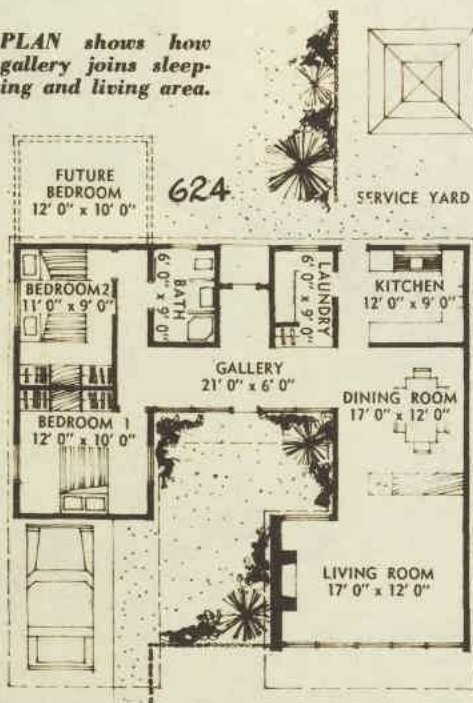
A feature of the living area is the open fireplace. This room could be divided from the dining area by a buffet with bookshelves above and a built-in TV set at one end.

A handy carport is formed by extending the flat roof of the house. The driveway can be made private from the living-area garden by an eye-level fence.

This house is 11.7 squares if built in timber.

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PLAN shows how gallery joins sleeping and living area.



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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● Any day now, this household is likely to be hit by a lightning 24-hour strike which will immobilise the wheels of the domestic machine. Floors will stay unswept, the bathroom floor will be a lake, and the kitchen sink will overflow with glasses brought in from verandah railings and dirty cups abandoned on dressing-tables and under chairs and beds.

THE only thing that makes the workforce (me) hesitate about starting this sort of strike is a sneaking fear that the only person who would really notice it would be Hugh.

Perhaps, instead, I'll fall back on my old standby — the regulation strike. This is a useful weapon which has to be put into operation about twice a year to have any real effect. It consists of a flat statement that I will only sweep bedrooms that have been tidied and only wash clothes that have been put into the linen basket.

You've got to go into training for a strike like this — or else lash yourself into a considerable fury before you begin. Once the edict has gone forth and you've made it clear that you won't sweep rooms that have clothes draped over chairs and piles of books and magazines and sporting gear on the floor; and that you won't dust dressing-tables that are piled with gramophone records and used cups and hair-rollers and theatre programmes and handbags and odd stockings and bits of junk jewellery, then you have to be prepared for things to get very much worse before they begin to get better.

It's not the faintest use weakening because you're ashamed to see fluff accumulating under the bed; and it's not the faintest use nagging or even mentioning it, because you've said it's up to them, and up to them it has to be.

Some of my friends have children who keep their rooms in apple-pie order at all times. I can't see what they've done to deserve them, but there must be some reason!

Some of my friends even have daughters who finish their dressmaking projects instead of leaving bits of material pinned to bits of paper pattern for weeks at a time, so that they gradually get stirred into the mounds of other junk that they "haven't had time" to put away!

**Above all —
don't give in!**

ONCE the regulation strike is on, you've got to be prepared to be quite implacable about it.

There isn't any reason why the rest of your house should be a pigsty, so collect up all the things that are left about (coats on chairs in the hall, textbooks on the kitchen benches, bits of knitting abandoned in armchairs, roller-skates and tools and tennis racquets and model planes and old tin cans left on the back verandah) and dump them on the owner's bed. If the bed's unmade, so much the better — you're on strike for better working conditions, remember.

Be particularly firm about washing only what has been put to the wash. This will have no effect whatsoever on sons, but works like a charm on daughters, who seethe with such fury when they find that what they wanted to wear is still screwed up in an unwashed heap on their bedroom

floor, that after five minutes devoted to telling you what a mean pig you are and how almost everyone they know is better treated by their mothers, etc., etc., they usually have enough steam left to get the room tidied.

If you want the strike to be effective you must also be unhelpful about lost articles. No "I don't wonder you can't find it," or, "It serves you right"; all you say is, "Sorry, dear, I haven't seen it. I expect it's in your room."

Kay breaks down fairly quickly under this treatment, because I think she has a sneaking feeling that it's fair enough; Di takes longer because she's more obstinate (and perhaps more optimistic) and she thinks I might crack before she does, but in the end the house will rumble and shake with her complaints for a whole Saturday morning while she reduces her room to order. And Mike?

Well, I have to confess that a strike against Mike is never 100 per cent. successful.

**Tidying a room,
schoolboy style**

"I'VE fixed my room," Mike will tell me with a beaming smile as he shoots through the back door on his way to cricket practice. And, begorra, when I go and look, so he has!

There's the floor entirely bare of junk, and all the dropped clothes have disappeared from sight. Lots and lots of his possessions will be lost for days (and will later be fished out of unsorted cardboard cartons stowed in the bottom of his wardrobe) and some rather odd things will turn up in the laundry while I'm sorting out the washing, but at least the floor can be swept and the bookshelves dusted.

After one of these strikes things seem to go along quite harmoniously for months — I don't know whether this is because the children are tidier or because I've had the pleasure of working off some spleen!

Running a house, I sometimes think, is nothing but a long succession of last straws.

Some of mine are colored tissues left in the pockets of things that have to be washed — you never notice them when they're dry, only when they break up into repulsive strands and clamp on to other garments; showers taken with the shower-curtain absentmindedly left outside the ledge; large sheets of paper and stacks of used envelopes left beside the phone with a single telephone number and no name on them — it's never really safe to throw them away; and the ironing-board!

After a few years of living in a house with two teenage daughters I'm willing to admit defeat. The right time to press a frock is obviously five minutes before you're going to leave the house in it. But why, oh why, does that mean that the ironing-board must always be left in the middle of the kitchen floor for someone else to put away?



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uncle? You found him well, I hope?"

"Yes, he was fine."
"And your aunt?"
"She had gone to London."

"Indeed? You must have been sorry not to have seen her. I know few women I admire more. So hospitable. So breezy. I have seldom enjoyed anything more than my recent visit to her house."

I think his exuberance would have led him to continue in the same strain indefinitely, but at this point Stuffy came out of the thoughtful silence into which she had fallen. She had been standing there regarding him with a speculative eye, as if debating within herself whether or not to start something, and now she gave the impression that her mind was made up.

"I'm glad to see you so cheerful, Uncle Watkyn. I was afraid my news might have upset you."

"Upset me!" said Pop Bassett incredulously. "Whatever put that idea in your head?"

"Well, you're short one son-in-law."

"It is precisely that that has made this the happiest day of my life."

"Then you can make it the happiest of mine," said Stuffy, striking while the iron

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continued from page 88

was hot. "By giving Harold that vicarage."

Most of my attention, as you may well imagine, being concentrated on contemplating the soup in which I was immersed, I cannot say whether or not Pop Bassett hesitated, but if he did, it was only for an instant. No doubt for a second or two the vision of that hard-boiled egg rose before him and he was conscious again of the resentment he had been feeling at Stinker's failure to keep a firm hand on the junior members of his flock, but the thought that Augustus Fink-Nottle was not to be his son-in-law drove the young cleric's shortcomings from his mind.

FILLED with the milk of human kindness so nearly to the brim that you could almost hear it sloshing about inside him, he was in no shape to deny anyone anything. I really believe that if at this point in the proceedings I had tried to touch him for a fiver he would have parted without a cry.

"Of course, of course, of course," he said, carolling like one of Jeeves' larks on the wing. "I am sure that Pinker will make an excellent vicar."

"The best," said Stuffy. "He's wasted as a curate. No scope. Running under wraps. Unleash him as a vicar and he'll be the talk of the estab-

STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

lished church. He's as hot as a pistol."

"I have always had the highest opinion of Harold Pinker."

"I'm not surprised. All the nibs feel the same. They know he's got what it takes. Very sound on doctrine and can preach like a streak."

"Yes, I enjoy his sermons. Manly and straightforward."

"That's because he's one of these healthy outdoor open-air men. He used to play football for England."

"Indeed?"

"He was what's called a prop forward."

"Really?"

At the words "prop forward" I had, of course, started visibly. I hadn't known that that's what Stinker was, and I was thinking how ironical life could be. I mean to say, there was Plank searching high and low for a forward of this nature, saying to himself that he would pretty soon have to give up the hopeless quest, and here was I in a position to fill the bill for him, but, owing to the strained condition of our relations, unable to put him on to this good thing. Very sad, I felt, and the thought occurred to me, as it had often done before, that one ought to be kind even to the very humblest, because you never know when they may not come in useful.

"Then may I tell Harold that the balloon's going up?" said Stuffy.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean it's official about this vicarage?"

"Certainly, certainly, certainly."

"Oh, Uncle Watkyn! How can I thank you?"

"Quite all right, my dear," said Pop Bassett, more Dickensy than ever. "And now," he went on, parting from his moorings and making for the door, "you will excuse me, Stephanie, and you, Mr. Wooster. I must go to Madeline and—"

"Congratulate her?"

"I was about to say dry her tears."

"If any."

"You think she will not be in a state of dejection?"

"Would any girl be, who's been saved by a miracle from having to marry Gussie Fink-Nottle?"

"True. Very true," said Pop Bassett, and he was out of the room like one of those wing three-quarters who, even if they can't learn to give the reverse pass, are fast.

If there had been any uncertainty as to whether Sir Watkyn Bassett had done a buck-and-wing dance, there was none about Stuffy doing one now. She pirouetted freely, and the dullest eye could discern that it was only the fact that she hadn't one on that kept her from strewing roses from her hat. And I, having Stinker's best interests at heart, packed all

my troubles in the old kit bag for the time being and rejoiced with her. If there's one thing Bertram Wooster is and always has been nippy at, it's forgetting his personal worries when a pal is celebrating some stroke of good fortune.

For some time Stuffy monopolised the conversation, not letting me get a word in edgewise. Women are singularly gifted in this respect. The frailest of them has the lung power of a gramophone record and the flow of speech of a Regimental Sergeant Major. I have known my Aunt Agatha to go on calling me names long after you would have supposed that both breath and inventiveness would have given out.

HER theme was the stupendous bit of good luck which was about to befall Stinker's new parishioners, for they would be getting not only the perfect vicar, a saintly character who would do the square thing by their souls, but in addition the sort of vicar's wife you dream about.

It was only when she paused after drawing a picture of herself doling out soup to the deserving poor and asking in a gentle voice after their rheumatism that I was able to rise to a point of order. In the midst of all the joyfulness and backslapping a sobering thought had occurred to me.

"I agree with you," I said, "that this would appear to be the happy ending, and I can

quite see how you have arrived at the conclusion that it's the maddest, merriest day of all the glad new year, but there's something you ought to give a thought to, and it seems to me you're overlooking it."

"What's that? I didn't think I'd missed anything."

"This promise of Pop Bassett's to give you the vicarage."

"All in order, surely? What's your kick?"

"I was only thinking that, if I were you, I'd get it in writing."

This stopped her as if she had bumped into a prop forward. The ecstatic animation faded from her face, to be replaced by the anxious look and the quick chewing of the lower lip. It was plain that I had given her food for thought.

"You don't think Uncle Watkyn would double-cross us?"

"There are no limits to what your foul Uncle Watkyn can do, if the mood takes him," I responded gravely. "I wouldn't trust him an inch. Where's Stinker?"

"Out on the lawn, I think."

"Then get hold of him and bring him here and have Pop Bassett embody the thing in the form of a letter."

"I suppose you know you're making my flesh creep?"

"Merely pointing out the road to safety."

She mused awhile, and the lower lip got a bit more chewing done to it.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting March 11.

ARIES

MAR. 21 - APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

TAURUS

APR. 21 - MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, black.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

GEMINI

MAY 21 - JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, blue, rose.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

CANCER

JUNE 22 - JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, green, red.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

LEO

JULY 23 - AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, red, green.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

VIRGO

AUG. 23 - SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, green.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

LIBRA

SEPT. 24 - OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, blue, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 24 - NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23 - DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, red.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 21 - JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, grey, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 20 - FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

PISCES

FEB. 20 - MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, cerise.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 18, 1964

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Continued from page 91

"All right," she said at length. "I'll fetch Harold."

"And it wouldn't hurt to bring a couple of lawyers, too," I said as she whizzed past me.

It was about five minutes later, as I was falling into a reverie and brooding once more on the extreme stickiness of my affairs, that Jeeves came in and told me I was wanted on the telephone.

I paled beneath my tan.

"Who is it, Jeeves?"

"Mrs. Travers, sir."

Precisely what I had feared. It was, as I have indicated, an easy drive from Totleigh Towers to Brinkley Court, and in his exhilarated state Gussie would no doubt have a firm foot on the accelerator and give the machine all the gas

at his disposal. I presumed that he and girl-friend must have just arrived and that this telephone call was Aunt Dahlia what-the-hellings. Knowing how keenly the old bean resented being made the recipient of anything in the nature of funny business, into which category Gussie's butting in uninvited with his Em in attendance would unquestionably fall, I braced myself for the coming storm with as much fortitude as I could muster.

You might say, of course, that his rash act was no fault of mine and had nothing to do with me, but it's practically routine for aunts to blame nephews for everything that happens. It seems to be what nephews are for. It was only by an

oversight, I have always felt, that my Aunt Agatha omitted to hold me responsible a year or two ago when her son, young Thos, nearly got sacked from the scholastic institution which he attends for breaking out at night in order to go and shy for coconuts at the local amusement park.

"How did she seem, Jeeves?"

"Sir?"

"Did she give you the impression that she was splitting a gusset?"

"Not particularly, sir. Mrs. Travers' voice is always robust. Would there be any reason why she should be splitting the gusset to which you refer?"

"You bet there would. No time to tell you now, but the skies are darkening and the air is full of V-shaped depressions off the coast of Iceland."

"I am sorry, sir."

"Nor are you the only one. Who was the fellow—or fellows, for I believe there was more than one—who went into the burning fiery furnace?"

"Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, sir."

"That's right. The names were on the tip of my tongue. I read about them when I won my Scripture Knowledge prize at school. Well, I know just how they must have felt. Aunt Dahlia?" I said, for I had now reached the instrument.

I HAD been expecting to have my ear scorched with well-chosen words, but to my surprise she seemed in merry mood. There was no suggestion of recrimination in her voice.

"Hello there, you young menace to western civilisation," she boomed. "How are you? Still ticking over?"

"To a certain extent. And you?"

"I'm fine. Did I interrupt you in the middle of your tenth cocktail?"

"My third," I corrected. "I usually stay steady at two, but Pop Bassett insisted on replenishing my glass. He's a bit above himself at the moment, and very much the master of the revels. I wouldn't put it past him to have an ox roasted whole in the marketplace, if he can find an ox."

"Stinko, is he?"

"Not perhaps stinko, but certainly effervescent."

"Well, if you can suspend your drunken orgy for a minute or two, I'll tell you the news from home. I got back from London a quarter of an hour ago and what do you think I found waiting on the mat? That newt-collecting freak Spink-Bottle, accompanied by a girl who looks like a Pekinese with freckles."

I drew a deep breath and embarked on my speech for the defence. If Bertram was to be put in the right light, now was the moment. True, her manner so far had been affable and she had given no sign of being about to go off with a bang, but one couldn't be sure that that wasn't because she was just biding her time.

"Yes," I said, "I heard he was on his way, complete with freckled human Pekinese. I am sorry, Aunt Dahlia, that you should have to be subjected to this unwarrantable intrusion, and I would like to make it abundantly clear that it was not the outcome of any advice or encouragement from me. I was in total ignorance of his intentions. Had he confided in me his purpose of inflicting his presence on you, I should have —"

Here I paused, for she had asked me rather brusquely to put a sock in it.

"Stop babbling, you ghastly young gas bag. The girl was as welcome as manna in the wilderness."

Her words had, of course, surprised me somewhat, and I asked her why Emerald Stoker had been as welcome as manna in the w.

"Because her arrival brought sunshine into a stricken home. There couldn't have been a smoother piece



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STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

Continued from page 92

of timing. You didn't see Anatole when you were over here this afternoon, did you?"

"No, why?"

"Shortly after you left, he developed a mal au foie or whatever he called it and took to his bed."

"I'm sorry."

"So was Tom. Conditions looked dark, and then Spink-Bottle suddenly revealed that this Pekinese of his was an experienced chef, and she's taken over. Who is she? Do you know anything about her?"

"She's the daughter of a well-to-do American millionaire called Stoker, who, I imagine, will be full of strange oaths when he hears she's married Gussie, the latter being, as you will concede, not everybody's cup of tea."

"So he isn't going to marry Madeline Bassett? You can't have been much success as a *raisonneur*."

"No."

"Well, I think she'll make Spink-Bottle a good wife. Seems a very nice girl."

"Few better."

"But this leaves you in rather a spot, doesn't it? If Madeline Bassett is now at large, won't she expect you to fill in?"

"That, aged relative, is the fear that haunts me."

"Has Jeeves nothing to suggest?"

"He says he hasn't. But I've known him on previous occasions to be temporarily baffled and then suddenly to wave his magic wand and fix everything up. So I haven't entirely lost hope."

"No, I expect you'll wriggle out of it somehow, as you always do. Anyway, to get to why I rang you. You know that black amber thing of Bassett's?"

"The statuette? Of course."

"I want to buy it for Tom. I've come into a bit of money. The reason I went to London today was to see my lawyer about a legacy someone's left me. It works out at about a couple of thousand quid and I want you to get that statuette for me."

"It's going to be pretty hard to get away with it. But I'll do my best. I know how much Uncle Tom covets that statuette. Rely on me, Aunt Dahlia."

"That's my boy."

I returned to the drawing room in somewhat pensive mood, for my relations with Pop Bassett were such that it was going to be embarrassing trying to do business with him.

It was Aunt Dahlia who had initiated, if that's the word I want, the theft of the cow creamer, and you would have thought she would have wanted to save money on the current deal.

I was musing along these lines and trying to think what would be the best way of approaching Bassett when the door opened and Spode came in.

The first thing that impressed itself on the sense was that he had about as spectacular a black eye as you could meet with in a month of Sundays, and I found myself at a momentary loss to decide how it was best to react to it. I came to the conclusion that it was wisest to greet him with a careless, "Ah, Spode," and I did so, though I suppose, looking back, that "Ah, Sidcup," would have been more suitable.

"I was looking for you, Wooster," he said.

"Oh, were you?" I said.

"I was." He paused for a moment, continuing to give me the eye; then he said: "So I was right!"

"Eh?"

"I happened to be passing through the hall just now."

"Oh?"

"I heard you talking on the telephone. Your aunt was urging you to steal Sir Watkyn's amber statuette."

"She wasn't!"

"Pardon me. I thought you would try to deny the charge, so I took the precaution of jotting down your actual words. The statuette was mentioned and you said, 'It's going to be pretty hard to get away with it.' She then presumably urged you to spare no effort, for you said, 'Well, I'll do my best. I know how much Uncle Tom covets that statuette. Rely on me, Aunt Dahlia.' What the devil are you gargling about?"

"Not gargling," I corrected. "Laughing lightly. Because you've got the whole thing wrong. Aunt Dahlia was asking me to try to buy the thing from Sir Watkyn."

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me to pinch the ruddy statuette, I was able to remain calm and nonchalant, or as calm and nonchalant as you can be when a fellow eight foot six in height with one eye bunged up and the other behaving like an oxy-acetylene blow pipe is glaring at you.

"Yes, sir," said Spode, "it'll be chokey for you."

And he was going on to say that he would derive great pleasure from coming on visiting days and making faces at me through the bars, when Pop Bassett returned.

But a very different Bassett from the fizzy rejoicer who had exited so short a while before. Then he had been all bucks and beams, as any father would have been whose daughter was not going to marry Gussie Fink-Nottle. Now his face was drawn and his general demeanor that of an incautious luncheon who discovers when there is no time to draw back that he has swallowed a rather too elderly oyster.

"Madeline tells me," he began. Then he saw Spode's eye and broke off. It was the sort of eye which, even if you have a lot on your mind, you can't help noticing. "Good gracious, Roderick," he said, "did you have a fall?"

"Fall, my foot," said Spode; "I was socked by the curate."

"You mean you were assaulted by Mr. Pinker? You astounded me, Roderick."

"Not half as much as he astounded me. He was more or less of a revelation to me, I don't mind telling you, because I didn't know curates had left hooks like that. He's got a knack of feinting you off balance and then coming in with a sort of corkscrew punch which it's impossible not to admire. I must get him to teach it to me some time."

"You speak as though you bear him no animosity."

"Of course I don't. A very pleasant little scrap with no ill feeling on either side. I've nothing against Pinker. The one I've got it in for is the cook. She beamed me with a china basin. From behind, of all unsporting things. If you'll excuse me, I'll go and have a word with that cook."

"You can't," I pointed out. "She is no longer with us."

"Don't be an idiot. She's in the kitchen, isn't she?"

"I'm sorry, no. She's eloped with Gussie Fink-Nottle. A wedding has been arranged and will take place as soon as they get a special licence."

"Is that true?"

"Absolutely," I replied.

"Well, that makes up for everything. If Madeline's back in circulation... Thank you for telling me, Wooster, old chap."

"Don't mention it, Spode, old man, or, rather, Lord Sidcup, old man."

For the first time Pop Bassett appeared to become aware that the slight, distinguished looking young fellow standing on one leg by the sofa was Bertram.

"Mr. Wooster," he said. Then he stopped, swallowed once or twice, and groped his way to the table where the drinks were. His manner was feverish. Having passed a liberal snootful down the hatch, he was able to resume. "I have just seen Madeline."

"Oh yes?" I said courteously. "How is she?"

"Off her head, in my opinion. She says she is going to marry you."

Well, I had more or less steeled myself to something along these lines, so except for quivering like a stricken blanchmange and letting my lower jaw fall perhaps six inches, I betrayed no sign of discomposure, in which respect I differed radically from Spode, who reeled for the second time and uttered an anguished cry.

"You're joking!" he said. "I wish I were, Roderick. I am not surprised that you are upset. I feel the same myself. When she told me it was as if I had been struck by a thunderbolt."

Spode was staring at me, aghast. Even now, it seemed, he was unable to take in the full horror of the situation.

"But she can't marry that!"

"She seems resolved to."

"But he's worse than that fish-faced blighter."

"I agree with you. Far worse. No comparison."

"I'll go and talk to her," said Spode, and left us before I could express my resentment at being called that.

It was perhaps fortunate that only half a minute later Stuffy and Stinker entered, for if I had been left alone with Pop Bassett I would have been hard put to it to hit on a topic of conversation calculated to interest, elevate, and amuse.

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"I always preferred three-quarter sleeves, anyway," she lied in the rat's defence.

The years went by and we were all, Bill, Cathie, and I, in our middle thirties when Bill died suddenly of a three-day-old attack of flu that had turned to virus pneumonia. It left Cathie pretty stunned and she went about the place looking white and strained for weeks. I never saw her cry, but she came to have a permanently shadowed look about the eyes and I don't think she slept very much.

I did what I could to help her through the grim formalities that follow a death, and saw to the winding up of Bill's estate. He had left her the sole heir and executor of his short and uncomplicated

Continued from page 27

will. This meant that she had a rent-free house to live in (I remembered that Bill had paid the last instalment to the Building Society after a particularly successful day at the races about three years before) and there was a widow's pension from his firm.

With the interest on the small legacy her father had left her there was enough for Cathie and the animals to live on in modest comfort. And there was Bill's old car for her (and doubtless for the animals) to drive round in.

I was transferred to the coast soon afterward. It

served me. The old home town was not the same without Bill, and Cathie no longer needed my help. All the big race meetings were held at one or other of the two great courses that drew as many visitors to the sprawling seaport city as did its famous bathing beach or its golf links.

It was a good life. I had my car, comfortable enough quarters in a sea-front hotel, and no one to please after office hours but myself. I still missed old Bill's companionship. Race meetings especially were not the same without his cheerful presence, but even that was easier to bear in my new surroundings than it would have been in our familiar haunts at home.

I saw very little of Cathie in the months that followed. Granted, I was kept pretty busy taking over the work in the new office and perhaps subconsciously avoided her because of the sadness that we shared.

Whatever excuse I may have made to myself, the fact remains that we were considerably out of touch when I caught sight of her that day at the early morning gallops at Roseville.

You could have knocked me over with one of her budgie's feathers. You have to be pretty well sold on horse-racing to be at the gallops at all. No one but the real devotees — owners, trainers, newspapermen, rain-or-shine racing enthusiasts — will drag themselves from their warm beds to go out in the chill dawn to see how the entrants are shaping before a big race.

To these members of the racing elite the gallops before sunrise are twice as exciting as any overcrowded, over-

dressed race meeting. They would not miss them for the world. But Cathie! Cathie, who did not know a fetlock from a wither, who could never be persuaded to go near a race meeting with Bill and me. The dawn light must surely be playing me tricks.

But it was Cathie all right. I caught up with her as she joined the circle of racing folk that was closing round the red glow of the coffee stall.

"Cathie!" I called her name accusingly. "Of all people! What brings you here?"

THERE was guilt in the wide blue gaze over the rim of her coffee cup. "Horses," she said through the fragrant steam and lowered her eyes again.

"Who are you kidding?" I asked her. "Last time I saw you, you didn't know which way up to hold a race card. Now you tell me it's horses."

Cathie uncurled her gloved fingers from the bowl of the white china cup and put it down carefully on the trestle table.

"All right, Jos," she said, "not exactly horses. Just one horse. Mine."

What she told me then was so incredible that I listened to it in stupefied silence. All the time she was talking the white rat was staring at me, its baleful pink eyes showing above the little bulge where Cathie had buttoned it into her coat for warmth.

Her horse, Cathie was telling me, was Jetsam. He had once had a brother called Flotsam. Both had been imported as young ponies from a County Down stud farm by an exiled Irishman.

"Well, where have they been all this time, for Pete's sake," I asked her. "Where did you find them? I haven't heard of any Irish bloodstock around here."

"I'm coming to that," Cathie said patiently, "don't rush me. Flotsam broke his leg in a fall, poor thing, and had to be shot. But Jetsam collected quite a tidy sum for his owner, winning local races here and there. Then the Irishman took to drinking up his winnings and soon there was no money to stable Jetsam. Let alone to feed him."

"So then?" I prompted.

To my consternation, Cathie's eyes brimmed suddenly with tears. She shook her head.

"This part's terrible, Jos," she said, "I don't know how Jetsam bore the indignity of it. You remember old Steiner, back at home?"

"You mean the old chap with a dairy farm, out Mead-owlands way?"

Cathie nodded.

"That's right. Well, he needed a horse to pull his milk cart round, and the Irishman needed money for whisky. So Jetsam changed owners for ten rand. Old Steiner told me so himself. Ten rand — and Jetsam is a thoroughbred! Can you imagine how insulted he must have felt?"

"And then," Cathie winced, "the crowning humiliation — he was spanned to Steiner's old milk cart and dragged it round the town for six months before I found out about it." She looked up

at me and there was real suffering in her face. "I couldn't bear it, Jos," she said.

"So you made old Steiner an offer?"

"Of fifty rand. He jumped at it. He's got a pair of mules to pull his milk cart now."

I took a deep breath to keep the tremor of alarm from my voice.

"And so you've entered this carthorse for the year's biggest race?"

Cathie looked at me defiantly.

"He's got to have his chance, Jos," she said. "Win or lose, I want to wipe the memory of that mortifying milk cart right out of his mind for all time."

So that was it. All she was trying to do was to give a horse back his self-respect. Well, the idea was O.K. But could he run?

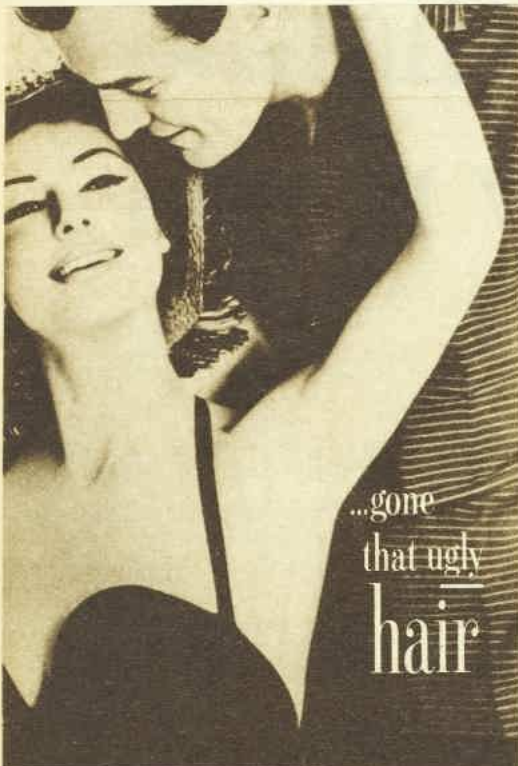
"What if he makes a fool of himself on the course?" I suggested. "It's a long time since he's raced, and there's cut-throat competition. If the other horses leave him standing, wouldn't he be more humiliated then than ever?"

Cathie smiled.

"Don't worry — he won't make a fool of himself," she said. She looked like a kid who has made you an apple pie and is waiting for the delicious moment when you discover it. "You'll be surprised," she promised. "Come and see."

I let her steer me across the wet grass in the direction

To page 97



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 18, 1964

HOME STRETCH

of the loose boxes. On the way we passed the vehicle park and she pointed out the spanking new van she had bought for Jetsam. It was sapphire-blue and white "My racing colors," she explained, and across the double doors at the back ran the warning, "Don't hoot — racehorse in transit."

"I'm not going to have him flustered by impatient motorists," Cathie said. "He hates sudden loud noises." "Who's training him?" I asked curiously.

"Steve Bennett," she told me almost defensively.

I whistled. Steve didn't give his services for peanuts.

"And the jockey?" I asked.

"Charlie McIndoe. He was dead keen to ride him."

"I'll bet he was, for what you'll have to pay him. This must be costing you a packet, Cathie. If it's not too personal a question, what are you using for money?"

There was a moment's hesitation.

"Well," she said, "I didn't really need the car any more. It was too big for me, anyway. And I've got a bit of a bond on the house now."

She was unbelievable.

"You're crazy, Cathie," I said. "I don't know what Bill would have wanted me to say to you. Anyway, let's see the horse. I only hope he's worth all this."

She took me over to where a stable boy was leading a spirited bay horse round in a sawdust circle. The level rays of the early sun gleamed on his satin flanks, highlighted the narrow white blaze between his eyes and the bandages on his slender high-stepping fetlocks. Jetsam was undoubtedly good to look upon, and he moved like a prince.

"You've got him in good shape," I admitted, "but I still want to see him run."

"You will!" Cathie still had her secret apple-pie smile.

She stopped to have a word with the stable boy and then followed me over to the railings beside the track. The first of the horses were lining up now for the gallops.

I watched through my field-glasses as Jetsam took his place aristocratically among them.

Stop-watches came out as Cherry Stone, the first of the entrants, thundered past us, the jockey lying level along his back. Rajah, the favorite, followed, and there was a murmur of admiration as his hoofbeats thundered rhythmically away toward the winning post.

Cathie clutched my arm as Jetsam and his jockey moved over to the starting point. I glanced at her face. She was aglow with excitement, but there was no trepidation there.

"You just time him!" her whisper was confident.

I did — and he finished a bare five seconds behind the favorite's performance.

"What did I tell you?" breathed Cathie, exultant.

She took it all as a matter of course, the buzz of astonishment from the racing men, the cries of "Whose is he?" the altered betting odds, the headlines in the evening paper: "Newcomer, Jetsam Surprises At Gallops."

Nothing her horse did seemed to surprise her in the days that followed. I saw her daily. Now that I knew she had sold the car, I arranged to call for her every morning at the Blue Horizon, the third-rate boarding-house where she had booked in.

Despite its name, its horizon was blocked by the backs of the big beach-front flats and hotels, a crazy mix-up of spiral and zig-zagging staircases, of water-pipes, and other people's

washing. It wasn't the kind of place for a woman like Cathie.

I told her so next morning as we drove out toward the racecourse.

"Why don't you let me book you in at a decent hotel on the sea front?" I asked her, "I have some influence in my small way."

Cathie shook her head.

"Thanks, Jos. It's good of you, but I think I'll stay where I am. It's not for ever, and I can't afford anything grander just now. I need the money for other things."

"Other things," of course, meant Jetsam.

It was when I found that she had sold her fur coat that I asked her to marry me.

She ran down the boarding-house steps one bitterly cold dawn in a thin tweed jacket.

"You won't be warm enough in that," I told her. "Better go back for your fur."

When I learned that it had gone the way of the car and the paid-up house, I turned and took her hands in mine.

"Marry me, Cathie, and give me the chance to take care of you. I've enough for both of us, and even a bit over for Jetsam. You can't go on the way you're doing."

SHE looked at me for a long moment without speaking. Then she took her hands from mine.

"Thank you, Jos dear, but no. I'll make out all right. You don't need to worry."

As things turned out, there certainly was no need to worry. Jetsam romped home a spectacular second in the big race, and after that he never looked back. Neither did Cathie.

I kept out of her way for a long time after she had turned me down. Naturally, I knew of Jetsam's successes, and very soon, the way he was doing, I reckoned that Cathie must be on easy street.

I got news of her from time to time through the racing grapevine. At first, characteristically, she had ploughed back all the profits into further comforts for her horse — bigger and looser loose boxes, a sound-proof van, hand-woven blankets.

But then one day I learned that she had bought Broadacres from the Gilbert brothers, the famous Jersey breeders. It was a lovely place — I had passed it often. I remembered how it lay in a fertile valley below the Blue Mist Mountains, bordered by a willow-fringed river.

They told me Cathie planned to run it as a stud farm where Jetsam and her other horses (she had acquired quite a string by now) could spend their later years in lordly retirement.

It must have been eighteen months after our last meeting that I found her letter waiting for me in the morning mail.

"How are you, Jos?" she wrote. "Don't write and tell me. Come and give me your news yourself. Jetsam and I are happily settled at Broadacres and we want you to be our first guest. Make it as soon as you can. There's a good new road to the farm, and a signpost (in our racing colors!) will show you where to branch off from the main road to our gates."

It was a golden autumn afternoon when I turned my car off from the main highway at the spot where Cathie's blue-and-white sign pointed the way to Broadacres.

Two honey-colored Jersey cows stood watching me out of their long-lashed, navy-blue eyes as I got out to open the farm gates. On one side of the

farm road the fields sloped down to a river fringed with willow and poplar; on the other they rolled away to the wooded foothills of the towering Blue Mist range.

Cathie and the dogs came tumbling down the steps to meet me. Perhaps the animals gave every caller this vociferous welcome, but I liked to think that Cathie was right when she said that they remembered me.

It was a wonderful old place, and Cathie had lived in it long enough for her particular magic to be at work.

There was the same atmosphere of peace and security that she had brought to the home that she shared with Bill. Gratefully, I breathed it in as we sat talking while the sun went down and the stars came out.

There was a lot of conversational leeway to make up, and over her excellent dinner we sketched in the last eighteen months for each other.

Afterwards, Cathie led the way to the long living-room, where the firelight flickered on the walls, on the row of silver racing trophies, on the copper bowl of chrysanthemums. And on the framed photograph of Bill that stood on the writing bureau.

I watched Cathie with the old stab of pleasure as her hands moved with grace and competence over the coffee tray. When she brought her cup over and sat down beside me on the sofa I put my hand over hers.

"If I asked you to marry me now," I said, "you'd think it was for your money."

Cathie smiled.

"No, I wouldn't, Jos," she said. "You asked me once before, remember? When I hadn't a brass farthing to my name and barely a roof to my head."

"I remember. I should have darn well insisted on it then. Because I love you, Cathie. You know that."

"I believe you do, my very dear Jos," she said. "I was going to ask you to marry me now, in any case. I was dying to say yes the last time."

"Then for Pete's sake, why not?"

"Because I couldn't let you take me just out of pity for the mess I was in. But now, if you still want me — well, that's different . . ."

When the stars had steadied down in their courses again and we were quietly savoring the surprise of it all, I looked across at Bill's picture in its leather frame. He seemed to be eyeing me pretty quizzically.

"I wonder," I said, "what old Bill would say about all this if he knew — new horse, new home, new husband?"

"I think he knows," Cathie said softly. "I don't know what he feels about the first two, but he's glad about us. I know because he told me."

"He told you?"

"About a year before he died. It was one Saturday night after you two had been to the races. You'd come back with Bill for supper, and after you left he and I sat talking over the fire till midnight. 'If anything ever happens to me, Cathie,' he said, 'I wouldn't want you to live alone, and I'd like to think it was Jos who would take my place. I couldn't leave you in better hands than his for the home stretch.'"

"The home stretch." Good old Bill. That was just how he would have thought of it. I glanced back to his photograph. Perhaps it was a trick of the firelight that had changed that quizzical look now to a smile of downright benevolence.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

AS Mandrake takes up his duties as stand-in for President Andros he is unaware that spies in the presidential palace, believing him to be the real Andros, plan to assassinate him. READ ON . . .



USING HIS REMARKABLE MEMORY—FROM THE PHOTOS HE STUDIED ON THE PLANE—MANDRAKE PLAYS PRESIDENT!



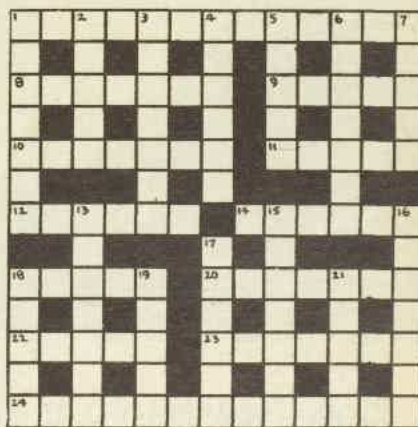
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. A boring non-commissioned officer (5, 8).
8. Even cats err in these holes (7).
9. A wretched person is inside (5).
10. When this is read you must disperse (4, 3).
11. Half a score on projection at the end of a piece of timber (5).
12. Small fungi the centre of which could be loud (6).
14. Overlooks young ladies (6).
18. Metal-bearing veins ending in poems (5).
20. Courteous finishing in a story (7).
22. Its season is at Christmas (5).
23. A fish with a fish gives an apple (7).
24. Housewives' memorandum (8-5).

FOUR AND TWENTY
I T Y N I E A
NOTICED TIGER
A E T D A L D
NORSE NARGESS
C N E C
EXISTS LENTEN
B C N U
INERTIA SOBER
S R R N T L S
LALTY TRAPEZE
A A E M A R
MAN OF PROPERTY

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Polite usage is a broken code with spirit (7).
2. A fully developed insect; I and mother go for it (5).
3. Towards the sheltered side (7).
4. Substitute (6).
5. Mug at the whole range (5).
6. Agreements as despatched for a start (7).
7. Groove turned in an Italian city (5).
13. Endure with firmness, e.g., round (7).
15. A disbeliever, if led in (7).
16. Large heavy hammers with an inside sharpness (7).
17. This French dance is able twice (6).
18. Under the hats and on the doors (5).
19. Meal made from certain dried tubers (5).
21. Tempts its graduate on the top (5).

In the moment of kissing Laura at the door he realised his fateful imprudence; when her hands slipped around his neck he knew he was undone. He had no lies left; his defences collapsed. It was as if he had wanted to be found out, wanted to confess, and with impatient and almost desperate relief he had pleaded guilty to the indictment of the damp hair.

When the crisis passed, but before they subsided into a reasonable imitation of the previous course of their lives, Laura had said, "It isn't your infidelity that bothers me . . . Oh, it bothers me all right — it bothers any wife — and I hate it. But these things can happen. Any wife knows that, too. It's just that I kept kidding myself that I was different — that both of us were different."

They were in the dinette and she

Continued from page 29

was speaking with perfect calmness; although he was very uncomfortable Douglas knew at least that there would not be a scene.

"It isn't the affair as such that bothers me," she continued. "It's simply the deception. Do you realise that for two full months you were actually living a lie with me? You lied over the phone about when you could come home; you lied to my face when you did come home."

"That's the part of it that tortures me," she said. "The deception. Douglas, how can I ever trust you again?"

"I don't know, darling," he said. "But I do know that you can. I'll do my best to make it easier for you."

She managed a smile and they

kissed lightly. And that was the way it stood. They picked up the threads of their lives. It was not too difficult in a city of this size, where neighbors were complete strangers. Their families lived in distant States. So no one else knew, except Barbara—and she no longer figured in the situation.

He found himself calling Laura from the office far more often than before. He wanted to emphasise his own desire to have her know where he was, what he was doing. He even took to phoning just before he left, indicating when he expected to be home.

"Darling," Laura said to him one evening. "I'm not trying to check up on you. It's just that I want to feel I can trust you, as I always did,

don't you see? If a man really wanted to fool his wife, don't you think I know he could get away with it, even if he called her a million times? But if he really trusted himself he wouldn't have to call her so often."

Douglas flushed, because, of course, Laura was right; innocent though he was, he had verged on the hapless error of protesting too much. But he did trust himself; at least, he didn't want to see Barbara any more, and certainly no other woman. He cut down on his calls to the house and Laura didn't seem to mind.

Once his bus was delayed by a minor smash-up just ahead. He hurried down the block and went into an elaborate explanation the minute

the door opened. Laura stood in half light, so he could not be sure that she was suspicious.

But she kissed him warmly and said, "Darling, don't you think I know such things happen? All I want to know is that you weren't in the car that cracked open."

The following week a death in the firm gave Douglas a Wednesday off. They decided to go to a matinee, but the morning hung heavy on his hands and he asked if he could be useful.

"I don't think so, darling," Laura said. Then she added, "Unless you'd like to run around to the bank and pay the phone bill."

The bank where phone bills could be paid was just around the corner. At the corner stood an outdoor phone booth. Douglas walked past it briskly, entered the bank, and found only two persons ahead of him in line. He took his place, holding the telephone statement and a ten-dollar bill.

A woman who had been talkatively engaging the teller finally moved away. Just ahead of Douglas was a man in overalls. The man presented a blue cheque, the kind that might have been issued by some government agency. The teller stamped it and then handed over what seemed to Douglas to be exclusively twenty-dollar bills.

The man ahead rolled the bills, put them into his pocket, and started to turn away. But then he fished in another pocket and brought out a yellow-covered booklet. He slid it under the grille.

"Might as well take care of this now," he said.

"All of it?" the teller asked.

"Sure — why not?"

There was a protracted conversation. As far as Douglas could make out, the man had obtained a loan a short time ago. Now he wanted to liquidate the whole thing. This involved a visit by the teller to the assistant cashier, the teller's return with some forms that the borrower had to sign, and the stamping of each of the coupons in the booklet.

Finally the man began to count out the twenty-dollar bills he had just received.

"Excuse me," Douglas said over the man's shoulder. "I just want to pay a phone bill."

"I'm sorry, sir," the teller said. "I'll be right with you."

The man counted out the amount down to the last nickel. The teller slowly verified it.

"Here's your cancelled book. Thank you very much," the teller said finally.

DOUGLAS moved up, paid his bill, and hurried past the phone booth on his way home. He had been out nearly twenty minutes on an errand that should have taken five.

He hurried down the block. He was just turning up his own walk when he knew the worst. It did not matter what Laura thought about the delay — whether she really trusted him or not, whether she would accept his explanation or suspect that he had been in that convenient phone booth calling Barbara or some other woman.

It did not matter a bit. Because though the explanation would be truthful, and though he had not even thought of stealing a few minutes to make a surreptitious call, he was doomed to doubt that his wife trusted him, even if she should appear to.

It was not so much that Laura would never again be sure that he was being absolutely faithful to her, though Douglas knew he would be. The worst of it was that he would never be sure his wife really trusted him. For the rest of his life he would feel impelled to account — if not to her, then to himself — for every minute that did not seem to fit the regular pattern of his life.

For some pleasant hours with Barbara and the deception involved, he had exchanged something that he now knew he wanted and needed infinitely more — the unequivocal assurance of his wife's trust.

He hurried to the door, used his key and called "Laura?" She answered cheerily enough from the kitchen, but he realised with overwhelming clarity that the trains of thought would never again emerge from their minds at the same point. Never again would he really know what she was thinking.

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2826.—Six dresses for your daughter from the one pattern. She will have a happy day at the Show in any one of them. (A) Long sleeves, contrast band collar and cuffs. (B) Collarless, saddle-stitch trim. (C) Bermuda collar, roll-up sleeves. (D) Collarless. (E) Sleeveless with contrast skirt. (F) Flat bias-bound neck and front opening. Sizes 7 to 14 (25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Butterick pattern 2826, price 5/9 includes postage.



2852.—Go casual in the newest turtle-necked blouse with overblouse for early autumn chill. (A) Notched collar. (B) Collarless with braid trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2852, price 5/- includes postage.

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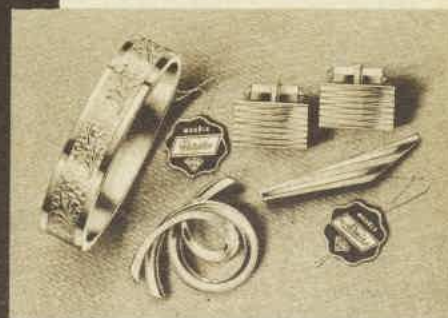
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